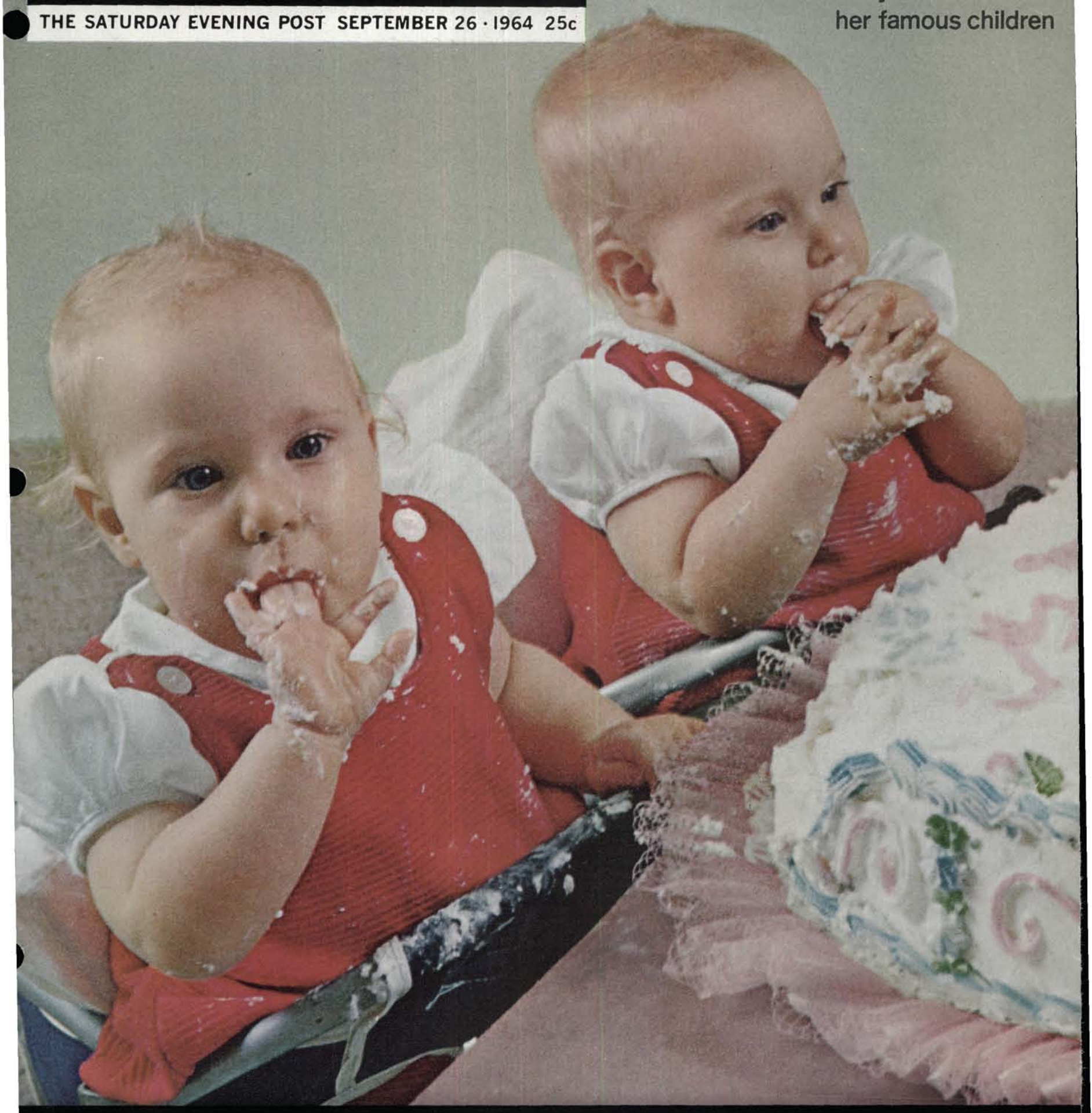
POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST SEPTEMBER 26 · 1964 25c

Exclusive:

FIRST BIRTHDAY FOR THE QUINTS

Mary Ann Fischer's warm account of the first year in the life of her famous children



John Hersey's haunting story of the Negro's str

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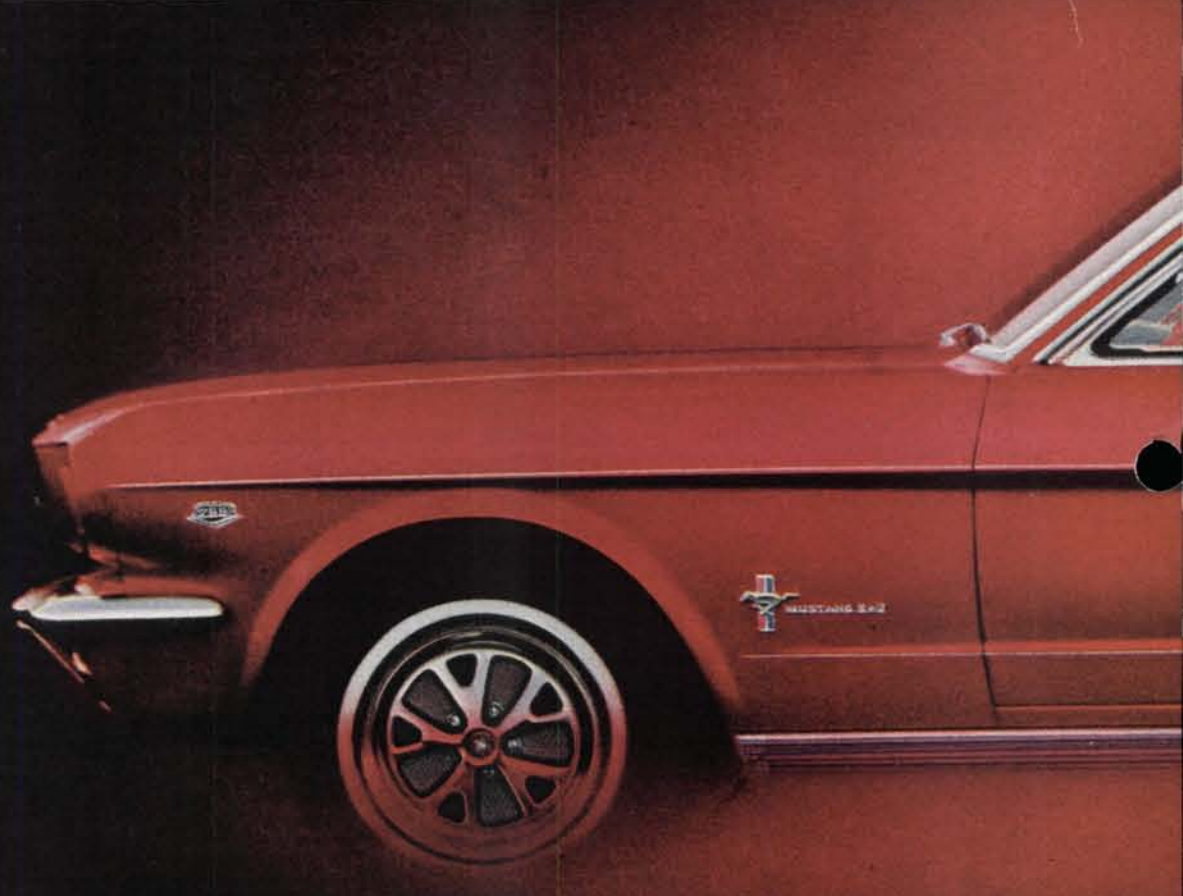
The "Cool" World: now, a fastback Mustang



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The Elegant World: Solid, Silent '65 Ford

THE TOTAL PERFORMANCE FORD GALAXIE 500/LTD 4-DOOR HARDTOP

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The magic moment for (clockwise) Maggie, Cathy, Jimmy, Mary Ann, Margie.

Published weekly except alternate weeks during July and August and at year-end (forty-five issues per year) at $5.95 per year by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Phila., Pa. 19105. Second class postage paid at Phila., Pa., and at additional mailing offices.

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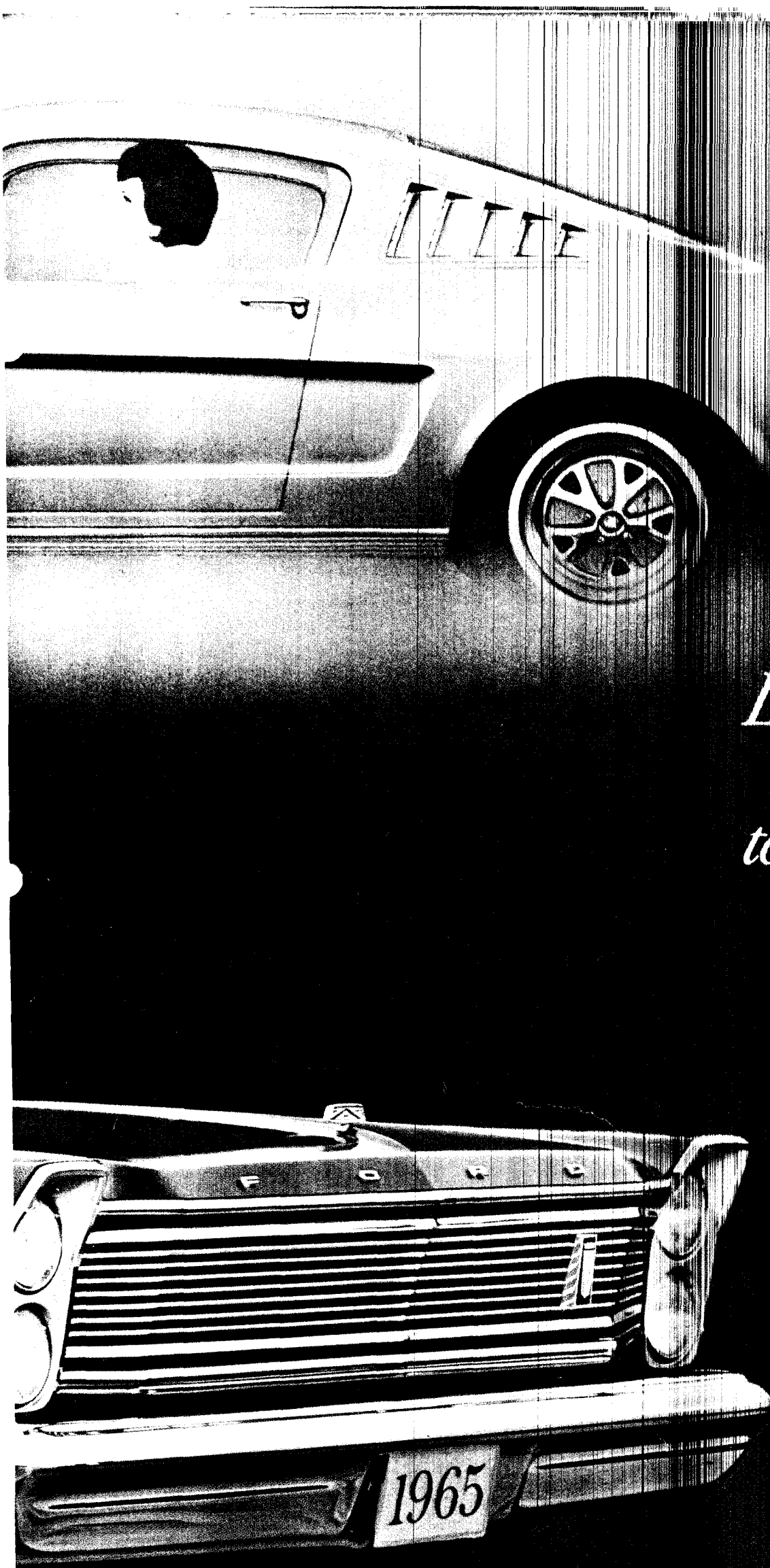

Look into the many worlds of total performance for 1965...

best year yet to go Ford!

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FORD

From details as small as a new reversible key to a completely new series of luxury models, the 1965 Fords are so filled with genuine news, you have to see them for yourself. Here are some examples:

New luxury models and features:

- LTD 2-door and 4-door hardtops compare in luxury with the most expensive cars
- Panelled interiors, decorator fabrics, nylon carpeting
- Elegant new instrument panel puts illuminated controls at your fingertips
- There's even a Safety-Convenience Panel*: vacuum door lock switch, lights that flash when doors are ajar or fuel's low, seat belt reminder light. Also an Emergency Flasher System

Strongest, quietest Fords ever built:

- 100% new body, far and away the strongest we've ever made
- New frame and new suspensions virtually eliminate noise and road shock
- New wider tread for increased stability

New luxury car spaciousness:

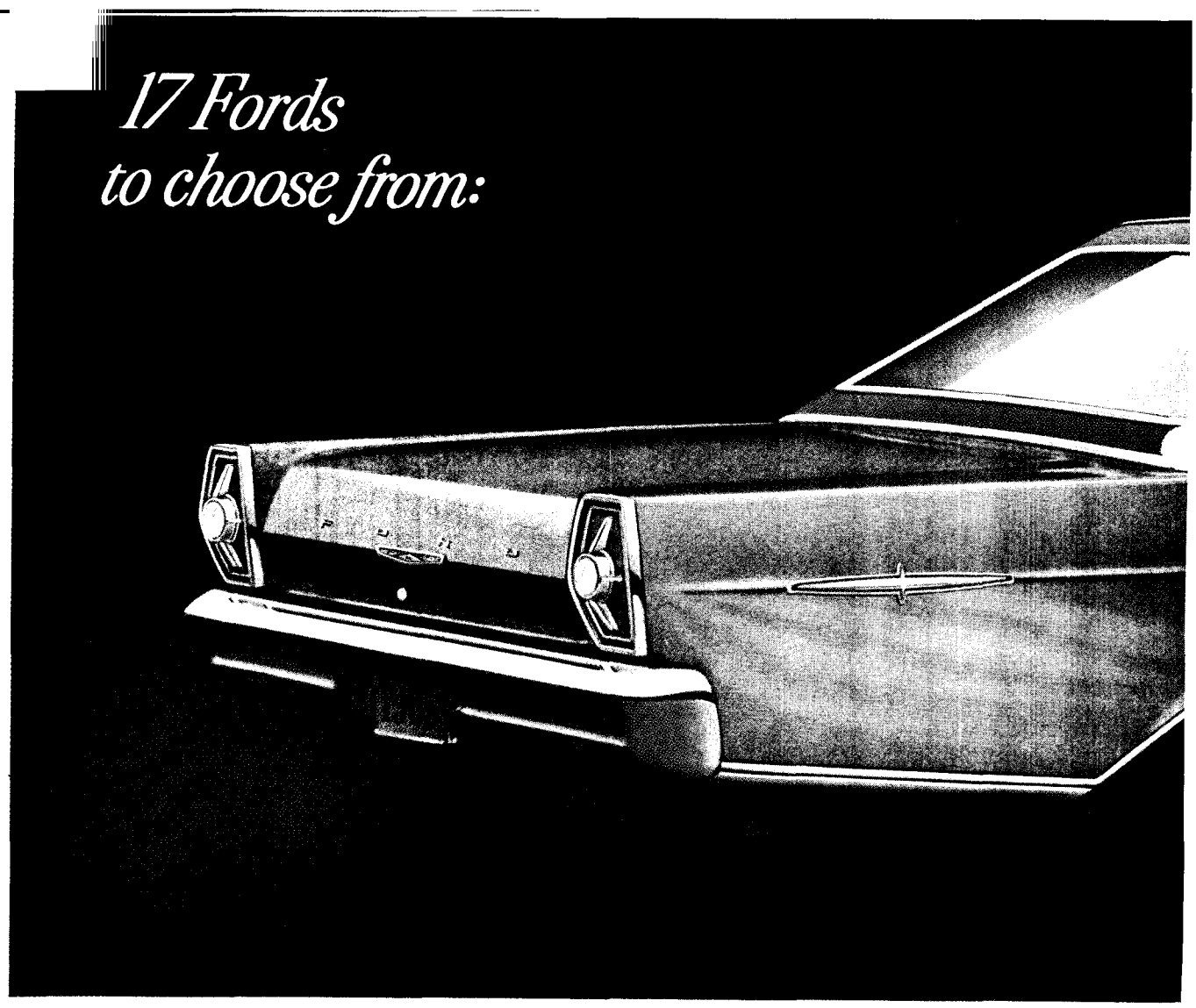
- More knee room: instrument panel swept back 5″
- More legroom: transmission hump lowered, heater concealed, air conditioner* built in
- More shoulder room: curved side glass
- More trunk room: 4 two-suiters stand upright (sill lowered 5″ for easy loading)

New performance and economy:

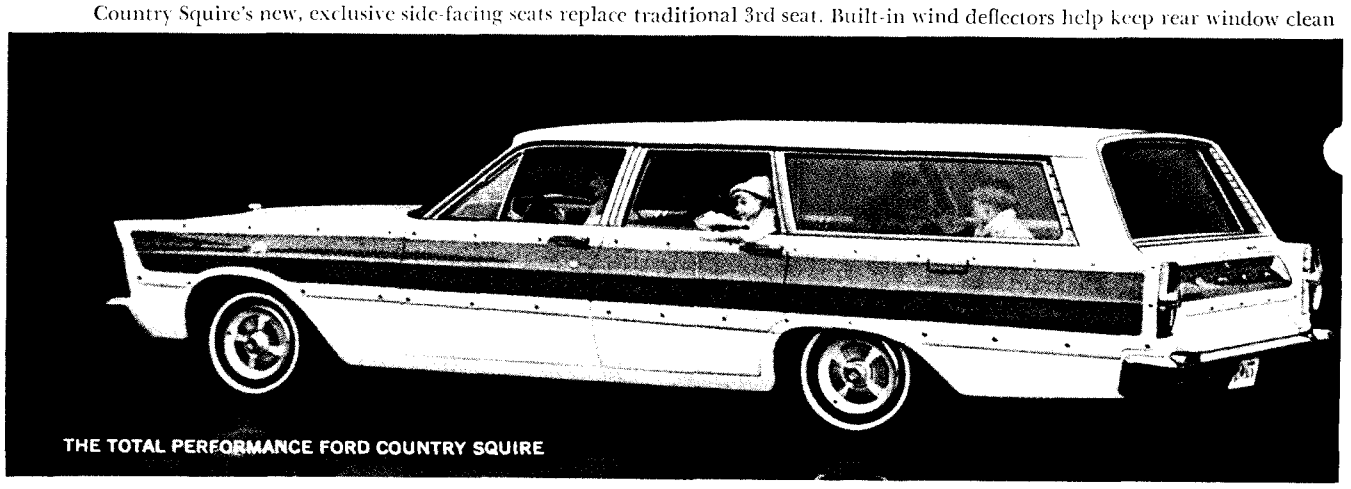
- Better economy and pick-up in all models
- New 240 cu. in. Big Six gives better mileage, more punch, V-8 smoothness
- All automatic transmissions* are 3-speed for smoother shifting, increased economy (a major competitor offers only 2-speeds)
- Manual transmission fully synchronized (no gear clash)
- Modern battery-saving alternator

New comfort and convenience:

- Special in 4-door hardtops: Thunderbird's Silent-Flo Ventilation System
- Built-in twin rear seat speakers* in LTD
- Suspended accelerator pedal adjusts to your foot—ends shoe scuffing
- Swing-Away steering wheel* eases entry
- Key-less door-locking system
- Lights in ashtray, glove box, trunk, doors in most models



Country Squire's new, exclusive side-facing seats replace traditional 3rd seat. Built-in wind deflectors help keep rear window clean



MUSTANG

A new fastback 2+2 has joined the Mustang Hardtop and Convertible. The 2+2 looks and acts like a $5,000 sports import—but this cool, sweet peppermint-candy car lists for thousands less.

Luxury features standard:

- Deep foam bucket seats
- Padded instrument panel
- Color-keyed all-vinyl interiors
- Color-keyed wall-to-wall carpeting
- Silent-Flo Ventilation System in 2+2
- Courtesy lights and glove box light
- Sports steering wheel—curved side glass
- Full wheel covers—and much more

Designed to be designed by you:

For remarkably little added cost, you can choose from a long list of options and design your Mustang as a hot-blooded sports convertible, a luxurious vinyl-covered hardtop, or anything in between. For instance:

- Power brakes and power steering
- Disc brakes—high performance V-8
- 3-speed automatic transmission
- Vinyl roof covering and many more

**Optional at extra cost*

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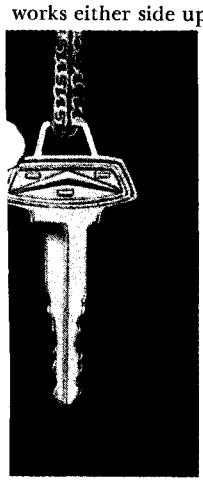
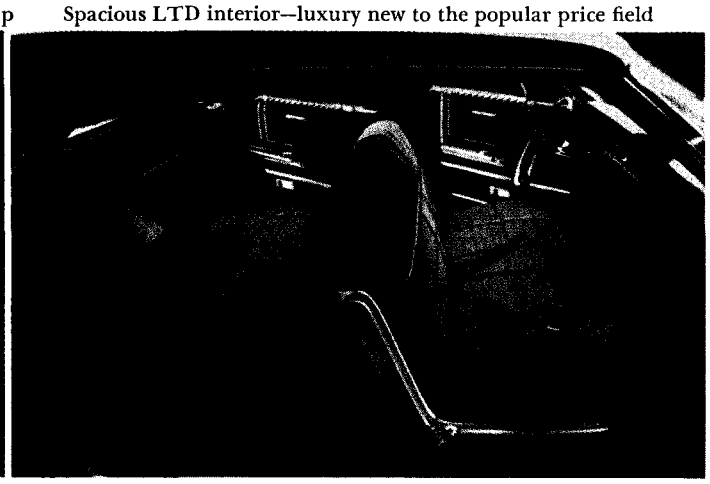
THE TOTAL PERFORMANCE FORD GALAXIE 500/XL 2-DOOR HARDTOP

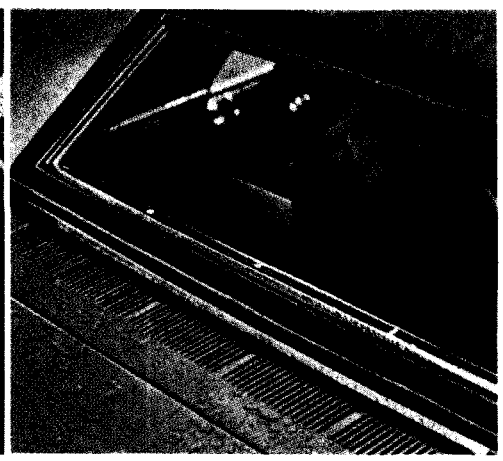
works either side up



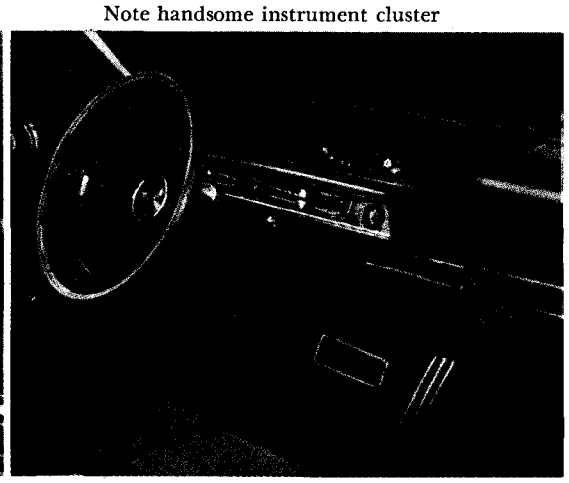
Spacious LTD interior—luxury new to the popular price field

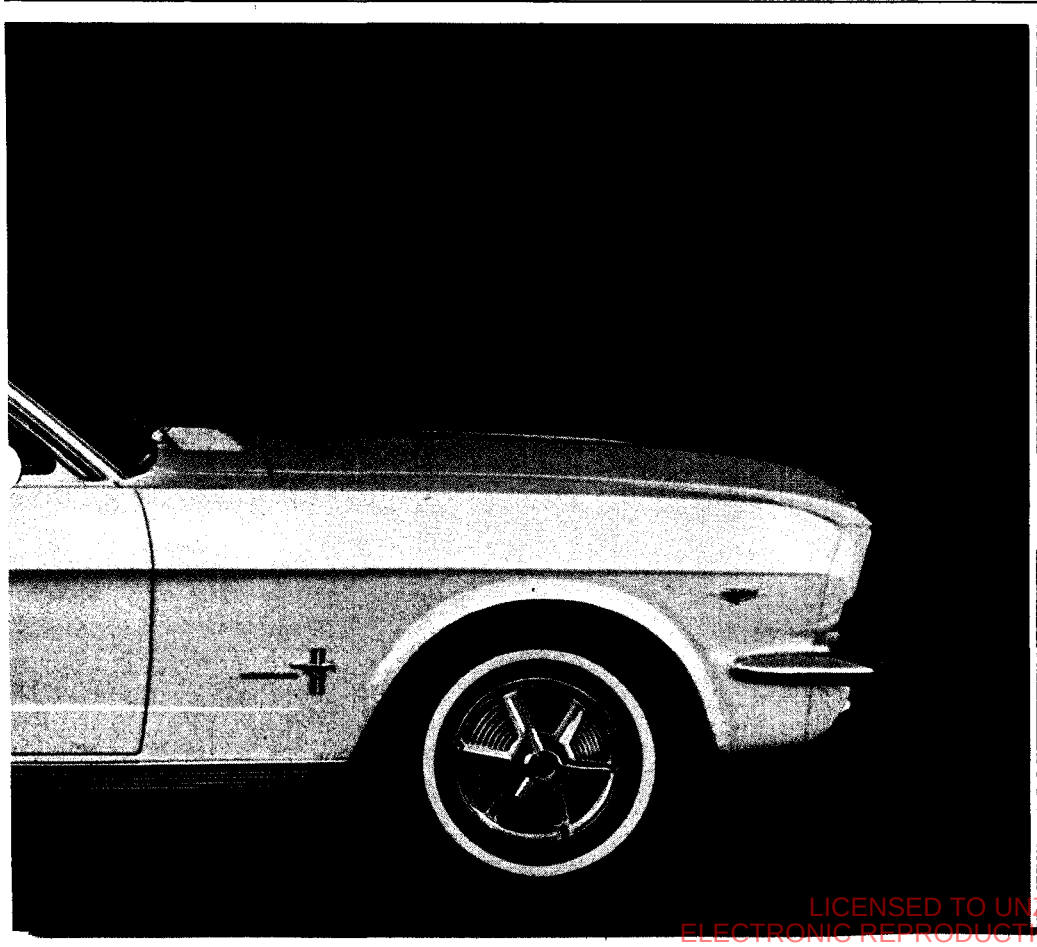


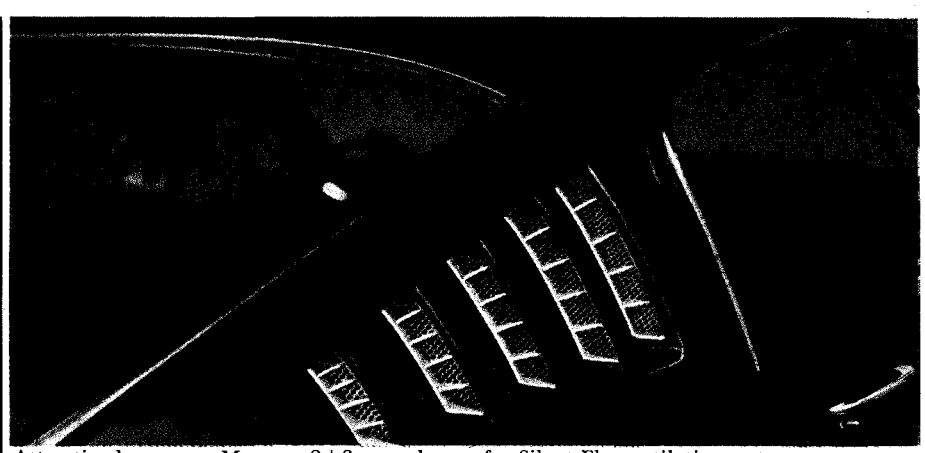
Silent-Flo ventilates even with windows closed



Note handsome instrument cluster

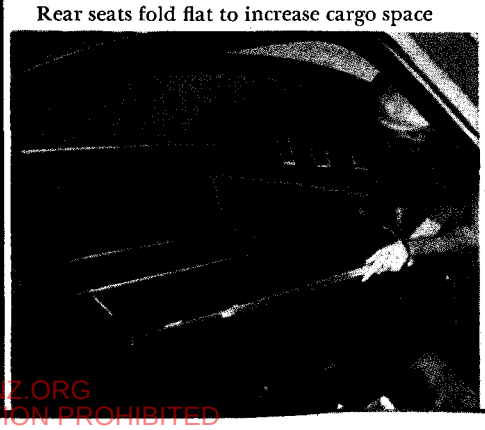




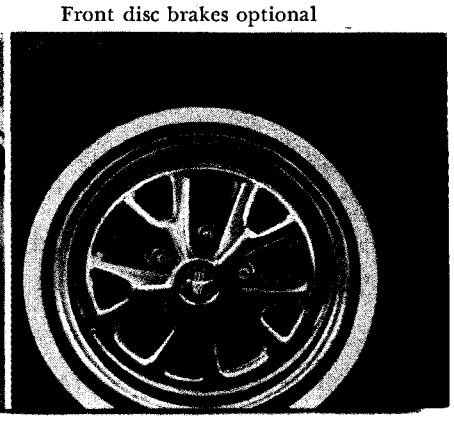


Attractive louvers on Mustang 2+2 are exhausts for Silent-Flo ventilation system

Rear seats fold flat to increase cargo space



Front disc brakes optional



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FAIRLANE

This is the middle-size car that's built a unique reputation for reliability, ruggedness and value. (Ask any Fairlane owner—they're not hard to find—there are over a million and a half of them.) Now, for '65, we've added new values.

New Style, Inside and Out

- Roomy inside, Fairlane is trim outside for easy handling, easy parking
- The look is new, bigger, distinctive
- Handsome new instrument cluster—with all-new instruments and gauges
- Interiors completely restyled with new trims and upholstery in all models

New Power and Economy

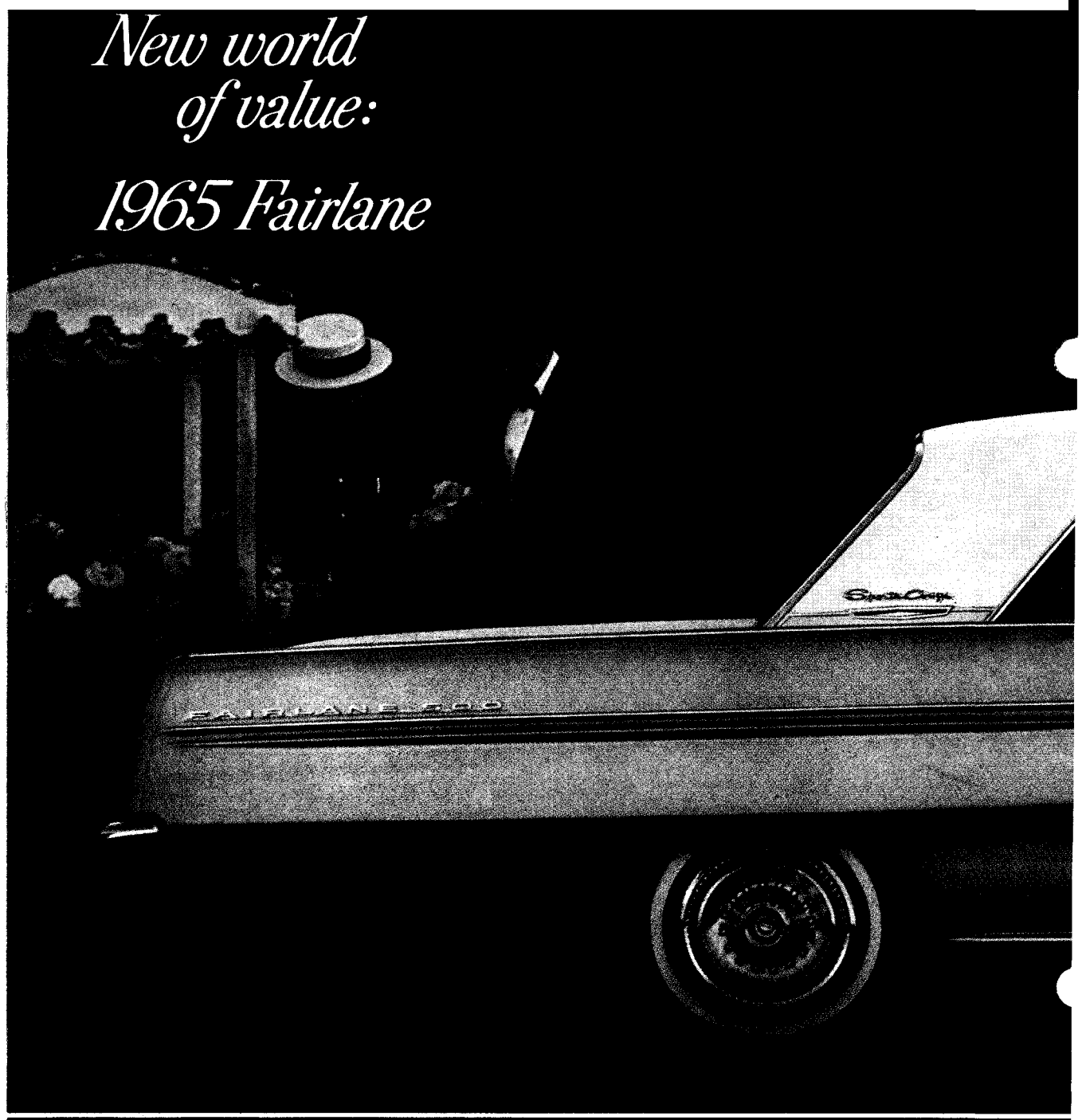
- New 200 cu. in. Six provides 20% increase in power, has seven main bearings for glass-smooth going. Hydraulic valve lifters for quiet operation
- Regular Fairlane V-8 is now the 289 cu. in. V-8—basic engine design for some of the world's great competition cars (like the Cobra)
- The 289 cu. in., 271-h.p. V-8 (special engine for the sports buff) includes a dual "mufflerless" exhaust system and chrome-plated dress-up features
- Fully synchronized 3-speed manual shift standard with all V-8's
- Three-speed Cruise-O-Matic and fully synchronized 4-speed manual are optional

Time Savers, Money Savers

- Battery-saving alternator
- Routine service needed only twice a year (or every 6,000 miles)
- Self-adjusting brakes and valves

8 Fairlanes to Choose from

- Fairlane—2-door and 4-door sedans and 4-door station wagons
- Fairlane 500—2-door and 4-door sedans, 2-door hardtops and Sports Coupe, and 4-door station wagons



FALCON

Up to 15% Greater Fuel Economy

- New 170 cu. in. Six replaces 144 cu. in. Six as basic powerplant, supplies 20 extra h.p., improved engine efficiency for better fuel economy
- 3-speed Cruise-O-Matic is the Falcon automatic transmission—teams with the 170 cu. in. Six for far greater fuel economy
- Low profile tires reduce rolling friction, increase economy

New Performance

- New 200 cu. in. 7 main bearing Six
- 289 cu. in. V-8 replaces 260 cu. in. V-8
- New battery-saving alternator

13 Falcons to Choose from

Hardtops, sedans, convertibles, wagons, including the elegantly panelled Falcon Squire. Test drive Falcon—America's all-time economy champ—at your Ford Dealer's.

Best year yet to go Ford
Test Drive Total Performance '65

FORD

MUSTANG · FALCON · FAIRLANE · FORD · THUNDERBIRD

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY'S WONDER ROTUNDA—NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

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THE TOTAL PERFORMANCE FAIRLANE 500 SPORTS COUPE

Ford

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SEPTEMBER 26, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 33

POST

Articles

Goldwater is wrong on civil rights (*Speaking Out*) . . . . *Anthony Lewis* **12**
A life for a vote . . . . . *John Hersey* **34**

Two Pulitzer Prize-winning authors reveal the terrible consequences that some Negroes have to face when they demand their constitutional rights. Anthony Lewis speaks out against the tactics some southern officials practice while they hide behind the guise of states' rights, and novelist John Hersey takes us behind the scenes of violence to present the stark, human drama that is taking place in the private lives of Mississippi Negroes as they try to gain their right to vote.

Antidisestablishmentarianism (*Affairs of State*) . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* **22**
Fischer quints: What a year it has been! . *Mary Ann Fischer with John Bird* **25**
Crocodiles in the cellar . . . . . *James Atwater* **32**
Our Davis Cup runneth over . . . . . *Roger Kahn* **66**
Their house was haunted by atomic ghosts . . . . . *Fredric C. Appel* **72**
The long day's monotony of TV . . . . . *Brock Brower* **76**
The price of getting involved . . . . . *Trevor Armbrister* **81**

Fiction

The moon of the arfy-darfy . . . . . *Nelson Algren* **44**
The daughter of the chief of police . . . . . *Paul Darcy Boles* **50**
School . . . . . *John O'Hara* **56**

Departments

Letters **8**
Post scripts **62**
Hazel **78**
Editorial **86**

The authors. Author **John Hersey,** who has written several famous books, including *A Bell for Adano* (for which he won a Pulitzer Prize), *Hiroshima* and *The Wall,* lived with Negro families in Mississippi while observing firsthand the hazards of the voter-registration drive . . . . Editor-at-large **John Bird,** who assisted Mary Ann Fischer with her article on the first year in the life of her remarkable children, is a midwesterner, born and reared on a Kansas farm. His parents owned a county-seat newspaper, which ushered him into journalism; he became an editor of a former Curtis publication, *Country Gentleman,* in 1942, and moved to *The Post* in 1955. . . . Although he loves animals, **James Atwater** has less unusual taste in house pets than Peter Stickland, whose problems with crocodiles Atwater recounts this week. Atwater has a 90-pound Labrador retriever, upon whose back he rests his feet while writing. . . . Editor-at-large **Roger Kahn,** who told of the decline of the New York Yankees in the Sept. 12 *Post,* this week describes men with a much more confident outlook: the U.S. defenders of the Davis Cup. . . . Associate science editor **Fredric C. Appel,** who reveals the misfortunes of a family that discovered its home contaminated by radioactivity, was science writer for *The Wall Street Journal* before joining *The Post.* . . . To research the daytime-TV story, **Brock Brower** had to rent a set and watch it in his office. His wife would not allow daytime television in her house. . . . Although law-enforcement officials refused to disclose the whereabouts of Hector Mangual, key witness against a Brooklyn underworld gang, **Trevor Armbrister** found his man and got his story. Armbrister, whose usual beat is Latin America, got along well with Mangual because of his knowledge of Spanish.

The cover photograph of the Fischer quintuplets sampling their big first-birthday cake was taken by contributing photographer **John Zimmerman.**

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Deciding on motor control because it can be bought for less

may be expensive!

■ What is the "cost" of a motor starter breakdown? There's the cost of locating the trouble and the cost of repairing the same, including the necessary repair parts. But the "downtime" is usually a multiple of all other costs. These are "losses" that can usually be avoided.

Users of Allen-Bradley Series K control know from their experience that it is trouble free. The design is so remarkably simple, nothing can go wrong. All ratings of Series K starters—except for size—are of identical design. All parts are "keyed"—it is impossible to incorrectly reassemble a Series K control. Field experience with Series K coils has proven that, when used on the voltage and frequency stamped on the coil, they will not fail in service. So sure are we of this fact that, should a Series K coil fail when used correctly, Allen-Bradley will replace the same free of charge.

Allen-Bradley's Series K motor control is worth its price because of its "quality performance." This control replaced a design which had earned its reputation for quality during the quarter century that it was on the market. However, during these years much progress was made in new materials, new methods of production, and much experience was gained in how to improve the existing control. All this found expression in the new Series K control placed on the market about three years ago. The result has far exceeded our fondest hopes—the Series K control has proven to be far superior to anything on the market today.

When you have been made acquainted with all of the plus features which your dollar obtains for you in the Allen-Bradley Series K control, the price you pay should be looked at as a low-cost investment in trouble free motor control performance. Let an Allen-Bradley field engineer or your local appointed distributor show you the many exclusive Series K features that make it your best motor control bargain, or please write for Publication 6100: Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 S. Third St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53204. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

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QUALITY MOTOR CONTROL

LETTERS

Divorce, American style

United States Divorce Reform, Inc. heartily congratulates the *Post* for having the guts to print Alexander Eliot's article on senseless and archaic divorce laws [LET'S ABOLISH ALIMONY, August 22–August 29].

U.S.D.R. was formed by an outraged Korean War veteran who received the short end of the legal stick in a divorce action. The organization has grown rapidly and now has chapters in over 40 states. We feel that divorces should be granted only when both parties are in agreement and other cases put in the hands of qualified social workers whose recommendations would be followed by the court.

JOHN F. WILLIAMS
Chairman, Portland Maine Chapter U.S.D.R.

• Mr. Eliot should concentrate his talents on preventing divorce rather than on making divorce proceedings one big happy affair.

KEN PINTWALA
Parma, Ohio

• Alexander Eliot probably belongs to a higher class of society than I do, but I personally do not know one woman living on alimony, though I do know many who are supporting children without a blink from the "ex-father."

D.P.
Columbus, Ohio

• I am the organizer and leader of the group referred to by Mr. Eliot as the "Anti-Heuman League in Skirts," now registered as Children's Defenders, Inc. Nine out of ten women who say they receive "alimony" and men who say they pay "alimony" actually mean "child support." Child support is paid for the child's support and is not taxable or deductible. Alimony is paid for the ex-wife's support and is both taxable and deductible. Children's Defenders, Inc. is concerned solely with child support. It should never have been mentioned in your article.

BETTIE J. BROWN
Jackson, Miss.

• Mr. Eliot is 100 percent correct. I have started The National Association on Equal Rights for Men, Especially Divorced Men (NAOERFMEDM), which is coming fine, at least for me.

LARSTON D. FARRAR
Washington, D.C.

• He fails to consider the women who have spent their young years conscientiously rearing children. If divorce should result after the children are grown, how should the woman support herself—begin a new career at 45 or 50 years of age? Or perhaps Mr. Eliot is entirely ignorant of employment qualifications.

G. R. RENN
Seattle, Wash.

• Bravo, Mr. Eliot, for condemning the licensed extortion practiced by women too lazy to earn their own living. You have the support of at least one woman who could have joined this nefarious procession, but preferred not to.

SALLY L. UNDERHILL
Akron, Ohio

• To ex-husbands:

What happens to the mother of your children, to the wife who worked long hard hours when you were climbing up the ladder to comfort? There are no unemployment-insurance or old-age benefits for a *fired* wife.

BARBARA SCHLESINGER
Bethayres, Pa.

• I agree that alimony should be cut out. The father should have the support and the physical custody of his children—with the mother granted visiting privileges.

MRS. W. J. TUPPER
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Quiet evening at home

"THAT SO NECE$$ARY INGREDIENT" by Lewis H. Lapham [September 5] is either a delightful burlesque or an orgy of folksiness. In either case, it was vastly amusing.

JAMES E. SCANLON
Fairless Hills, Pa.

• I live in the smallest house in Manhattan, Kans. We're going to spend a quiet evening at home with some friends: a member of the 1952 Emporia High basketball team and three of the poorest people in Kansas. Sorry, but you're not invited.

A. D. SANDERS
Manhattan, Kans.

Vietnam

Your comprehensive analysis of the war in Vietnam [THIS IS OUR ENEMY by Stanley Karnow, August 22–August 29] makes the heart sick and the blood boil. Every American, especially every member of our Congress, should read this account. Perhaps an aroused public would demand the Administration to do something *now*.

MARION BROWN
Burlington, N.C.

• It becomes more and more evident that the people of South Vietnam want Communism. As we believe in freedom, why don't we let the people have what they want?

RENA OSTBY
Britton, S. Dak.

• The United States Marine Corps was created to fight in just this kind of war—in every clime and place. Why haven't they been sent in?

JAMES MC CARTHY
Philadelphia, Pa.

• Thank you for your no-punches-pulled article on the mess in Vietnam. It was a refreshing change from all the gobbledygook perpetuated by much of the mass media.

I have found the *Post* to be brave and forthright on many issues, independent, flexible, rational and sometimes (happily) a bit romantic in its thinking. This is truly what American individualism is about, instead of what the radical and not-so-radical right wing mistakenly thinks it is.

JUDITH WEINBERG
Philadelphia, Pa.

• The current *Post* offers the cautious long-term investor a choice of two equally appealing situations. He may sink more funds, with the U.S. Government, into South Vietnam, or he can plunge with Marvin Kitman into defunct Chinese bonds [YEAR OF THE BULL IN WORTHLESS CHINESE BONDS]. The success of either is contingent on improbabilities.

MARGARET BURTON
Salt Lake City, Utah

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Give it everything you've got—
we sure did.
Give it the gun.
Give it the treatment.
Give it the works.
But most of all . . .
give it a try.

Dodge toughness doesn't cost any more. Why settle for less?

Dodge Builds Tough Trucks

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

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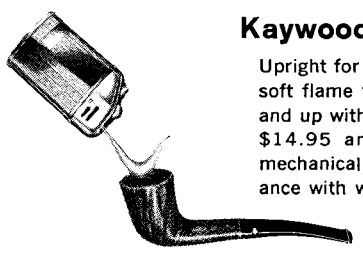
there's
no smoke
like
a pipe

—no pipe
like
Kaywoodie

Pipes and sets $5.95 to $2,500



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Upright for cigars and cigarettes. Tilt for large, soft flame that won't scorch your pipe. $9.95 and up with free miniature refill. Table models $14.95 and up. Guaranteed against any mechanical defect for life of lighter in accordance with written guarantee.

KAYWOODIE

Send 25¢ for 48-page catalog and sample of new imported Kaywoodie Tobacco. Tells how to smoke a pipe; shows all shapes and styles. Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc. N. Y. 22, Dept. E1.

LETTERS

The little preacher

The *Post* is to be congratulated for printing the facts in the career of the "Rev." Connie Lynch [PORTRAIT OF AN EXTREMIST by Trevor Armbrister, August 22–August 29]. Exposure to light and knowledge has always been an effective antitoxin for such pustulous sores of hatred.

RICHARD A. JONES
Chamblee, Ga.

• I would as soon call Connie Lynch a preacher as I would Martin Luther King. Both are rabble-rousers.

EDWARD FUDGE
Athens, Ala.

• Why cannot the clergy and other groups act with the amount of zeal that these twisted, hate-filled segregationists have?

MRS. GEORGE WATTS
Gardner, N.Y.

• It should have read "Portrait of a Patriot." This man had dedicated his life against Communism and for states' rights. We need more men like him who will speak up and not let the Communists take over the country.

J. A. BURT
St. Augustine, Fla.

• As a white Southerner, let me say that many of us are making a sincere effort to rid the nation of the internal menace that the Klan represents. Please don't judge us all by these hypocrites.

JOSEPH M. SITTON
Fairburn, Ga.

• The coalition of Ku Klux Klanners, John Birchites, National States Righters and American Nazis, to say nothing of other patriots alert to a takeover by Negroes, Communists, Jews. the United Nations, the Supreme Court, or possibly by crabgrass, might adopt as their battle cry: "Lynch in '68 before it's too late!" Unhappily, this zealous coalition may never emerge: The job could be done early if backlashers team up with imprudent Republicans to score in '64.

ROBERT H. LANDER
Kirkland, Wash.

Good-bye signs

ONLY THE SIGNS ARE GOING AWAY
BURMA-SHAVE IS HERE TO STAY
THE NATION'S WHISKERS ARE STILL
OUR MEAT;
OUR GOAL—TO KEEP YOU LOOKING
NEAT.
AFTER OUR SATURDAY EVENING
POST-ING
CAN YOU BLAME US IF WE'RE
BOASTING?

LEONARD ODELL
President, Burma-Vita Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.

• GOOD-BYE BURMA-SHAVE by William K. Zinsser [September 5] reminded me of the traffic-control signs I used to see along the main supply route between Wonju and Hoengsong, Korea, in January 1951:

DON'T PASS
REGARDLESS OF RANK,
THE NEXT GUY COMING
MAY BE A TANK
CHARMS—CHARMS—CHARMS

(Charms were hard candies used with PX and C-rations.)

JOHN E. HUNT JR.
Major, U.S. Army
Fort Riley, Kans.

COMING SOON... in The Post

FROM THE LAST WRITINGS OF
President John F. Kennedy
A FINAL PLEA FOR A CHERISHED CAUSE

WHY I BURNED MY COOKBOOKS

Exclusive:
FIRST BIRTHDAY FOR
"THE OTHER" QUINTS

The secret life of Lassie

LYNDON JOHNSON'S
TEXAS
Warm, human stories of the people and the land that shaped a President

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SPEAKING OUT

GOLDWATER IS WRONG ON CIVIL RIGHTS

Only federal interrention, this journalist says, can save Negroes and whites from southern lawlessness and racial terror.

For his coverage of the U.S. Supreme Court, Anthony Lewis, a New York Times *reporter, won his second Pulitzer Prize in 1963. His first book,* Gideon's Trumpet, *a study of a historic Supreme Court case, became a best seller.*

By Anthony Lewis

The election campaign of 1964 is giving new currency to what had seemed, for a decade, a fading view of race relations and the law. The view is that this country's grave racial problems can best be left to state and local law and to individual action, that extension of federal law into the area of civil rights threatens to bring tyranny, a police state. This has been a basic southern argument against the Supreme Court's school-segregation decision, against Congressional enactment of civil-rights legislation and against presidential action to end racial discrimination. But now it is something more than a southern argument. It is the strongly expressed philosophical position of the Republican candidate for President, Barry Goldwater. And the violent events of this summer have made Senator Goldwater's views on civil rights and the law a central, if silent, election issue.

A strong belief in "states' rights"—in limiting the role of the Federal Government—is an essential part of the general Goldwater political creed; it is reflected in the Republican platform's denunciation of "federal extremists" and federal "police-state tactics." In the racial area Senator Goldwater applied his views concretely when he voted against the Civil Rights Act of 1964, arguing that it extended federal law beyond constitutional limits and would lead to "the creation of a police state." The senator has said that on the race problem we already have "too much government and too little understanding," that we must rely more on "moral persuasion," that "individual actions by every American will eliminate the stigma of discrimination from our society." He has suggested that excessive federal action has stimulated excesses in the streets, saying that "the climate of violence and disorder is brewed in a governmental philosophy which too long has ignored individual responsibilities and individual capacities." The Republican platform, again reflecting the same outlook, charged the Federal Administration with aggravating racial tensions by "encouraging disorderly and lawless elements." Coupled with all this is a campaign call for "law and order."

Some who argue this view of race relations and the law quite frankly want to continue discrimination against Negroes; in this category are the Ku Klux Klan and White Citizens Council leaders who have endorsed Senator Goldwater. But the senator himself has repeatedly said that he is "unalterably opposed to discrimination or segregation on the basis of race." And there are other good people, North and South, who make no racist argument in opposing federal action on the race problem. They say only that it can be resolved more safely and soundly on the state or local level.

On the record of history and experience, that view is utterly fallacious. Not one of the propositions on which it rests will stand impartial, factual examination.

For nearly a century we did leave it to the states and individuals to handle the problem of race relations. The result was massive inequality, injustice and cruelty that shocked the conscience of this nation.

Police-state tactics have been used not by the Federal Government but by state and local officials in parts of the South. In these areas the law has been cynically manipulated to maintain white supremacy, in defiance of the most elementary rights of a citizen.

Corruption of the law in these areas has set a terrible precedent—that race relations are to be governed by force instead of justice, that might makes right. This example, not any federal action, undermines respect for law and order.

It was Justice Holmes who said, "We need education in the obvious." The first obvious fact about race relations in this country is that Negroes have suffered pervasive discrimination. We have become increasingly aware recently of the disadvantages they face in the North, in jobs and homes and elsewhere. But in the North there have been no official, legal barriers of race; on the contrary, law has been used to break down private segregation and discrimination. In the South discrimination was for many years written into the law. Negroes were barred by law from voting, from traveling in the same railroad car with white persons, from attending the same schools. Negroes had almost no hospital facilities. There were few colleges open to them. The theory that public schools for Negroes were "separate but equal" was just that—a theory. As late as 1944 the average amount spent per pupil in Florida, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Alabama and Arkansas was less than half as much in Negro as in white schools. Teachers' salaries were just about as unequal, as were school buildings. Even today, in Mississippi, only a few public high schools for Negro children meet the standards of the state's own accrediting authorities.

That is the factual record of what happened when it was left to the states and to individuals to provide what Senator Goldwater has rightly said the Constitution clearly guarantees—equal treatment before the law. It was the failure of the South to meet that standard on the local level that led to federal intervention. The Supreme Court began to enforce the national, constitutional requirement of equal treatment. It did not, as some suggest, begin all of a sudden in 1954. Decisions started to assure the right to vote in the 1910's and 1920's, the right to an equal college education in the 1930's, the right to unsegregated facilities for interstate travel in the 1940's. In the 1950's, speaking again and again unanimously, the Supreme Court made it clear that no state could segregate or discriminate by law in any area of life. The national rule of law against racial discrimination has been further enforced by Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson, and by Congress in the Civil Rights Acts of 1957, 1960 and 1964.

By now one might think the law would be clear: Surely it could be carried out on a state and local level. But such a notion does not reckon with the reality of life in certain parts of the South.

The right to vote, for example, seems about as basic as any imaginable in a democracy; it is at the head of Senator Goldwater's list of civil rights guaranteed by the Constitution. But the reality is that in some areas of the South Negroes are kept from voting by the crudest tactics. They are told to bring "vouchers" from white voters; they have been turned down because they gave their color on the registration form as "Negro" instead of "brown"—or vice versa; college graduates "flunk" literacy tests, while whites who cannot write their own names are helped to register. And when, in the face of such tactics, Negroes in Mississippi and parts of Alabama and Louisiana and a few other places keep trying to register, the mask of legality is dropped altogether, and naked force is used.

John Hardy, a Negro college student in Nashville, went to Walthall County, Miss., in the summer of 1961 to help the Negroes register. He ran a little school where he taught citizens how to answer the complicated questions put to Negro applicants by the county registrar, John Q. Wood. On September 7, Hardy accompanied two local Negroes to Wood's office and waited outside while they tried to register. When Wood turned them down without explanation, Hardy walked in and politely introduced himself. Wood pulled a gun out of a desk drawer and told him to leave. As Hardy turned around and started to walk out, according to evidence later offered by the Justice Department, Wood hit him twice on the back of the head with the gun. Hardy was bleeding profusely from the head when he staggered out. After resting a few minutes he found the county sheriff, Edd Craft, and told him what had happened. The sheriff arrested him, charged him with breach of the peace and locked him in jail.

Hardy was lucky in one important respect: The Federal Government took an interest in these events. The Justice Department, alleging that the prosecution of Hardy was a device to intimidate Walthall County Negroes out of attempting to register, sued in the federal courts to enjoin the prosecution. This was an extraordinary legal move, a Federal Government suit to stop a state criminal proceeding. But, of course, it was not an incursion on "states' rights"; it was a last-minute exercise of federal voting-rights responsibility to stop a brutal abuse of state power. After involved proceedings the suit did prevail, and John Hardy

Adapted from the forthcoming book, "Portrait of a Decade: The Second American Revolution," by Anthony Lewis and other reporters of The New York Times. © 1964 by The New York Times.

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1. FOOD

costs MaryAnn Forsman $198 a month.

2. CLOTHING

costs the Forsmans
$80 a month.

3. SHELTER

costs David Forsman
$173 a month.

4. THE FOURTH NECESSITY

guarantees the family the other three,
yet it costs less than any of them.

"We spend almost $5,500 a year just for the three necessities," says Dave Forsman, who sells paper products in the San Francisco area.

"You can imagine how long my $10,000 of group insurance would last Mary Ann and the boys. My own personal life insurance is what will make the difference." Dave realizes that in addition to food, clothing and shelter, there is a Fourth Necessity: *enough* life insurance to guarantee his family the first three necessities at their present level.

"Now, if anything happens to me," Dave says, "Mary Ann will get a generous income every month for eighteen years—on top of the cash from my company policy—to raise the kids on. And, in addition, there will be money to start the boys' college education. What surprised me was how little it all costs—just $39 a month, about half of what we spend on clothing. I expect to live, of course. At age 65 I'll get $12,000 to buy an annuity for a lifetime monthly income."

Your costs for food, clothing and shelter probably differ from the Forsmans'. And the Fourth Necessity—*enough* life insurance—is apt to differ, too. How much is enough for *you?*

Metropolitan's Family Security Check-Up will give you the answer.

At no charge, a specially trained Metropolitan man will add up your savings, property, Social Security and present insurance. Then he'll estimate your family's needs, and figure what's needed to secure their future and the most economical way to do it. Like Dave Forsman, you'll probably find the Fourth Necessity—enough life insurance—costs much less than any of the other three. Find out from your Metropolitan man. There's no obligation...*except to those you love.*

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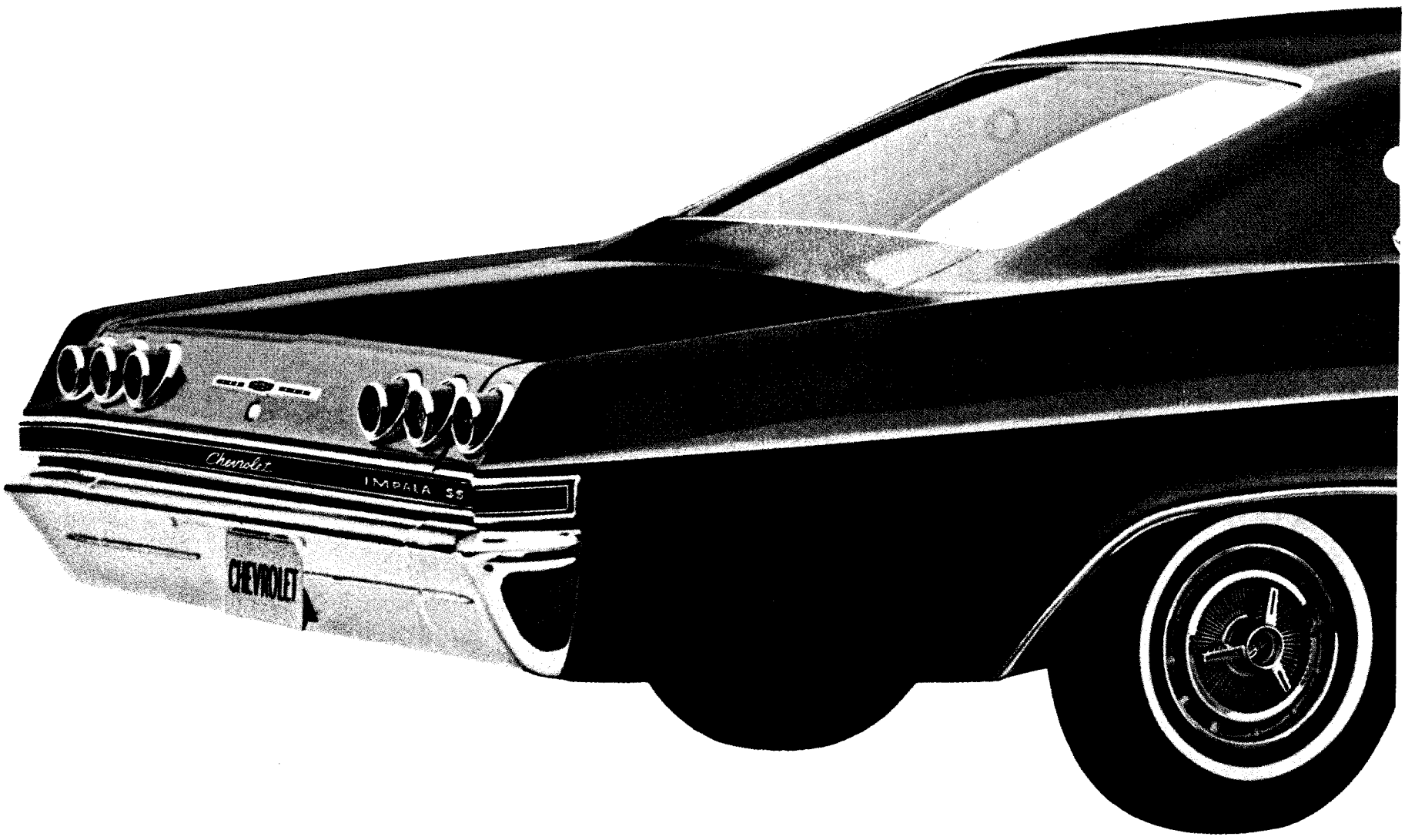
We gave it the look of a luxury car. With a plush new ride and wider spaced wheels, the '65 Chevrolet moves like a luxury car. Its V8 performance—up to 400 hp if you order it—gives it the confidence of a luxury car. Elegant interiors, with expanded shoulder room, offer the comfort of a luxury car. In fact, this '65 Chevrolet has everything that makes a luxury car... but the price.

Beautiful Shape for '65



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Chevrolet for '65 gives you more of practically everything you want, without the luxury price. It's longer, lower, roomier, smarter, smoother.

It uses a new kind of frame and an even gentler Jet-smooth ride to make road shock and noise a memory. It grips the road better with new Wide-Stance wheel design.

Chevrolet's engines are as smooth as you can get and still be moving. And they're great performers—all six of them, from the standard 140-hp Six to the 400-hp V8 available at your request.

Inside there's more room than you'll probably ever need. There is softer door-to-door carpeting, yards of supple vinyl and fabrics and, on certain models, a stylish center console flanked by deep bucket seats. Curved glass side windows add smartness to all models.

You can specify luxury equipment ranging from power steering, brakes and windows to AM-FM Stereo radio, air conditioning, Powerglide or 4-speed Synchro-Mesh shift—and much more.

You can choose from 15 Chevrolets in four beautiful series for 1965. Choose yours soon. It's easy to make *your* Chevrolet something special by choosing exactly the equipment and power you want.

CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET

New Chevrolet Impala Super Sport Coupe—who could ask for anything smarter!

And wait till you see what else is new! Just turn the page.

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was not prosecuted for the crime of being smashed on the head by a Mississippi county official.

The practice of arresting the victim of an assault when his racial views are unpopular has hardly been limited to the John Hardy case. Many persons trying to carry out the Constitution and acts of Congress have been beaten up and then found themselves, instead of their attackers, prosecuted. This summer a Protestant minister from Iowa, Edward K. Heininger, was in Mississippi helping the student movement. One day he went with a Harvard student who had a foot infection, John Polacheck of Milwaukee, to a doctor's office near Carthage, Miss. According to Mr. Heininger, the doctor told them they needed "forgiveness for what you are doing," then suddenly pushed them backward into a room where a group of white men beat them until Mr. Heininger was unconscious. The next thing the two men knew, they were handcuffed, taken to jail and charged with disturbing the peace.

A minister from Iowa who finds himself in such a situation, or even a visiting student like John Hardy, has the reassurance of a connection with the outside world, the hope of help from outside. It is much worse for local Negroes who attempt some small step to raise their submerged status and are met with official repression.

On September 19, 1963, 12 Negro residents of Clinton, La., wrote letters to the mayor and the district attorney requesting the appointment of a biracial committee on community relations. They suggested that such a committee could give "careful consideration of the many problems facing our community" and help to "avoid civil domestic disturbances of racial tension." One writer was a 75-year-old woman, another the husband of the Negro schools' superintendent.

The response came on December 3: The 12 Negro letter writers were arrested on the charge of intimidating public officials. Bail was set at $4,000 each. Somehow they raised the money. They are still awaiting trial.

Such stories have an unreal quality to anyone who has not experienced the atmosphere of Clinton, La., or Carthage, Miss. It could not happen here, one thinks. Or it could happen only to "troublemakers," not to an ordinary white, law-abiding citizen "like me."

That was just the thinking of Prof. Charles Oldfather of the University of Kansas—"a very proper Midwestern law professor," as he once was described—until the summer of 1963. Professor Oldfather had never had any particular interest in Negro rights. But that summer his daughter, Felicia, president of the student body at Carleton College, decided to go to Albany, Ga., to help the civil-rights movement. One evening at a friend's house Professor Oldfather got a telephone call from Albany with the news that Felicia had been arrested for "vagrancy." He went down there to help her. The first thing that surprised him was her trial, which was not what he had always believed a trial was like. Felicia had money, and he was right there in the courtroom as her guardian—a man of evident substance—and yet she was found by the judge to be a "vagrant."

After the trial Felicia decided to leave Albany, and Professor Oldfather drove his daughter's car to the Negro section of town to pick up her belongings. In his words this is what happened next:

"As I was heading back downtown, I was motioned over to the curb by two officers in a police car. After my driver's license was examined, I was instructed to get out of the car and to put my hands on the roof. I was frisked, my wrists were handcuffed behind my back, and I was driven to the county jail in the police car.

"Inquiry disclosed that I was being arrested for driving a car with a bad muffler, and that the car was impounded. The arresting officer, when he had finished questioning me, walked across the room to a desk where he engaged another man in conversation. He punctuated the end of his conversation by taking a sap (blackjack) out of his hip pocket, slamming it onto the top of the desk and looking meaningfully at me."

When Professor Oldfather told the police that he planned to leave Albany with his daughter, he was immediately released and given back his car. He will not forget that in the year 1963, in the United States, he was arrested and put in handcuffs for supposedly driving a car with a faulty muffler.

Innocent anywhere else

The cases that have been described are not isolated incidents. Over and over, in those parts of the South most committed to the established racial pattern of white supremacy, Negroes and any white persons considered sympathetic to their cause find themselves caught in the machinery of the criminal law because of entirely innocent acts—that is, acts that would be innocent anywhere else. A man appeals for help to a sheriff or a mayor, supposedly his public servant; or he walks into a doctor's office; or he drives down the street. The next thing he knows, he is accused of a crime, handcuffed, released on burdensomely high bail or convicted on no evidence of anything that can constitutionally be a crime, and forced to go through long and frustrating and expensive appeals before someone—probably the Supreme Court—ends the lawless course of law.

What is disturbing is not just that some human beings are mistreated; it is that local and state government officials take part in the illegality. The result is nothing less than corruption of the law, of the belief in justice that is vital to any society. Not that all of the South has forgotten this country's commitment to law; far from it. But in Mississippi, Alabama and sections of other states most resistant to change in race relations, men sworn to exalt the law instead debase it, ruthlessly and cynically misuse it in order to suppress the demand for rights as elemental as the right to vote.

This official corruption of the law is not just a matter of an occasional aberration by a policeman or sheriff. There are examples running from the bottom of the legal system to the top, through prosecutors and trial judges and state appellate courts.

The mayor of Ruleville, Miss., Charles Dorrough, evidently fills other jobs as required. On August 6, 1963, acting in the capacity of police chief, he arrested three Negro student voting workers who were accompanying frightened local Negroes to the registration office. The formal charge Dorrough placed was conspiracy—to commit an unstated offense. The students were taken to the town hall and tried by Mayor Dorrough in his capacity as police magistrate. Sitting as a judge, he then convicted the three students and

Look who got sophisticated! And Corvair's new spirit doesn't stop with those lavish looks. Inside, there's more comfort. The effortless handling only rear engine and independent suspension can give. Wrapped up in hardtop and convertible models—including Monzas and the all-new Corsa series! Very easy to get wrapped up in.

Beautiful Shape for '65

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On display Thursday, Sept. 24. Announcing something so new it almost announces itself—Corvair for '65!

That advanced styling alone is enough to tell you that Corvair's got all kinds of advanced ideas. Ideas you won't find on any other American car.

There's rousing new performance—rear engine performance—from Corvair's air-cooled Six. You can specify a 180-hp Turbo-Charged Six in the new top-of-the-line Corsa series. Monza and 500 models offer 140- and 110-hp Sixes you can order in place of the standard 95-hp Six.

And Corvair's already famous ride and handling become supreme for '65, due to a new rear suspension design formerly used only on sports cars. Plus wider tread, bigger brakes, even quicker steering!

Passenger and luggage space is delightfully spacious—without adding to that agile Corvair wheelbase! Combine increased shoulder room with increased interior elegance, just for a start. Then add things like a nearly flat floor in both the front and back, curved side windows and a handsomely styled control panel with centrally located instruments—you get the idea, it spells Corvair convenience.

There's a sleek new Corvair series—the Corsa. Special trim, special performance, special instrumentation. Along with the Monza and Corvair 500 series, for a total of seven hardtop and convertible models.

Corvair's driving ease, operating economy, and accent on the lively side of driving were too great to change. The rest is as new and fresh as it looks—and it looks like a new international favorite has been born!

CHEVROLET

CORVAIR

New Corvair Corsa Sport Coupe, one of seven new Corvairs for '65.

Please turn the page again . . .

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sentenced each to 30 days and a $100 fine. The convictions are on appeal.

One prosecutor was unusually candid in stating that the purpose of bringing a case was simply intimidation—to frighten civil-rights workers so they would leave town. The case was the nationally publicized prosecution of four young men in Americus, Ga., for insurrection. They were arrested in August, 1963, and held without bond because it was a capital charge. The statute under which they were charged had been held unconstitutional in 1937, and after the youths had been in jail for two months the prosecutor, Stephen Pace Jr., quite frankly admitted that he had never had any idea that he could obtain a constitutional conviction. "The basic reason for bringing these charges," he said, "was to deny the defendants, or ask the court to deny them, bond. We were in hopes that by holding these men, we would be able to talk to their lawyers and talk to their people and convince them that this type of activity is not the right way to go about it." The four young men, white and Negro, stayed in jail until a federal court stepped in and ordered them released in November, 1963.

Imposing abnormally high bail is a common practice in civil-rights cases. A particularly cruel example occurred in Itta Bena, Miss. On the night of June 18, 1963, a group of Negroes there marched to the home of the deputy sheriff to ask for protection against harassment of a voter-registration campaign. Fifty-seven were arrested and charged with disturbing the peace. After a night in jail, 46 of them—all but those under the age of 15—were tried by a justice of the peace. They had no lawyer, and no evidence was introduced connecting anyone with illegal action. It took just over an hour for the trial, conviction and sentences. Every man was sentenced to six months in jail and a fine of $500; that really amounted to nearly a year in jail, because these people were impoverished and would have to work off the fine at the Mississippi rate of three dollars a day. The 17 women drew sentences of four months and fines of $200.

The Itta Bena judge fixed the bonds that would allow these people to go free, while their cases were on appeal, at $750 for the men and $500 for the women—a total of $30,250, hopelessly beyond their resources. All 46 went to prison and stayed there for two months. They might be there still if their situation had not come to the attention of federal authorities. A Justice Department lawyer went to see some of the defendants in prison and was shocked to find them in the quarters and conditions of a chain gang. They were, after all, men and women whose crime, if any, was marching to a sheriff's house to seek official protection for entirely legal efforts to vote.

At this point the Attorney General of the United States, Robert Kennedy, took an unpublicized interest in the case. He telephoned a New York insurance executive and asked whether his company would write the necessary bonds, if cash were raised. He agreed, and some time later a representative of the National Council of Churches walked into the office of the executive with the money—$30,250 in bills—in his briefcase. The Itta Bena Negroes were released from prison on August 17; their convictions are still on appeal.

The prosecution of Freedom Riders in Jackson, Miss., shows how an entire judicial system can work with lawless law-enforcement officials to make legal rights virtually meaningless. During the year 1961, 315 persons were arrested in Jackson for trying to use the interstate bus terminal on an unsegregated basis. Everyone knew that segregation in the terminal was unlawful; in addition to the decisions of the Supreme Court, the Interstate Commerce Commission had just issued specific rules against segregation in terminals. The charge actually placed against those who tried to apply the law of the land in the Jackson terminal was breach of the peace. Eventually, as anyone must have known, the charges could not stand, because there was simply no evidence to support them. But the Mississippi court system made it clear that anyone who really wanted to live by the law would have to go all the way to the Supreme Court of the United States to vindicate his rights—and that it would take a long time, and much trouble and expense, to get there.

White lawyers said no

Every one of the 315 defendants was required to go to trial separately although there was no legally relevant difference in the facts of the cases. Thus every one had to retain a lawyer and personally return to Jackson for trial—and, if he persisted, a new trial on appeal. Most counsel had to come from far away, too, since apparently no white lawyer in Mississippi would handle a civil-rights case, and there were only four Negro lawyers who would in the whole state. The Mississippi courts fixed bail at $1,500 each, and every defendant had to raise that in cash, because the 304 surety companies licensed in the state reportedly refused to write bail bonds.

In the face of those tactics some defendants gave up, accepted suspended sentences and paid $200 fines for their crime of believing that federal law applied in Mississippi. The rest fought on. After nearly three years their cases began to be decided by the Mississippi Supreme Court, which upheld the convictions on the ground that the mere effort to desegregate the terminals invited a breach of the peace and that no "abject surrender" of racial customs "should be expected, much less defended." Only now can the defendants seek review in the United States Supreme Court.

Among state courts the Alabama Supreme Court has an especially notable record for cynical devices to undercut established law. For more than six years the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was barred from Alabama, because it had neglected to fill out a corporate registration form and pay a $10 fee; it was also enjoined from complying with those routine requirements. The state supreme court let the lower-court injunction stand by refusing ever to pass on its validity. Once it said that the N.A.A.C.P. had used the wrong kind of writ to bring its appeal; once it said the association had written its brief in the wrong order; for a long time, until the federal courts intervened, it did nothing with the case at all. Ordinarily the Supreme Court of the United States refuses to hear from a party that has ignored state rules of legal procedure—but not when the rules are made up just to thwart that party. The fourth time the N.A.A.C.P. case was in the Supreme Court, last spring, the lawyer for Alabama found himself embarrassingly un-

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Also, you can now order it equipped with such conveniences as AM-FM Stereo radio, sweep second hand electric clock, automatic cruise control. You can even order a tri-volume horn for the fun of it.

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able to explain his own court's decisions. Not surprisingly, the Supreme Court cut through the procedural web and ordered an end to the groundless harassment of the association.

Some episodes reported in Mississippi this August indicate the extent of the cynicism in law enforcement. Negroes trying to enter a public library in Hattiesburg were arrested on charges of "vagrancy." When a home used for civil-rights activities in McComb was blown up, the owner was arrested for "operating a garage without a license." The mayor of Drew, W.O. Williford, issued a proclamation to the effect that any civil-rights workers found in town at the close of any day would be held "in the city jail until the beginning of the next normal working day of the police force."

The great irony of this pattern of lawless law enforcement is that those who cry loudest about "states' rights" are doing the most to invite federal action. It is obvious that no abstract desire for power moved the Justice Department to prevent the prosecution of John Hardy after he was allegedly pistol-whipped by the registrar of Walthall County, or moved Attorney General Kennedy to help find bail for those Itta Bena Negroes, or moved Congress in three civil-rights acts to take stronger and stronger action against denials of the right to vote, or moved lower federal judges to intervene in the Americus, Ga., case and put an end to holding men without bond on an admittedly worthless charge. Federal officials intervened because there had been a perversion of the process of law by state or local authorities. It was put succinctly by the head of the Justice Department's civil-rights division, Burke Marshall, a mild man given to understatement: "All of this is an affront to the conscience of the nation. It cannot indefinitely be tolerated in a free society."

The fact is that the Federal Government has been most reluctant to move into matters traditionally reserved for local law enforcement. There was tremendous pressure this summer, for example, to station marshals or troops in Mississippi to guard the student civil-rights workers. Burke Marshall and Attorney General Kennedy resisted that pressure, because they believe in the American system of state and local responsibility and want it to work. Their consistent effort over the last few years has been to encourage local authorities and local community leaders to accept the responsibility for justice. They have spoken repeatedly of the danger of a national police force. In a heartbreaking scene this summer the Attorney General explained to the parents of two civil-rights workers who had just disappeared in Mississippi—as it turned out they had been murdered—why he still thought it unwise for the Federal Government to take over general law-enforcement duties in that state.

To the extent that federal authorities have moved in the civil-rights area, their hand has been forced by police-state tactics in the states. That is surely not too strong a phrase for the official lawlessness that has flourished in some parts of the South. Where one group of citizens is unable to vote or to obtain police protection or even to get a lawyer to represent them, it is living under totalitarianism. And on the record that is the pattern of society in these areas. The police and sheriffs and mayors and registrars and judges and juries have maintained a caste system by using their power as an expression of force, not law.

The curious thing about this use of law as the instrument of the ruling class in a caste system is how closely it fits the Marxist idea of justice. Law was officially defined by the U.S.S.R. in 1938 as rules of behavior "reflecting the will of the ruling class—rules of behavior whose application is assured by the coercive power of the state for the purpose of protecting, strengthening and developing relationships and procedures suitable and beneficial to the ruling class."

This attitude toward the law on the part of state and local officials in the South has had effects more serious than the compensating expansion of federal law, or than the immediate cruelty that shocks us. In the long run such an attitude can only infect all of those involved, both perpetrators and victims of injustice, with a cynical contempt for the law. Certainly the tragic record of violence in the South is not unrelated to the ruthless disregard for law by some officials. If policemen arrest the victims of attacks, if prosecutors and judges deliberately violate the law, if governors like George Wallace of Alabama constantly urge their people to defy the federal Constitution and laws, is it any surprise that citizens feel free to murder and beat and burn? There have been so many horrors in the last year that one's senses have become numbed: four little girls killed in the bombing of a Birmingham church; Medgar Evers of the N.A.A.C.P. shot outside his Jackson, Miss., home; a Negro Army officer murdered as he drove along a Georgia road; three civil-rights workers murdered in Mississippi; and 15 Negro churches in that state burned within a month.

The country is now deeply and properly disturbed about Negro violence in the cities of the North. There is never an excuse for riots, whatever the emotional causes. But it is worth remembering that the police and other authorities in those northern cities are at least on the side of the law, that lawlessness is not officially condoned. It was a southern newspaper, the Greensboro, N.C., *News*, that said in an editorial this summer, "New York has plenty to wince over. But not to our knowledge has a carload of voter-registration workers disappeared permanently into the New York night, or a New York N.A.A.C.P. official been shot down on his doorstep by a cowardly sniper." In any case, it is worse than illogical to suggest that federal intrusion on "states' rights" somehow bears responsibility for the urban violence. If anything aside from the conditions of their life encouraged Negroes to try to take the law into their own hands, it was the lesson learned from some southern officials—that there is no justice, only power.

Justice Brandeis warned in 1928, in a great Supreme Court opinion, of the corrosive consequences of official lawlessness.

"In a government of laws," he said, "existence of the government will be imperiled if it fails to observe the law scrupulously. Our government is the potent, the omnipotent teacher. For good or ill, it teaches the whole people by its example. Crime is contagious. If the government becomes a lawbreaker, it breeds contempt for law; it invites every man to become a law unto himself; it invites anarchy."

Anthony Lewis

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All in all, this '65 Chevy II offers you the happiest combination yet of economy and practicality, power and pep. And that's going to be a pretty tough combination for anyone to beat. Drive one and see what we mean. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

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Antidisestablishmentarianism

WASHINGTON: It is time somebody had a good word to say for the "Eastern Establishment."

The Establishment has come in for a lot of harsh words lately, from Sen. Barry Goldwater and his followers. To many Goldwaterites the Eastern Establishment is a sort of cabal, devoted to controlling the country in general and the Republican Party in particular. Its purposes range from promoting "socialism" at home to controlling, in Goldwater's words, "the foreign policy of this country relative to interest rates, gold balances, values, etc."

There is no cabal. But there *is* a sort of Eastern Establishment all the same. It has its roots in New York, and it includes members of the great Eastern-capitalist families, like the Rockefellers and the Whitneys. It is amorphous and diffuse, but the best way to understand what it is all about is to draw up a list of the more visible Establishmentarians, those who have been most in the public eye.

Such a list would include a few lifelong Democrats, like David Bruce and Dean Acheson. But it would be heavily weighted with Republicans, or Republicans-by-heritage who have become Democrats or nonparty men.

In the still-Republican category would be men like Nelson Rockefeller, Robert Lovett, John J. McCloy, Christian A. Herter, Henry Cabot Lodge, Douglas Dillon, Allen Dulles, Thomas Gates, William Foster. In the ex-Republican category are W. Averell Harriman, Paul Nitze, and as at least Junior Establishmentarians, the Bundy brothers, McGeorge and William.

This list is of course incomplete, but it is fairly representative. And it is an interesting list, for almost all these men have certain characteristics in common.

First, they are all rich, or at least comfortably well-off.

Second, they all went to Eastern schools—six of the 15 went to Groton—and to one of the great Eastern universities. Twelve went to Harvard or Yale.

Third, all these men share a taste and a talent for public service. Unlike most of the American rich, the typical Establishmentarian is less interested in becoming richer than in serving usefully in public office. Some have held office in the domestic field, but in each case the major service of the Establishmentarians has been in the field of foreign and defense policy.

These men are not all geniuses by any means. Yet surely any reasonable person would agree that as a body they have rendered genuinely distinguished national service. They constitute a national pool of talent and experience on which all four postwar Presidents have drawn heavily. The Eastern Establishment, in short, is a major national asset.

Then why has the Eastern Establishment, which consists largely of Republicans, become almost as much an object of dislike among the Goldwater Republicans as the "sensation seeking columnists and commentators"? One reason is obvious. The Goldwaterites dislike the Establishment because the Establishment dislikes the Goldwaterites—it would be interesting to know how many of the Republicans listed above intend to vote for Goldwater. But there are other reasons as well.

Five Establishmentarians—Herter, Lodge, Dillon, Dulles, Bruce—who held major appointive posts under President Eisenhower are now doing jobs for President Johnson. And many Republican Establishmentarians—Lovett, McCloy, Foster and ex-Republican Nitze—have held important posts *only* in Democratic Administrations.

The fact is that the typical Establishmentarian is a pragmatist first and a party man second—if at all. He is much less interested in whether a policy is Republican or Democratic than in whether it will work. This has never bothered the Democrats. If that very partisan Democrat, Harry Truman, goes down in history as one of our best Presidents, which seems increasingly probable, he will owe his reputation in part to such Republican Establishmentarians as Lovett, McCloy, Foster and Nitze. They had a lot to do with the Truman Administration's major foreign-policy achievements.

But the nonpartisan tendencies of most Establishmentarians have always bothered conservative Republicans very much. To the Goldwaterites, anyone who has served in a Democratic Administration is not a real Republican. The fact that the Establishment is indeed Eastern is another reason for the dislike of the Goldwaterites—the whole tone of the Goldwater phenomenon has been strikingly anti-Eastern. And it is odd that the Establishment should have so heavily Eastern a coloration.

Perhaps education has something to do with it. All the men named above had a classical education—it is a good bet that they all had at least five years of Latin, of all things. Instead of learning to be phys-ed instructors or motel managers or even engineers, these men learned to learn—a useful accomplishment in dealing with the tangled problems of the postwar world, in which there are no simple answers.

Money no doubt also has something to do with the Eastern coloration of the Establishment. Establishment money is "old" money, New York-centered money, in contrast to the "new" money which provides Goldwater with the sinews of political war.

A couple of Goldwater's richer backers could probably buy out all of The Establishmentarians listed above with the exception of Harriman, Dillon, and Rockefeller excepted. But old money is more self-confident than new money. Although the forebears of some of the Establishmentarians were certainly as rapacious as any Texas oilman, the Establishmentarians no longer worry about their money being grabbed away from them. As the new money of the South and West becomes older, a geographically more widespread Establishment may come into being—perhaps Mr. H. L. Hunt's heirs in the second or third generation will be Establishmentarians.

In any case, the fact is that every truly great power—Imperial Rome and Imperial Britain are examples—has always had its Establishment, an élite of experience and disinterested talent on which to draw. The word "élite" has always had a nasty undemocratic sound to Americans, but it can be a useful thing to have around, as every modern President has sooner or later discovered. Perhaps, in the unlikely event that he becomes President, Barry Goldwater will discover it too.

Stewart Alsop

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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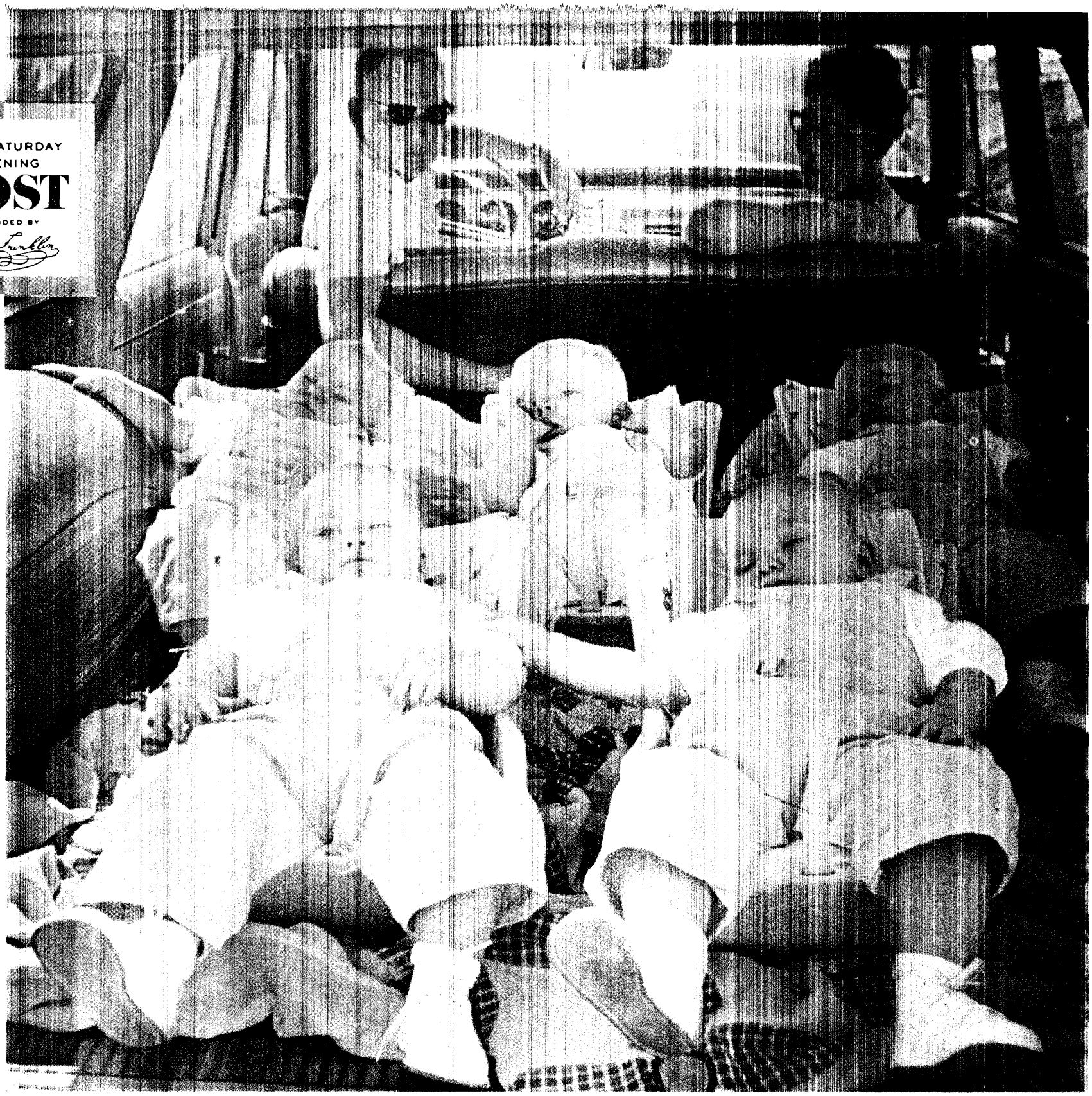

Five sleepy one-year-olds join their parents on a ride from the Fischers' new 800-acre farm.

WHAT A YEAR IT HAS BEEN!

By MARY ANN FISCHER
with JOHN BIRD
Photographs by JOHN ZIMMERMAN

On a hot, quiet Sunday afternoon a couple of weeks ago, Andy and I decided that it would be pleasant to take our family—our whole family—for a ride in the country. Scores of other families in Aberdeen, S. Dak., were enjoying the same kind of an outing, but for the Andrew J. Fischers it became something of a large-scale expedition.

First we called our five older children, who were playing in the yard with their bicycles and their dog, Sport, to come in and help us gather up our year-old quintuplets. The babies were crawling around the living-room floor, occasionally pulling themselves up on the furniture to try a few experimental steps. They were a bit restless—they have been teething—and were chewing on anything handy—their toys, cribs and even

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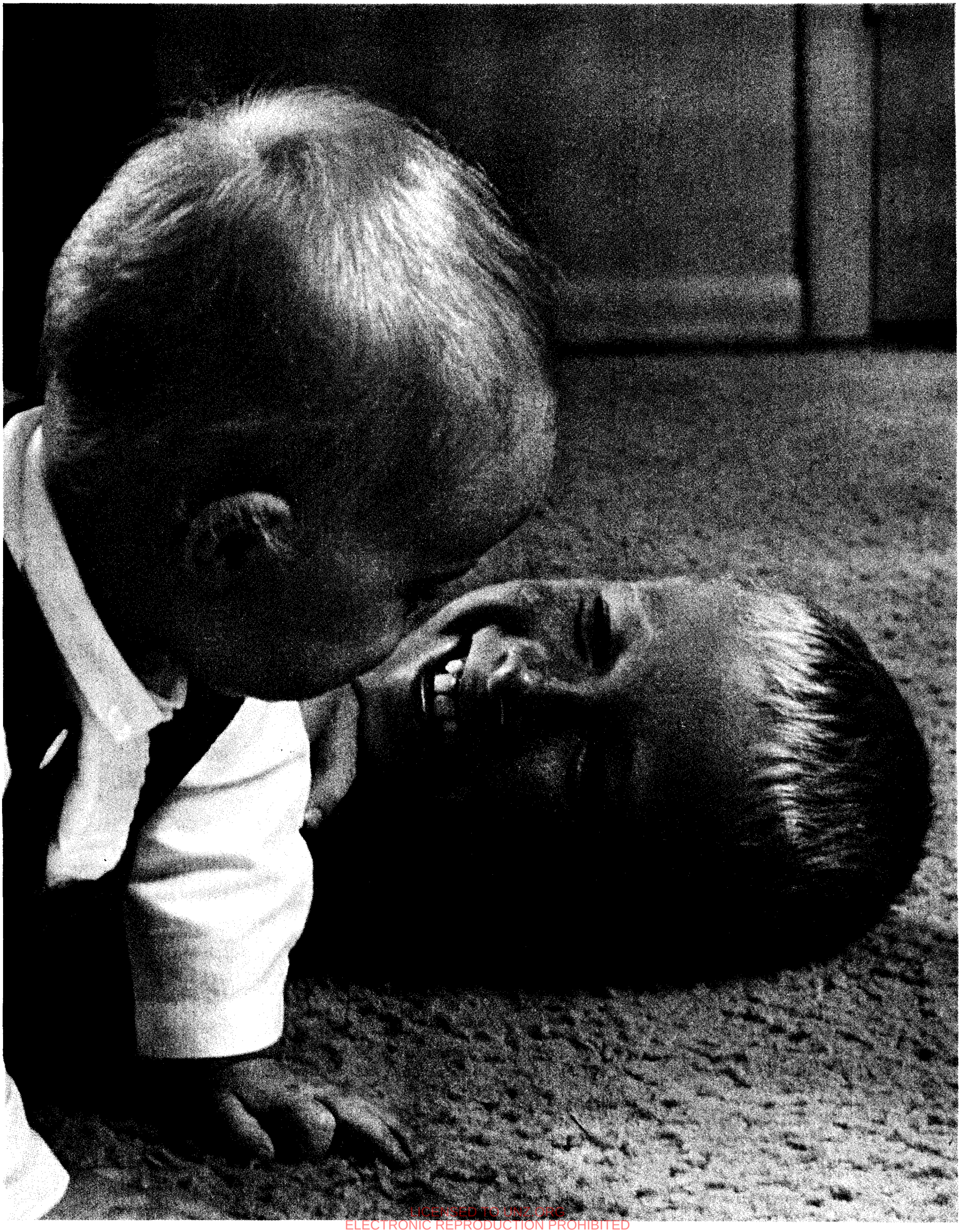

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"NOW MOST OF OUR WORRIES HAVE VANISHED, AND WE ARE RUNNING OUR FAMILY IN OUR OWN WAY."

on the edge of the leather footstool. But as soon as we started picking them up, they became all smiles; they love being carried by their older brother and sisters. Lifting those babies is no light chore now; collectively they weigh about 100 pounds. James Andrew (Jimmy) is the heaviest, almost 23 pounds, and Mary Ann is the lightest, 17½ pounds. Mary Margaret (Margie) is the largest girl at 19 pounds, and Mary Catherine (Cathy) and Mary Magdalene (Maggie) are each around the 18½-pound mark.

The older children toted the babies outdoors, and Andy strapped each quint in a little plastic carrier and carefully arranged the five of them on the flat back deck of the station wagon. Our eight-year-old Charlotte claimed her turn to sit among the babies and keep the quints from pinching or kicking each other. The babies were like a miniature cheering section, waving their arms and legs and yipping for joy—there's nothing they like better than riding in a car, unless it's taking a bath. Our oldest son, Danny, just nine, rode in the front seat with Andy and me. He was wearing his blue jeans and cowboy boots—he would sleep in them if we would let him. Julie, 7, Evelyn, 5½, and Denise, 4½, climbed in the second seat and argued about who would next take care of the quints.

After getting the car loaded, we drove through town and out past one of the big signs at the city limits that welcome incoming visitors to ABERDEEN—HOME OF THE FISCHER 'QUINTS'. When those signs first went up, it gave us a peculiar feeling to see our name there, but now we hardly notice it. We headed southwest of town, out where the flat, green-and-yellow checkerboard of South Dakota farmlands stretches to the horizon. As always when the children are along, Andy drove with extra caution, and many cars passed us. Occasionally the people in those cars would do a wide-eyed double-take when they saw the cluster of babies in the back.

We have learned to take such curiosity for granted. After all, when our quintuplet babies were born September 14, 1963, they were something of a miracle, the kind that occurs only once in every 54 to 57 million births. And our babies are one of the only three living sets of quintuplets in the whole world. However we never think of our quints as a miracle; they have become simply an everyday part of our life, sharing equally in our love and attention for all our 10 children.

On this Sunday ride we headed for our 800-acre farm, the one we bought last spring, which lies two miles southwest of Aberdeen. We soon could see our nearly completed house rising on the skyline in front of an old apple orchard. At the farm we turned off the highway, through two gates with NO TRESPASSING notices, and parked the car in the shade under the apple trees. All the youngsters except Charlotte started to climb the trees to pick apples. She kept an eye on the babies, while Andy and I inspected the big, specially designed home which would have been beyond our wildest dreams only a year ago. When we came back to the car in half an hour, several of the babies were sound asleep, and we didn't hear a peep out of any of them all the way home.

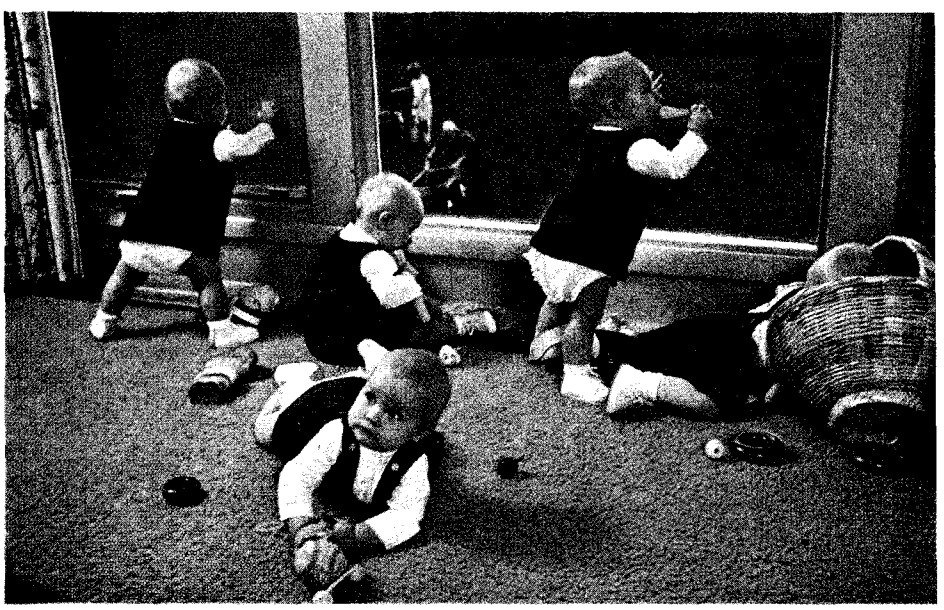
That quiet, pleasant day made Andy and me think back to the frantic situation we had faced immediately after the birth of the quints. Then we were nearly driven out of our wits. We were desperately afraid that our tiny, premature babies might not live. (Even then we didn't know the worst of it; not until later did Dr. James N. Berbos report that when he saw how small some of the quints were, he doubted that all of them could survive.) We wondered how in the world we would find the means to take care of 10 children, when we had been struggling along with five, not quite making ends meet on Andy's wages as a shipping clerk. We were absolutely stunned by the explosion of worldwide publicity which resulted in our being swamped by hordes of reporters, cameramen, promoters and curiosity seekers. Back in those days we weren't sure that we could cope with the situation; we could only do our best. Right after the quintuplets were born, Andy summed up our philosophy in the short, to-the-point way he has: "The Fischers now have ten children, *not* quintuplets and five others." That continued to be our best guideline.

Now, a year later, most of the worries and fears which once loomed so darkly have largely vanished. Our children, all of them, couldn't be in better health. We are running our family in our own way and find it good. We have been somewhat cramped in our temporary rented home in town, but within weeks we will be moving into our new country home. Out there we will have worlds of room for the children to play, and once again I can have a large vegetable garden and all the flowers I want to grow. Andy and Danny, farmers at heart, are already at work putting up hay and making big plans for their livestock. The most important thing on my mind right now is the new baby we are expecting in late September. This pregnancy has been a relatively easy one, and we have every assurance that the new addition to our family will be a single baby, not twins, triplets or other multiples. Andy and Danny are rooting for a boy, so that Danny and Jimmy won't be so badly outnumbered by females, but we will be thankful for whatever we get.

All of this doesn't mean that our first year with quintuplets has been a carefree song. Any mother knows that taking care of 10 children, all under ten, and five still in diapers, is more than a full-time job. Although the babies are exceptionally good-natured, they certainly know how to cry. Once, when Andy was asked about this, he replied, "Well, they don't cry

The quints fill the arms of their parents and spill over onto the living-room floor.

Evelyn, five, frolics with Mary Ann. Behind her Charlotte, eight, plays with Jimmy.



Then comes the time when each quint plays alone, with a ball, a window, a basket.

Danny, at nine the oldest of the Fischers' 10 children, plays with little Mary Ann.

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The Fischers' new home, when completed, will contain 17 rooms plus 3 baths.

"IN THEIR WHOLE YEAR THEIR ONLY AILMENTS HAVE BEEN TWO MILD COLDS."

Year-old Quints

much as a group—they take turns and spread it out." The babies start their day when they wake around six A.M., and we have to keep our eyes on them more or less constantly until we put them to bed at 8:30 P.M.—and even when we are sleeping, a part of our minds is on the alert, triggering us awake at the slightest unusual sound from the nursery. My mother, Mrs. Elmer Brady, still spends most of the week with us, as she has since the quints were born—she drives the 50 miles from the Brady farm every Tuesday morning and shares the work with me until Saturday or Sunday. Andy also does a lot of baby-sitting during his "spare" hours, when he isn't working at the Nash Finch warehouse or isn't out at the farm. On Saturdays and Sundays when both Mom and Shirley Henry, our hired girl, are taking their days off, he pitches in and cooks lunch and dinner for the family, and helps me put the quints to bed. On Sundays I usually go to early mass while he watches the babies, and he then takes Danny, Charlotte and Julie to the nine-o'clock service.

This means that Mom and I seldom get out of the house. But we like what we are doing. Some people suggested that we hire several nurses to relieve us of all the work. Frankly, we haven't given such advice a second thought. To our way of thinking, a family is supposed to bring up its own children.

The year-old quintuplets are a lively crew. They are in their nursery only when they are supposed to be taking naps; otherwise our small, carpeted living room is their domain. Here they are free to roam around as much as they wish—Andy has installed folding gates at both entrances. Also we soon found that we had to take out the coffee table because they pulled everything off of it and crawled underneath it and bumped their heads. We usually put a bunch of toys and dolls on the floor, and let the babies amuse themselves. As long as there are no grown-ups in the room, the babies are interested in each other. They have tugs-of-war over certain toys—we've noticed that they all want to pick up the same kind of toys at the same time. But let a grown-up come in the room, and they all crawl toward him—usually with Mary Ann and Mary Magdalene, the most inquisitive, in the lead. To them a grown-up is somebody who will give them a lot of attention. We're trying to break ourselves of the habit of picking them up, but Mom's heart isn't in it. "Now, how in the world can anyone resist them?" she says—and the first thing you know her lap is full of babies.

All in all, we think that the quints have made remarkable progress, especially so when you consider that they were six to eight weeks premature. They are coming along as fast as our other children did at the same ages, and in some ways faster. They all know their names, and will look up when you call them. They also have learned the meaning of a sharp "No!" I believe in spanking or slapping little hands, as long as the youngsters understand what they are being punished for—but that hasn't been necessary thus far.

All five of them have hearty appetites, thank goodness. We put them in their high chairs and feed them one at a time in a definite sequence. They are accustomed to this routine, and wait their turn without fussing. They really gobble down anything, even spinach and squash, and their diet is as varied as a grown-up's.

There's no doubt that the quints regard their evening bath as a high point of the day, particularly since we've started putting them in the big bathroom tub. They splash around, squeal and have a high time. Jimmy is so crazy about water that he probably would swim right now if he had a chance.

We realize that we have been extremely lucky in having such healthy babies. In their whole year their only ailments have been two mild colds, one right after they came home from the hospital in December and the other in late spring. Of course, we've tried to protect their health in every reasonable way, short of keeping them isolated from the older children. But we certainly haven't kept them in a sterile glass cage. From the moment the babies came home, the other children have played with them, and now are a great help to me in taking care of them. At first, each older child claimed one of the quints as his or hers, but now all the quints have come to belong to all of the children.

Right now the Fischers are trying to reconcile themselves to the fact that Doctor Berbos, who has delivered all of our 10 children and, we hope, will be on hand to deliver the 11th, is giving up obstetrical work. Some people have jokingly said that the quints must have been too much for him. Last July he accepted a three-year residency in ophthalmology at the University of Minnesota Hospitals in Minneapolis. Since then he has been coming back to Aberdeen on occasional weekends and looks in on the quints and me, but this is a temporary arrangement.

As I've pointed out, we Fischers have done our best to live a quiet, non-adventuresome life this past year—but what a year it has been! A special day we'll remember for the rest of our lives is October 14, 1963, when our home town had a huge "Quints Day" celebration, with a long parade and a big banquet. This display of affection for our babies touched us deeply.

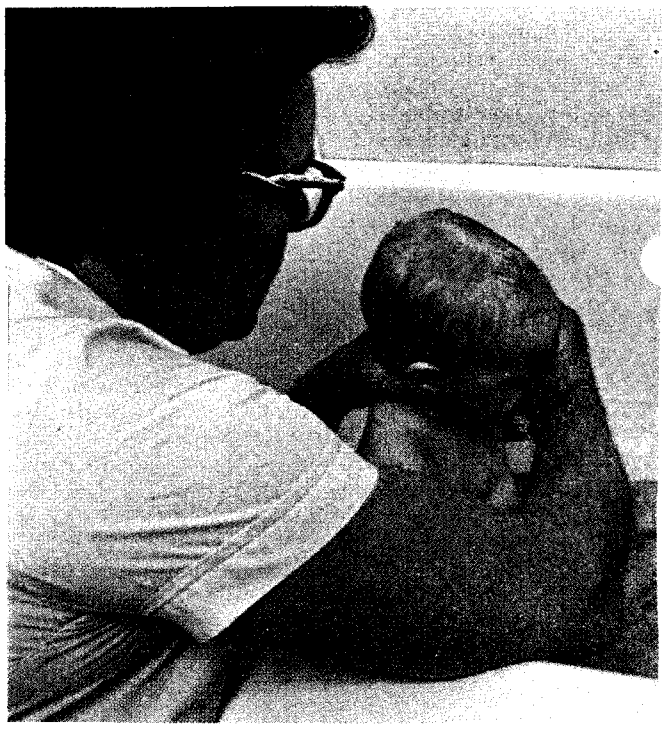
An important day for the quints came on Sunday, June 14, when we took them to Sacred Heart Catholic Church to complete the christening ceremony. This wasn't a baptism, because during the babies' first precarious day of life they were baptized and confirmed on an emergency basis in the nursery at St. Luke's Hospital by Bishop Hoch. At that time we hadn't even selected names for the quints, so all of the girls were baptized "Mary," with a second name to be added later. We did pick a full name for the boy—"James" after Doctor Berbos and "Andrew" after Andy.

The babies looked beautiful in their christening outfits. We had made arrangements to have the ceremony an hour before the regular christening period, and a good thing, too, as we made quite a crowd—the five babies, 10 sponsors, our five older children, my Mom and Dad, and Andy and me. The babies behaved beautifully, all except Margie, who started to cry a little when she looked up and discovered that somebody strange, somebody wearing a hat, was holding her.

One great satisfaction this past year comes from the knowledge that Andy and I no longer have to worry about our ability to provide well for our large family. We don't have money to throw away—the basic expenses for our kind of family are tremendous—but we are assured a comfortable living. A large part of the income goes directly into a court-administered guardianship fund for *all* of our children, and the balance is being used to meet our regular expenses and to pay off the bank loans we have taken out to buy our farm and build our house. There will also be money in the trust fund to pay for whatever kind of college education each wants.

With his proud, bemused parents looking on, Jimmy, the only boy among the quintuplets, gets his first haircut.

Cathy and Mary Ann, who love to play in the water, are bathed in



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Any problems we've had have been minor, although at times they don't seem so. For example, the doorbell has started ringing as early as seven o'clock in the morning. That's when Mom and I are feeding the quints, and Shirley is making breakfast for the other youngsters. So Mom or I drop what we are doing and go to the door and often find that it's some tourist who would like to see the quintuplets. They sometimes say, "Gee, we have driven 200 miles out of our way just to come by here." They don't get in, of course, because we have kept strictly to our no-visitors rule, but I wonder why anyone would expect a cheery welcome at that hour.

Incidents of this kind make us thankful that our hometown is so understanding and hasn't pressured us to make a show of the quints, which, of course, is the last thing in the world we would do. Of course, we probably have hurt some people's feelings, without meaning to.

Our new house in the country has proved a magnet for sightseers. The state and county made a survey which showed traffic on the road that runs by our new home had gone up by about 1,000 percent, with cars carrying license plates from almost every state. I can understand why people want to see the house. It is unusual. But a few people lack even elementary manners; they drive through two temporary gates, marked with No TRESPASSING signs, and want to walk right through the house. One evening when Andy and I were at the house and were just preparing to leave, an out-of-state car started to drive in.

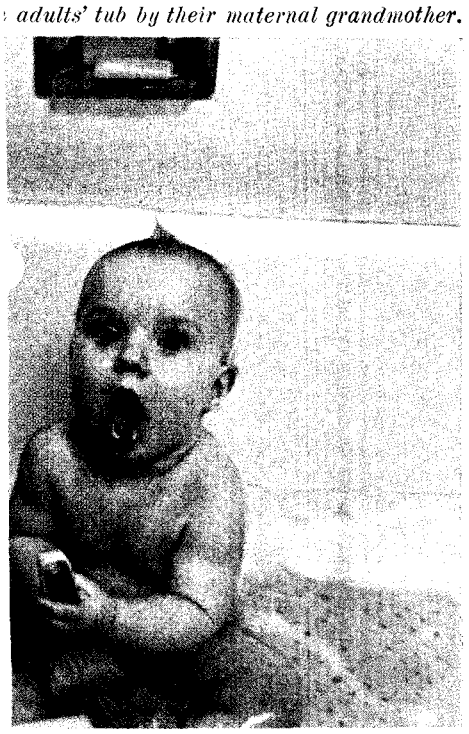
"I'm closing this gate," Andy said.

"That's all right, we just want to drive around," the driver called out—and before Andy could move, the car shot through, drove slowly around the yard while the passengers looked at the house from all angles, and then out again.

Needless to say, that house soon will be well screened with hedges and shrubbery, and the driveway will be private. Even though we will be living out of the city limits, the Aberdeen police are cooperating with the sheriff's office to maintain round-the-clock surveillance and a "hot line" for instant contact with the police.

While I'm complaining about the few things that bother us, I can't overlook some of the nasty letters that turn up in our mail. True, most letters are warm-

adults' tub by their maternal grandmother.



Cathy and Maggie, with the aid of sister Evelyn and Andy, take their first cautious steps while Mary Ann blithely crawls along.

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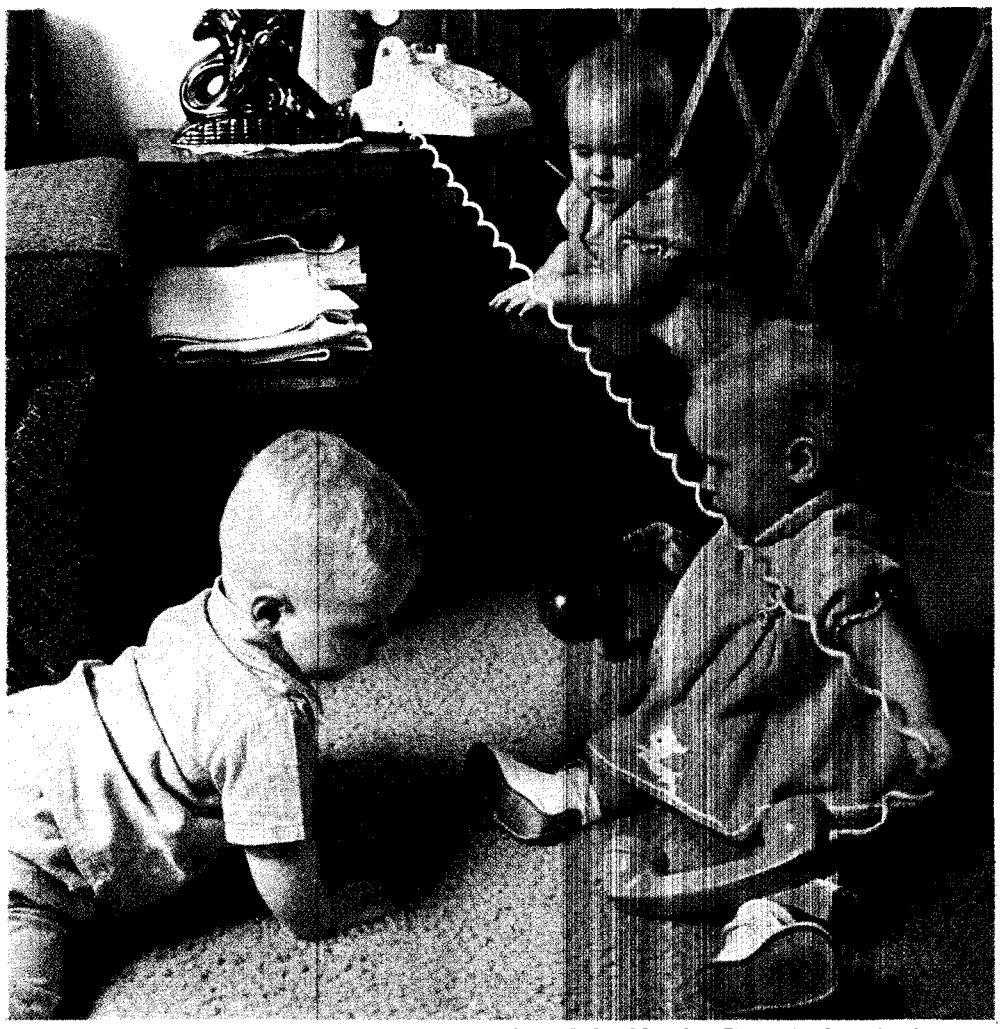
In their own world, Cathy reaches for Margie's toy, as Jimmy and Mary Ann look on.

"THEY MAY BE A MIRACLE AS QUINTUPLETS, BUT THEY ALSO ARE OUR YEAR-OLD BABIES."



Above, the babies find a new toy, a phone. Below, the girls haul brother Jimmy in the quints' wagon.

hearted and well-meaning. Some people send us religious medals and cards and tell us that they are praying for us. On Mother's Day I got dozens of nice cards and letters from all over the country, and I was really surprised when many people I didn't even know sent me greeting cards on my 31st birthday.

But we also hear from some mean or warped people, most of whom don't have the courage to sign their names, who attack our Catholic religion or write nasty, indecent things. One man even sent a trashy girlie book to Danny, and seemed to think it was a great joke. There was an increase in this suggestive and antireligious filth right after the newspapers carried the story announcing that we were expecting another baby. Andy and some of our advisers tell me that I should ignore this junk mail, but what bothers me is that it might accidentally get into our youngsters' hands.

At the moment, the foremost thing on the minds of the Fischers is their new home. Anyone who has built a house can understand how busy Andy and I have been, selecting the furniture and planning the decoration for some 15 to 17 rooms, depending on how you count them—a living room with adjoining dining area, a family room, a recreation room, a glassed-in sun porch, Andy's office, a combined kitchen and breakfast room, and nine bedrooms. Also there are five full bathrooms and two powder rooms.

In some ways, it all seems like a dream. We've never had a house of our own before, and until recently our furniture was mostly used stuff that our folks had given us, or what we had picked up secondhand. We're trying to get accustomed to the idea of walking into our new home and finding it completely and harmoniously furnished, with almost every piece of furniture, carpet, drape and appliance being brand-new.

The problem has been to get tasteful furniture and decorations that can take a lot of punishment from a gang of highly active youngsters. We believe we solved it by keeping to substantial early-American furniture, mainly solid cherry with some maple and antiqued pine for accent. Mom and I can hardly wait to get into the large, beautiful kitchen which is being equipped with the latest appliances, such as a copper-colored electric stove and double wall ovens. As much as we look forward to moving, Andy and I wonder just how in the world we're going to get it all done, particularly if I'm still in the hospital with the new baby.

As September 14, 1964, approached, there were suggestions that the town of Aberdeen should have a big party for the quints' first birthday. Andy and I were flattered by the proposal, but on thinking it over, we couldn't honestly say that we were in favor of it. After all, the town had already had a wonderful celebration for us. Also, our family has several other birthdays in September: Julie's on the 15th; Charlotte's on the 18th; and Mom Brady's on the 22nd. So we had a small, strictly family-type party for all of our September-borns. It was a sight to see those babies tearing into the cake. It made me think, they may be a miracle as quintuplets, but they also are our year-old babies who can expect many happy birthdays to come. THE END

NEXT WEEK: Read about the frantic first year in the lives of the Venezuelan quintuplets.

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Maggie gently bites her sister Margie's pudgy hand, as the two quintuplets learn that the most exciting adventure of all is discovering each other.

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Holding his pet securely, Peter Stickland displays a young Nile crocodile. This species is hunted and killed in Africa because it attacks cattle. Nile crocs sometimes eat men.

CROCODILES IN THE CELLAR

Crocodiles are all right, but how would you like one living next door?

By JAMES ATWATER

"They can be very quiet, you know," he said. "I've sat where you are right now with Albert on my knee and watched television. He just sort of dozed there."

I asked if Albert had ever shown him any signs of affection.

"No," he said, "I tried stroking him, but it didn't do any good. They're a different kind of creature from a dog, you know. You just have to accept an alligator for what it is."

The man who gladly accepted the ways of Albert the alligator is a Canadian named Peter Stickland. Depending upon your point of view, Stickland was either a persistent irritation or a refreshing stimulus during the past two years in Oakville, Ont., a wealthy commuting and manufacturing town outside Toronto. Stickland set out to raise an assortment of some 40 alligators and crocodiles on Canadian soil. This was a startling enough scheme in itself, somewhat akin to breeding polar bears in the Congo, but the bizarreness of the plan didn't stop him. Stickland's grand obsession was to raise his pets not out in the deserted countryside, but in the basement of his tidy, pleasant house in one of Oakville's tidy, pleasant subdivisions, right there among the nestling houses and the tulip beds and the cocker spaniels and the swarms of children.

Even his staunchest supporters were later to admit that the project was a bit unusual, but Stickland was used to being out of step. "I've always been a sort of oddball in my thinking," Stickland says.

When he talked about his crocodiles recently, Stickland resembled a man who had just been bundled into the second-mate's clothes after spending a couple of weeks adrift on the North Atlantic. He wore baggy brown pants and a faded sport shirt that flapped loosely on his slight frame. His mother, who lives with him and his wife and their 16-year-old son, observed pleasantly that at times "Peter looks like a distant cousin of Robinson Crusoe." Stickland also wore a short beard that had grown longer in some places than others, like a carelessly fertilized lawn. "It used to grow down to my waist," he said. "I let it grow to see how long it would get, and what people's reactions would be to it. And what my reactions would be to their reactions."

Victim of a severe stammer—it can twist his head sideways as he struggles with words—Pete Stickland began his career as an oddball long before he moved his reptiles into Oakville. He has been rebelling ever since his childhood, spent in the tightly circumscribed world of the English middle class. By the time he was 16, Stickland was fed up with school.

"Oh, my, he was a bright boy," his mother said while Stickland fidgeted. "He was studying French at eight and Latin at ten, and the schoolmaster said he was one of the brightest boys in England."

Stickland left school and started work at the Rolls-Royce works in Derby in 1940 and was still there nine years later. "It was a mistake, really," he says, "because from that beginning I couldn't go on to anything else."

In 1949 Stickland chucked it all and moved to Canada with his wife and son and his mother. "I felt Canada would be more open," he says. "But it turned out to be the same everywhere you go."

In Canada, Stickland worked discontentedly at a variety of jobs and spent his spare time lavishly on his enthusiasms of the moment. At one point he became so fascinated with gliding that he sold his house to get enough money to buy a glider. He finally found one in California and hauled it all the way home only to discover that Canada had a law against flying that type of ultralight glider. "Every hobby I have seems to end in disaster," he says, grinning shyly.

In 1958, while on a hitchhiking tour through northern Canada, Stickland was seized by an obsession with reptiles. "I saw a snake and I didn't know if it was poisonous," says Stickland. "That seemed to be a stupid situation—not knowing anything about the life around you. I wanted to find out more about snakes."

In time Stickland collected a seven-foot boa constrictor, a five-foot eastern diamondback rattlesnake, an indigo snake and some corn snakes in the basement of his rented house near Toronto. He had bad luck keeping them alive. Accordingly, Stickland switched to crocodilians on the theory that they were more hardy. "I'm very impulsive," he admits. "I couldn't be content with two or three. I had to have dozens of the things straightaway." Stickland began buying baby crocodiles and alligators, and then three iguanas. The landlord gave him notice.

When Stickland moved his family to Oakville in the fall of 1961, he decided to keep his Nile crocodiles and salt-water crocodiles and smooth-fronted crocodiles and South American caimans and American alligators. "There are only about twenty-five kinds in the world, you know," he says, "and no one had ever collected one of every kind."

That first fall and winter Stickland had no trouble with his next-door neighbor, A. Paul Groote, 32, an office manager for an industrial refrigeration company. The Grootes soon heard of Stickland's strange hobby, but they were unworried at first. "Our attitude was, 'Fine, let him have it,'" says Groote. "We never thought it would bother us at all."

Early in the spring of 1962 Stickland put five small caimans on the front lawn. "I had this passion to show them to

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people," he says. As he had hoped, a few neighbors passing by stopped to admire them. "I was encouraged by this and went down and got a Nile crocodile about two feet long," says Stickland. "He got frightened while I was carrying him and began to scream. I should have realized how frightened he was, but I put him down and he took off for the lawn of the vacant house next door. I caught him after he had run about forty feet."

Word of what was later called "the escape" soon got around the neighborhood. Rumors flashed around that Stickland's basement was really a tropical pool rippled by the gliding snouts of crocodiles. One newspaper account contributed to these reports by saying that one of his specimens weighed 400 pounds. Actually Albert, at 16 pounds and 49 inches, was the largest of the lot.

As the weather warmed, the Grootes detected what they later described in a legal document as "a fetid, putrid smell."

During this period, Stickland freely admits, his basement did smell rather high. He had his growing collection temporarily housed in small tanks while he worked every weekend and late into the night on weekdays to prepare permanent quarters. This entailed moving 150 concrete blocks and 17 tons of sand into his basement. The end result, Stickland concedes, was that he did not always have time to change the water in the tanks on schedule. But he adds, "I never smelled it outside except once when I got a whiff as I passed the basement window. It was no worse than you'd get from someone's septic tank on a sunny afternoon."

Then Douglas MacLean, the operations manager of a trucking company in Toronto, moved his family into the vacant house on the other side of Stickland. "I had noticed the smell before we moved in," says MacLean, "but I thought a small animal—a coon perhaps—had been buried during construction."

The very day the MacLeans moved in, Stickland invited them to visit his display. "The smell was almost unbearable," says MacLean. "As soon as you started down the stairs, it came up and hit you."

The MacLeans called the board of health, and the war was on. The Sticklands stopped speaking to both the MacLeans and the Grootes, who began planning to erect the fences that now close off the Sticklands' land on either side.

On the first visit of a health inspector, Stickland's mother doughtily refused him admission to the basement. He sniffed around outside and later reported that he had detected a slight fishy odor—nothing strong enough to be offensive—about eight feet from the garage. Granted entry on five subsequent visits, the inspector found no odor noticeable outside the house. Round One to Stickland.

The next step by Groote and MacLean was to ask the help of Allan Masson, their area's representative on the town council. In the winter of 1962 Masson backed a proposal that would have forbidden the keeping of alligators and crocodiles. "We weren't trying to run Stickland into the ground," says Masson, who is now the mayor of Oakville, "but how far do you go with him? He should have gone out in the country and gotten five or ten acres."

The opposition to the bylaw was led by councilman McLean Anderson. He visited Stickland's house several times, never noticed an offensive odor outside, and concluded that Stickland was being "persecuted" more because he was a nonconformist than because of his reptiles. "I felt the man was different," he says. "I didn't want to see us all conform."

The proposed bylaw was defeated in the council by a vote of 7–2. Round Two to Stickland, but at a price. He committed so many absentminded mistakes at his job in a Toronto printing plant, he says, that he was fired. To help get a new job, he made the sacrifice of trimming his beard for the first time in three years. Eventually the Canadian postal service, with a tolerance for unorthodoxy rare in such bodies, hired him as a mailman.

"After the council turned down the bylaw, I thought I was home free," says Stickland. In the spring of 1963 he began digging an alligator pit in his backyard that was to be 18 feet across and about three feet deep. He planned for the entire pit to be covered by a steel-framed geodesic dome. A tunnel would connect the pit with the basement facilities, which were rapidly nearing completion. As a final gesture to his neighbors, Stickland planned a wall that would effectively stop the heftiest monster that managed to escape from the alligator pit. But while digging the foundations, Stickland undermined Groote's fence. It came tumbling down around him—and so did his neighbor's wrath.

Groote and MacLean sued. They said the reptiles were dangerous, and they asked that Stickland give up his collection, pay $500 to each of them for the loss of enjoyment of their homes, and $300 to Groote for damage to his fence.

Stickland's position was perilous from the start. It generally is far easier to prove there is a smell than that there isn't—if the plaintiffs have witnesses. And the plaintiffs had plenty of witnesses. In view of this, Stickland's Oakville lawyer, John Ford, realistically advised him to forget the case and to move out into the countryside with his alligators and crocodiles. "I pointed out that even if he won the case, it would probably cost $1,200," Ford says. "But he wanted to fight it."

The trial before the Ontario Supreme Court lasted for three days. Some neighbors testified that they had never smelled a thing; other witnesses vividly recalled "zoo-like odors." By this time, some of the smellers and the non-smellers had stopped speaking to each other.

Mr. Justice Stanley Schatz threw out the charge that the reptiles were dangerous. But on the count of raising a stink in the neighborhood, Schatz found Stickland guilty. He ordered him to get rid of his reptiles, and to pay court costs and $500 each to Groote and MacLean for infringing on their enjoyment of their homes, plus $150 to Groote for his fence.

Stickland was stunned. Later, talking to reporters, he began adding up how much the whole business would cost when all his other expenses were figured in. When he realized that the bill would run around $4,500, he said, "I'm finished. This is the end." Then he fainted.

After the trial Groote and MacLean agreed to waive all damages. Two of Stickland's neighbors raised a fund of more than $200 for him, but Stickland still had to borrow almost $3,000. He has no idea how he will repay the loan.

In March, Stickland sadly delivered 37 crocodilians to the Buffalo Zoo, where the gift was warmly accepted. "They were in very good condition," says curator Clayton Freiheit, "and he had several types we have never had before."

Stickland has no plans at all to get any new pets. A suggestion that he might get a dog made him wince. He dislikes the neighbors' dogs.

"It seems an awful kick in the teeth," Stickland says reflectively. "We bought our first caiman in 1960. Four years later, we're $6,000 lighter, and nothing to show for it but two stuffed crocodiles, a pile of stone in the basement and a hole in the backyard." THE END

Stickland hefts a log in his unfinished backyard alligator pit. A bill proposed to outlaw his kind of pet failed to pass in town council.

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BY JOHN HERSEY

For a Mississippi Negro the price of admission to the ballot box runs high— it may even be

A LIFE FOR A VOTE

To protect the men and women of this story from reprisals, most names and geographic locations have been changed. The events described are literal fact.

One April morning last year 17 Negroes, country people, crossed the courthouse square in Athens, Miss., footing stiffly along, conscious of eyes on them, and approached the north door of the county seat, a brooding building of dark red brick with spiked turrets at its corners and a golden-domed cupola with a four-faced clock, which said it was half-past nine. These were cotton-and-soybean farmers from the vicinity of Noonday, 13 men and four women.

Out in front were Randoman Tort, known to Negroes in the county as "a broad-speaking man"—or, as the local red-necks would vehemently put it, a right uppity nigger—and Reverend O. O. Burring, with a straight, cautious carriage, and taciturn Albert Parrisot, who belonged to the N.A.A.C.P., and bear-bodied James Drake, president of the P.T.A. at the Noonday rural school near where the 17 lived. Empria Meeks had her two-year-old, Erma Jean, in her arms, because all her other 11 children were in school or gone, and there was no one to leave the girl with. Mrs. Tulip Caesar, a settled-aged lady, was with the group, and Meshak Lewis, and Billy Head and Elzoda Lee.

And with them, among the others, was Varsell Pleas, a solidly built 44-year-old farmer, a rather aloof man who walked with his head canted slightly back. His brown cheeks seemed festooned up into pronounced bulges, perhaps partly because of a habit he had of pursing his lips in thought before every utterance of speech; the whites of his eyes were yellowed from years of blown loess and bright sun, and the right eye had a disconcerting outward look, ever so slight, a minor cast. Pleas was not among the first, but as the group moved up the concrete path to the courthouse he found himself bunched with those who had been. He slowed his pace He knew the gravity of what he and his friends were doing. They were putting their lives on the line. They were colored, and they wanted to qualify to vote in one of the roughest corners in all the South—in Ittabala County, Miss.

Varsell Pleas had learned through many hard years that the vote is the real issue in Mississippi. School integration, job opportunities, cotton allotments, social mixing, mongrelization—all other problems, all slogans, all shibboleths give way to the issue of the vote, which is the means to power. In a few counties like Ittabala, the vote is in truth a life-and-death matter, and the reason is twofold. In Ittabala County, as elsewhere in the South ever since the 17th century, Negro labor has made possible a way of life the whites do not wish to give up. And in Ittabala County Negroes outnumber whites 19,100 to 8,200. In all the time since the Mississippi Constitution of 1890 was promulgated, only 26 Negroes have had their names entered in the book of qualified voters in the red courthouse in Athens; about 4,500 whites are registered today. The whites of Ittabala County mean to keep it that way; the Negroes intend to register.

The 17 had slowed down on the path for good cause: On the steps before them, in uniform, armed with a pistol and a billy, stood Sheriff Haralson R. Lee, who is the soul of the county's law and is not given to budging.

Pleas heard one of the Negroes at the front say, "Move on forward, folks."

"Hold on there," Pleas then heard the sheriff call out. "None of that goddamned forward stuff around here. What do you people want?"

Randoman Tort, whom the sheriff knew, now spoke up. "Mr. Lee, we only come to register."

"Register for what, Tort?"

"Register to vote."

"Who you fixing to vote for?"

"We might could vote for you, Mr. Lee, if you was running." Tort smiled as he said this, perhaps to signal deference, perhaps sensing the irony of the offer.

"No use to vote for me. I already been elected." The sheriff gave back the smile of the man who always has the last word. "All right, Tort," he then said, snapping off the good humor, "you all disperse yourselves and go on around to the south side of the courthouse and stop under that shade tree. Don't go in no big crowd, go in twos."

So the 17 did that, and they stood in hushed pairs and threes under the elm

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tree at the northwest corner of the courthouse yard for a good while, waiting for something to happen. Silent in the sunlight near them, at the head of a slender shaft of stone, a stone man stood, a beautiful young soldier of the War Between the States, at whose unveiling, on December 4, 1905, Miss Annabell Tull of the C. R. Rankin Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy spoke these words in dedication: ". . . From his hands came down to you a wealth of priceless heirlooms: patriotism passed down from his forefathers who fought for rights in 1776, the same true patriotism that shone in 'Sixty-one to 'Sixty-five, heroism that did not fade in all the many changes from wealth to poverty, nobility that rose above defeat, faith in the right, generosity, courage, every trait of a people that make a nation great."

At length the latter-day vessel of those valued heirlooms, Sheriff Haralson R. Lee, came out to the tree, put his hands on his hips, and in what seemed to Pleas a very loud voice said, "All right, now, who wants to go first?"

The Negroes exchanged looks. At first no one seemed to want to volunteer.

Then Tort stepped forward and said he would be first. The sheriff directed him to the office on the right just inside the south door of the courthouse, and Tort walked away.

For two hours nothing happened, and Pleas wondered what the officials inside could be doing with Tort. Pleas knew that the actual process of registration should only take about 15 minutes, long enough to fill out a form with 21 questions. This form was the Mississippi-white-man's means of keeping the Negro from voting. The black man had been fundamentally disfranchised in Mississippi under the state constitution that was adopted in 1890, at a time when most Mississippi Negroes were illiterate, by a clause requiring that every voter should be able to read any section of the state constitution *or* "be able to understand the same when read to him" *or* "give a reasonable interpretation thereof." In 1955, in the angry aftermath of the Supreme Court decision on school desegregation, the state legislature, taking into account the spreading literacy of southern Negroes, passed a bill requiring a written test for registration, on which the applicant must demonstrate that he could read *and* write a clause of the constitution *and* understand it. Whether the clause had been rightly understood was entirely up to the subjective judgment of the registrar, who in Ittabala County was Circuit Clerk James Z. Williams.

At about noon Tort came out and said he had not yet seen the circuit clerk. The lady in the office had said Mr. Williams was busy in court; Tort could sit and wait. Just now, two hours later, the lady had said, "Well, I'm going to dinner now. You can come back after." And he had said, "Yes, ma'am, I'll be back after dinner." So the 17 scattered. Pleas went down with some others to a place kept by a Chinaman on Chickasaw Street to get something to eat.

By the time the circuit clerk's office reopened, the candidates had reassembled under the tree. During the dinner hour policemen had been brought in from other parts of the county; there were now some 10 or 15 uniformed and armed men standing in the shade of the courthouse near the tree, among them the familiar Noonday officer, Town Marshal L. O. Trent. Again there was a long wait; finally Sheriff Lee beckoned to James Drake to go in, and he did.

Standing under the tree, waiting again, Varsell Pleas could not help seeing that the group was causing a sensation in the town. People had come to watch all around one side of the square. Though court was supposed to be standing, white faces appeared in the courthouse windows; Pleas counted nine heads in one window. He wondered, Could Mr. Williams really be so busy? Pleas hated this building. He had lived just outside Athens for three years, from 1944 through 1946, and he remembered two cases that had come to trial here that last year. In the spring a Negro boy named Henry Larkin, crossing a street on a bicycle in Bula, nearby, had bumped into a white man, who had shot him dead; in court the defendant had said that the boy had ridden the bike at him after he had bawled the boy out, and the accused had been acquitted by a jury in less than half an hour. Later that summer four white men had been charged with whipping a Negro man, Brutus Simpson, to death, because he had allegedly stolen some whiskey, and with putting his body in a lake down in the next county; the men had admitted having flogged Simpson but had denied having hurt him enough to kill him, and a jury had acquitted them in 10 minutes.

In midafternoon the Negroes under the tree saw Drake leave the courthouse, but he was not allowed by the policemen to rejoin the group. About an hour later Tort was admitted to take the test; he was out again rather quickly, and he, too, was kept from the others. At 4:30 Sheriff Lee told those who remained that the office was closed, there wouldn't be any more tests that day.

It took three days to test 17 people. The second and third days the police were out in even stronger force than on the first day—at times there were nearly 20 law-enforcement men on hand. Pleas wondered, Whom were they protecting, and from what? The cops were given chairs against the building. The Negroes were kept waiting under the tree.

Midway through the third morning Varsell Pleas's turn came, and he entered the building. At first the circuit clerk's office, with a long counter thrown athwart

Illustrator Tracy Sugarman

accompanied teams of Freedom Movement workers into the fear-ridden Delta country of Mississippi where he saw and sketched the whole drama of the Summer Project.

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the entranceway, seemed dark as a crow's throat after the brightness out-of-doors. The circuit clerk was in, but Pleas was told to take a seat. After a few minutes Williams came out and said to the lady in the office, "I have to step across here a minute, be back directly." He was gone an hour. Pleas sat tranquilly; it had long since become obvious to the Negroes that a stretch-out was on, and Pleas knew there was no use getting upset.

Finally the clerk returned, and he beckoned Pleas to the counter and asked him his name. Calling Pleas by his given name from then on, the circuit clerk asked: Why did Varsell want to register? Had he been advised? Had anybody been teaching him? Had he been going to meetings? Were other Negroes from Noonday going to try to register?

A lifetime of practice went into Pleas's noncommittal answers.

Williams took Pleas into a very small room across the hall, scarcely more than a closet, with a single dim bulb hanging from the high ceiling, and handed him the registration form and assigned him Section 76 of the constitution to copy and explain: "In all elections by the legislature the members shall vote viva voce, and the vote shall be entered on the journals." Pleas had been studying the constitution for several weeks, and he knew several of the 28 sections of Article 3, the state's bill of rights, by heart, but there were 285 clauses in the whole document, and he had never happened to find out the meaning of the phrase "viva voce." Since then he has often wondered how many of the county's registered whites know its meaning.

When Pleas handed in the test, the lady in the office told him to come back in 30 days and find out whether he had passed or not.

A policeman at the courthouse door told him to move on away, stay clear of them niggers under the tree.

Pleas said he had to take some of them home in his pickup.

The constable said, "That don't make no difference. Stay clear, hear?"

So Pleas waited on the other side of the square the rest of the day to take his friends home.

Now the sense of danger came strongly out. The Athens *Courier* proclaimed to all the county the names of the 17 Negroes who had attempted to register. The day after the paper appeared, the white owner of the land east of Pleas's, an electrical-equipment dealer from Joshua City, named Rainsford, who did not live on the land but rented it out, and who had long before told Pleas he could fence a small plot for a table garden, drove to Pleas's house, which is in open country six miles northeast of Noonday center.

"Varsell, take that fence down."

"You fixing to sell that land, Mr. Rainsford?"

"Sold it. Sold it to the Government."

"You sold that little old piece to the Government, Mr. Rainsford?"

"Never mind, you just take that fence down."

"Mr. Rainsford, me and my whole family's right busy chopping cotton"—the Negroes' expression for hoeing—"but if you could give me two, three days, I could get that done."

"That'd be all right, Varsell. Just see you do it."

That was the beginning. Two days later Constable Trent came up from Noonday and said, "Varsell, if you should happen to need me for anything, you just call on me. Anytime."

Pleas recognized this as the time-honored offer of protection that served, by underlining the danger, to intimidate.

At the regular citizenship meeting at the Baptist church called Shore of Peace the next Wednesday night, one of the men, in the spirit of the Mississippi state motto, *Virtute et Armis*, "By Virtue and Arms," urged all those who had tried to register to get up on their praying and to have their guns clean and ready.

When Pleas got home, he checked over his three shotguns and his rifle—weapons with which, for years, he and his three older sons had hunted small game in fall and winter months, to supplement the family larder.

One evening about nine o'clock, in the next week, a car drove in by Pleas's house and a white man with a beer can in his hand walked across the headlights. Varsell jumped out one of the back windows and looped around in the dark through his pasture to try to see the car. At the side door the man asked Mrs. Pleas if Varsell was home.

"He was here a minute ago," said Mrs. Pleas, who didn't like the way the man waved his beer can around. "He ain't in the house. Meshak Lewis, he was here a few minutes ago. Varsell was right out here talking to him. Children"—Mrs. Pleas called out at large to any of her 11 children (Varsell Jr., 19, Orsmond, 18, Robert, 17, Cleontha, 15, Pomp, 14, Ervin, 13, James, 12, Edward, 11, Icie, 9, Sussie, 7, and Larnie, 5) who might be within earshot—"where'd your daddy go?" Silence from the children. Actually Varsell Jr. and Orsmond had also gone out a far window, each with a shotgun; Orsmond said later that "if they'd have jumped Daddy," he himself would have aimed at tires first.

"He must have gone up to Noonday."

"How long's he been gone?"

"Must've just left."

"What time'll he be back?"

"I really couldn't tell. He could be gone to Athens." Mrs. Pleas peered out at the car. "Won't you all come in and wait? Ask your friends in." This was a formality, and both parties knew it; Mrs. Pleas was trying to find out all she could. But the man drove off. Varsell said he'd seen three others in the car.

A few days later—about two weeks after the registration attempt—word came from the domestic-help grapevine in Noonday that "they were planning something for eight of the people who had tried to register, and Randoman Tort, whose house was near the main highway, Route 57, was first on the list; it was not known exactly what "they" had in mind.

The very next night after these warnings Tort got his. At about three in the morning a fire bomb was thrown in his house, which caught fire. He ran out with a Remington automatic .22 and, seeing two figures, fired at them, and they fired back. The attackers, apparently not having expected gunfire, ran off after having discharged several shots at Tort and into the house. With buckets of water from the hand pump in the yard, the Torts put out the fire.

The following day Tort called the FBI and the sheriff; both came and inspected the damage. That evening Sheriff Lee returned and arrested Tort for arson—for setting fire to his own house. He was in jail for two days and then was released on a $300 bond. The charges against him were dropped when the case reached Jackson and the Justice Department took a strong hand in it. The involvement of out-of-state FBI in the Tort case apparently caused "them" to call off, at least for the time being, the other attacks they were rumored to have planned.

After Tort was cleared, Varsell Pleas went up to Athens and asked—knowing what the answer would be—whether he had been passed for registration. The lady in the office got out his application and she said, "No, Varsell, you didn't pass."

"Can you tell me, ma'am, just where I didn't pass?"

The lady gave both sides of the sheet a quick look, and she said, "No, it just says, 'Failed.' It doesn't say why. You just failed, that's all."

"Yes, ma'am," said Varsell Pleas, and went home. Not one of the 17 had passed.

"Now our people ain't scared to come to citizenship meetings."

After these events, "getting the box," as he and his friends called qualifying to vote, became, more than ever, the central goal of Varsell Pleas's life. He was now 44 years old, he owned his own farm, his older children were leaving home, and he had irrevocably put everything he was and had in jeopardy for this single cause. He felt himself prepared, by the education and experiences he had had, to vote—fully as competent, in his own estimation, as many whites he knew.

He was born on July 16, 1920, near Indianola, Sunflower County, in the rich Delta, seventh child in a family of nine, son of a sharecropper who had made 10 crops for a planter named Spurlack. On that place, as Pleas tells it, the bell rang at foreday, and the boss sat in a chair at the gear house with a leather strop in his hand for the blacks who turned up late. The croppers got six bits a day, and the owner furnished $15 worth of food and clothing a month at his plantation commissary. A family with numerous children to work in the fields might clear $300 when the crop was in; this had to get them through to the following spring.

When Varsell was eight, his father, having raked his shin on a barbed-wire fence, contracted blood poisoning; a doctor cut off his leg to try to save him, but he died. Varsell's mother took her family to Joshua City to live with her father, an industrious man who rented a few acres "for the fourth dollar"—a quarter of what he cleared—from a white named Ratliff, a Freemason and a kind man. In younger years Granddaddy Archer had saved some money to buy mules by making bricks in dry kilns and "getting out" boards for covering houses. Varsell adored him. He taught his grandsons to fish for catfish and grunters and gars in the Delta lakes, and he told stories that his father had told him about slavery. In those Joshua City years Varsell was an everyday companion with a white boy, Jimmy Ratliff, with whom he milked cows and gathered eggs and went fishing, and Mrs. Ratliff helped Varsell with his lessons. He went to school through the seventh grade. He walked five miles to school and five miles back, and he remembers not the weariness but the roadsides fringed with dusty wildflowers—eyebright and pleurisy-root, maypop and spatterdock.

But then "things went out tough and hard"—the depression of the early '30's brought ferocious times for Granddaddy Archer, crowded on a small tenancy with his daughter's family, and in winter croker sacks did for shoes, and the diet was cornbread and sorghum syrup, over and over. In 1934 Varsell left this hardship and went to Jackson, where he found urban hardship even more squalid. He got a job at a white hotel, for one meal a day and six dollars a week and rare nickel tips, running errands on a bicycle, sweeping out the parlors, carrying out trash. He could live. He was 14, and salt fatmeat only cost a nickel a pound in those days, and you could get a 24-pound sack of flour for 40 cents. He even saved a few dollars. But it was not a life—not the kind of life his grandfather had showed him how to live.

In 1936 his mother wrote him from Leflore County to say that Granddaddy Archer had died, and she had married again, and that he should come up and help out his stepfather's farm. And so at 16 Varsell entered a career of cotton farming. He worked hard, sun to sun, and he learned what a man had to do.

Two years later, at 18, he married in haste and soon became a father; his stepfather loaned him $100 to buy a mule, and he found some land he could rent in the vicinity of Noonday, in Ittabala County. He has lived in Ittabala ever since.

Created in 1827, Ittabala County has always been a violent place. It has 795 square miles of good land on the border between the rich Delta and the loam-

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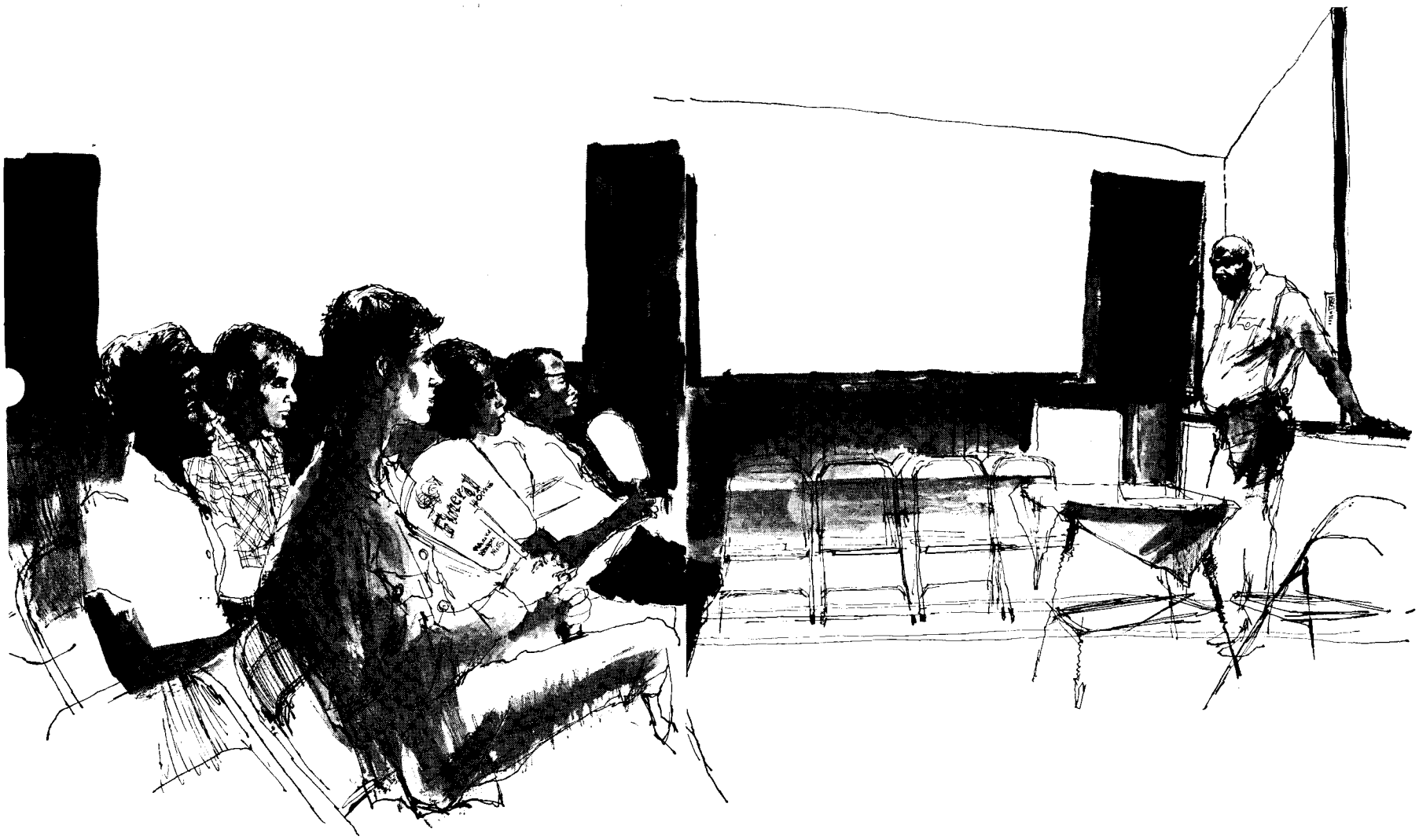

and-loess hills, land worth fighting for—and Choctaws, Chickasaws and Yazoos fought for it as it was stolen from them. The county has long had a large proportion of Negroes who own land; today 69 percent of the cultivated land is in Negro hands.

After his first crop Pleas cleared $250, and he bought a second mule. By 1941 he had saved enough to put the first installment down on a six-year-old Ford truck, and he began hauling stave blocks and pulpwood, and he was soon earning as much as $40 a week. Then his marriage went bad, and he moved west of Athens, where he rented, alone, a small farm in the hills. He was classified 1A in the draft, but, for some reason that he never understood, the draft board just didn't get to him.

In Athens, in his 23rd year, he met Holly Bell Chronister, a beautiful light-brown-skinned girl from outside of Joshua City, the daughter of capable people, a carpenter and a practical nurse, and herself better educated than most—"promoted to twelfth." She was spirited, emotional, hardworking and bitter-edged. Varsell married her, and the next year, while the announcers were talking on the radio about the invasion of Normandy, Varsell Jr. was born, and the next year Orsmond was born, and the next year Robert was born. Pleas needed a bigger place, and he found one he could rent near Noonday. Landing there changed his life.

Four years earlier, under authority of the Bankhead-Jones Farm Tenant Act of 1937, the New Deal's Resettlement Administration had bought a number of failing plantations in that area—Cincinnatus, Intention, Harper's, Yazoo, The Bogue, Persimmon Tree—and had set up a series of projects for Negroes, men just like Varsell Pleas, who had spent their lives as frequently moving tenants and sharecroppers in a restless search for a stable living. At first the projects were cooperatives and rentals; then, a year after Pleas began renting up nearer Noonday, the Farm Security Administration took them over and made long-term loans to the Negroes to enable them to buy plots of land of about 60 acres each. Pleas soon heard that the red-necks had nicknamed the federal projects Nigger Paradise, and that made him think they must be all right; he went to the FSA office and applied for a unit. But so many had already filed applications that the plots were all gone.

As time passed, "the projects," as the Negroes continued to call them, looked better and better, and Pleas decided to wait out a turn to join one. He worked hard and lived frugally, putting all he could save into building a small herd of Guernsey-Jersey cows. As the years went by, he saw the farmers on the projects begin to work with tractors; he was still mule-farming.

Eight years and five more children after his first application, Pleas got his chance. He heard of a farmer in The Bogue who had fallen behind in his payments, and Pleas arranged with the man and with the Farmers Home Administration, which had taken over the projects, to assume the farmer's indebtedness, $728, and to buy the farm, on a federal 40-year, 5 percent mortgage (the white man's banks in Athens charged Negroes 8 percent and 10 percent) for $6,104. To pay off the other man's delinquency, he borrowed $460 from Holly Bell's family and sold three cows. The FHA made him a five-percent operating loan, with his chattels as securities, for equipment, seed, fertilizer and pesticides, and he put up five more cows as down payment on a small Ford tractor.

After these deals his herd, his show for years of sweat, had dwindled, but for the first time in his life he was his own man. He now had 59 acres of good, high loam-and-sand earth, with no low swags or ditches with standing water, and no clayey "buckshot" soil, and he had an industrious wife, and a tractor, and a feeling, new and strange, that some white man or men in Washington, D. C., were aware of him as a human entity.

Now came a time of building up. Since even the most industrious Mississippi Negro could not live on terms of equality with the Mississippi white, the project farmer turned to a prestige of things. There was an approved order of purchases. Pressure cooker first. Then, before the first summer was out, refrigerator—$40 down, with three years to pay. Then, after the first cotton-and-soybean crop had been sold and the FHA interest of a little more than $300 had been paid in, a clothes-washing machine. (Water for the washer came from a hand pump in buckets and was heated in caldrons over a wood fire in the yard.) And the next year—emblem of, and contributor to, prosperity—a freezer, in which, after slaughter, cuts of hogs, fowl and beef cattle could repose till needed for the table. More and more, Varsell Pleas was building a life insulated from the whites, whom he saw only in stores. The FHA even had a Negro supervisor. By his third year in the project he had a total income of $10,000, and he paid off all his debts on appliances, and he bought eight cows—money in the bank.

Varsell Pleas, a Mississippi Negro, could not believe in the long duration of good times, and sure enough, a turn for the worse soon came. After the Supreme Court decision in *Brown vs. Board of Education*, in May, 1954, the white men in the state, who had long had a saying, "The way to keep a coon from climbing is to trim his claws," got out their shears and went to work.

At first the curbs were legalistic and economic. The new voter-qualification forms were introduced, closing down the Negro's chances of registering. Credit in stores and for farm goods became tighter. The dirt roads in Negro areas were "pulled" less often than earlier by the road scrapers. A great blow to Pleas came in 1957, when the Federal Government, from whence in the past had come beneficence, introduced crop allotments. Pleas was told that he could plant no more than 11 of his 59 acres in cotton—hardly enough to make tractor farming worthwhile. From then on he began to feel a pinch; he started taking three-percent emergency loans from the FHA each summer to pay for "poisoning" his cotton, as the farmers called spraying for armyworms, boll weevil and spider rust.

Then, with the '60's, came violence and outright cheats. Pleas began to hear of the White Citizens Councils and, later, of a resuscitated Ku Klux Klan and of a group that called itself Americans for the Preservation of the White Race. Ugly threats were passed in the towns, and Pleas heard of beatings. Negroes disappeared; bodies were found in lakes. Pleas saw, close at hand, a struggle for the land, as the whites began to use every possible means to drive off Negro landowners. In five years eight families lost their land in The Bogue, and one of them lived next to Pleas.

In this case the farmer, named Cheer, had borrowed $325 from Mr. Rainsford, the merchant, when Cheer's wife had had to go to a hospital for a goiter. Rainsford seemed openhanded, and said there was no hurry about repayments; he later gave Cheer credit to buy a tractor. Two years later, after Cheer had borrowed money a third time, Rainsford agreeably said he could ease the terms and times of repayment on all these loans if Cheer would like to take out a second mortgage on his house; Cheer signed, and Rainsford had "cotched" him. On Cheer's first tardiness in payment of interest, Rainsford's former easygoing manner vanished as with a clap of hands, and the mortgage was foreclosed. Cheer moved his family onto a nearby "good" plantation, Mr. Pine's, where he and his wife and children worked for three dollars a day apiece; he lasted one year there, then drifted to the notorious Sutter plantation, where the hands got two dollars a day; and the next year he left for Chicago. To Ittabala County Negroes, Chicago has always been the symbol of the outside world, and Pleas had noticed that two kinds of Negroes went there—young ones on the way up, and older ones, like Cheer, on the way down.

Not an excitable man, but one in whom there is an inner firmness like a metal armature, Pleas began in the early '60's to talk around with other intelligent Negroes in the projects, "to seek up in," as he puts it, "and see what we could do to eliminate these problems." They agreed on the need to be well informed. Pleas, like most of his neighbors, had a television set, and he listened intently not only to local news but to public-service programs on the race question, to *Meet the Press*, to United Nations debates.

One day in the summer of 1961 Pleas received a notice from the county office

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of the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service saying he was overplanted in cotton by 4.4 acres. He drove to the ASCS office and said he was not satisfied with the measurements; his oldest two sons, who had studied agricultural surveying in high school, had measured his land, 10 square chains to the acre, and their figures did not agree with the county surveyor's. An official told him that he could put up $15 to have his land remeasured; if he was right, he'd get his $15 back. Pleas decided to risk the money. The surveyor returned, and Pleas and Varsell Jr. and Orsmond followed him as he made the new measurements. Pleas went to the office a few days later and learned that his sons' measurements had been correct, and he got his money back. That saved acreage made $800 difference in Pleas's income that year, and confirmed Pleas's suspicion that the county office of ASCS dealt carelessly, to say the least of it, with Negroes. Ever since then he has been saying to his neighbors, "It's better for the one who stands up for his rights than for the one who keeps it cool."

By now Pleas and his friends realized that their essential helplessness stemmed from their want of the vote, and when, in the early spring of 1963, they heard that The Movement—as the Mississippi Negroes refer to any and all civil-rights efforts—had begun work on voter registration in Leflore County, they drove the more than 50 miles to Greenwood and were directed by Negroes to the office of the Council of Federated Organizations, an amalgam of the leading civil-rights groups working in Mississippi, and there they asked for help. C.O.F.O. began sending a young teacher, Joe Merriam, from the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, down to Noonday for citizenship classes, and suddenly everything began to fall into place for Varsell Pleas and his friends: They were "going into The Movement."

Joe Merriam found the Noonday Negroes extraordinarily sophisticated about local politics. Pleas could tell him the specific duties of the county sheriff, treasurer, assessor, surveyor, school trustees, and road supervisor, and he knew all the incumbents' names, and which were fairly decent, and which were vicious; he knew that his taxes helped pay for white schools that were far away from, and far better than, his own children's schools, and that he was taxed for a public library to which he was not admissible, and that no one was doing anything about the fact that airplane "poisoning" of cotton was killing the fish in Ittabala Lake, and that school only ran eight months in Noonday. Merriam concentrated on preparing the Noonday people to register. He unfolded to them the intricacies of Mississippi laws on the franchise, and he explained that even if one has registered, he must have paid a poll tax for two years before he can vote in state and local elections. He told of the investigative and protective powers of the Justice Department. He began teaching the state constitution; the first clause Pleas memorized was Section 14: "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property except by due process of law."

In April the 17 went to Lexington and stood under the tree.

The rest of that season Pleas worked unusually hard at his farming, because he had arranged to rent nine acres of cotton land from a Negro widow who lived nearby in The Bogue.

One day in the fall, when he was out picking cotton with his whole family and a number of hired hands—he could have rented a cotton-picking machine but preferred to hire Noonday Negroes to pick by hand, in order to give them work—a boy drove up in a pickup and ran into the field to tell Varsell that some of the red-necks down in Jade County, the border of which lay about 10 miles south of Pleas's farm, had gathered together to kill The Movement's citizenship teacher down there—would he please call the FBI in Greenwood? Pleas went to the nearest phone but could not get through. He drove to Greenwood to the C.O.F.O. office, which was able to reach the FBI. Its agents drove down and rescued the man from his mother's barnloft, where he had been hiding.

In the weeks that followed Pleas harvested 44 bales of cotton, which brought him $5,500, and almost exactly two tons of soybeans, for which he got $2,325. From this crop cash he had to pay back an FHA short-term operating loan of $1,800, plus five-percent interest, and an emergency loan of $200 he had taken out, because during a wet spell he had had to have his cotton sprayed by airplane, plus three percent interest. He had had these expenses during the year:

FHA payments	$400
Fertilizer and seed	550
"Poisoning"	300
Gasoline	500
Rent for widow's land	625
Food	400
Payment on a soybean combine (owned with two others)	350
Clothes (for 2 parents, 11 children)	400
Health	100
Insurance	150
Electricity	125
Cooking gas	75
Labor, cotton picking	300
Maintenance of farm equipment	100
Miscellaneous	200
Total	$4,575

Since Pleas's fiscal year is based on crops rather than on the calendar, a part of his cash surplus had to keep the family going until the spring, when he could get his next year's operating loan. He had also sent Varsell Jr. off to Alcorn Agricultural and Mechanical College in the fall, and the boy's year in the trade school would cost $500. It was a fairly favorable year, thanks to the widow's fields.

Every bit of Pleas's spare time was now devoted to The Movement. He attended citizenship meetings regularly, called on others to persuade them to go to the courthouse to register, studied further on the constitution, and went himself a second and a third time to take the test. He did not pass either time, nor had he expected to; he thought he should keep trying. In January he went to Athens to pay his poll tax, against the day when he might pass. He went to the ASCS office in Athens and asked that Negroes be represented on the county committee that sets crop allotments; he was told that the matter would have to go to the committee for consideration, and, of course, nothing came of it.

One day on an errand in Joshua City he ran into James Ratliff, his childhood friend, the son of kindly white parents. He had seen Ratliff occasionally over the years, and recently he had heard that his old companion was now a Citizens Council man.

"How do, Mr. Ratliff." Pleas had called him "Jimmy" before their voices had changed.

"What's wrong with you fellows down there?" Ratliff asked.

"What do you mean?"

"You all trying to get up something?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Ratliff?"

"I seen in the paper that you was up to register. You niggers ain't qualified to vote. You don't know what you're doing. I'd stay out of that mess if I was you."

After that Pleas was not so sure that the race problem could be solved simply by having children grow up together in integrated schools. He had heard a note of threat in the voice of his childhood companion.

In the spring reports came that The Movement was going to mount a big Summer Project, for which many Northern students, both colored and white, would come to Mississippi. As the time for the project approached, tension grew, especially as it became known that whites—even white girls—were going to live in Negro homes. Then one day a C.O.F.O. man asked Varsell Pleas if he himself would take a couple of the students into his house; the C.O.F.O. staff man spelled it out that this would be a dangerous hospitality. Pleas said he'd like to think it over.

Varsell Pleas made a reckoning of what was at stake—besides his life, to the risk of which he was almost inured by now.

With all of the years' humiliations and strains, there was a priceless tranquillity in the dusty, white six-room house on the curving dirt road in The Bogue. Voices were never raised there. The children knew their chores, and at dawn they fanned sleepily out without having to be told—Orsmond to milk the cow, Robert to sweep the house, Ervin to make the beds, Pomp to fill up the hot-water caldrons in the yard and light the wood fire under them, Cleontha to help Mamma cook, Edward to churn, Icie and Sussie to clean up Mamma's room. James, the seventh, was off in the hills living with Pleas's mother, and caring for his father's herd of 16 cows and calves, the family bank account; Grandma got $50 a month from Social Security.

In the muddy hog pasture around the barn were four fat full-grown swine and five shoats; a milk cow was in the meadow; chickens, guineas and turkeys quarreled under an ancient cottonwood; 20 fruit trees walked out across the table-vegetable field; wax drippings made a sanitary coating on the concrete floor of the outhouse, which the family spoke of as "the lavatory"; the clanking hand pump by the toolhouse gave plenty of cool, iron-tasting water.

Our votes are held prisoner in the courthouse

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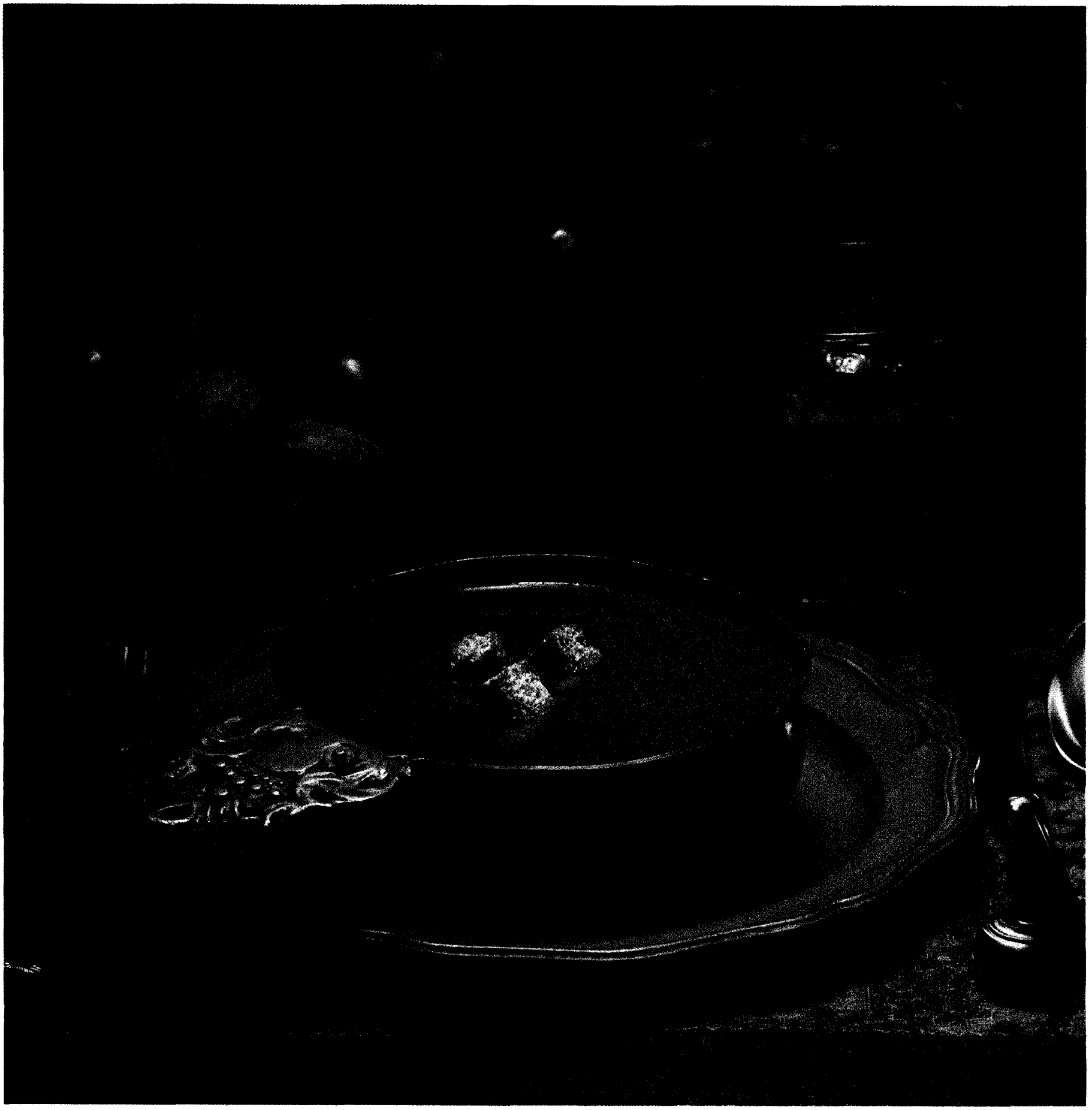

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A Life for a Vote

Mamma had always had a green thumb—though of late years she had had scant time for the borders by the front path, and they had grown ragged; she kept a stand of tropicals on the porch beside the two rocking chairs, one home-caned with intertwined store string, where she and Daddy sat at sunset and talked, screened from the dusty road by a mimosa, a chinaberry, a castor-bean tree, and three sightly varieties of smoke tree. A foxtail pine gave thick afternoon shade across from the back door, for shelling or peeling or sewing.

One son was at Alcorn, a college of sorts; the second would go next fall to Mississippi Valley College, which was not accredited but was better than no school at all.

Now in the spring evenings the whole family gathered in the living room, on whose pale blue wood walls, among framed and cornucopiaed "arrangements" of imitation roses and grapes and poinsettias and calla lilies, hung three separate pictures of John F. Kennedy, one with Jackie and one with John Jr., and photographs of Varsell Jr. and his girl in the academic caps and gowns of Noonday Attendance Center; beside the television set was an open, gas space heater, and on it were souvenirs—china animals, a miniature wooden churn, a cute little iron model of a coal cooking range. On the linoleum-covered floor was a linoleum scatter rug, with black, white and red checks. The children disposed themselves on the heavy sofas and couches of the living-room "suite" and watched the programs—as the images flickered, Icie combed out and braided Cleontha's hair—until heads began to nod, one by one, and Mamma quietly said, "Sussie, go wash your feet and get in bed. Ervin, put Larnie to bed; put him in with Pomp tonight." It was considered a treat to have the youngest for the night. By 10 all were down, the children in twos and threes.

At a citizenship meeting the next Wednesday night Varsell Pleas raised his hand and said he would take two students, if he could borrow a bed. The widow from whom he rented his extra acres did soon lend him a double bed which, by knocking down two built-in storage closets, he was able to fit in the back room along with the freezer and the washer, and he shifted from the side room, where there were two beds, the four children who had been sleeping there, and distributed them around. The beds in the house would be crowded through the hot summer—except for the guests, who would each have one to himself.

Before the students arrived in Noonday, there came on television one evening the foreboding announcement of the disappearance of three civil-rights workers in Philadelphia over in Neshoba County. It seemed that the worst fears for the summer were going to be realized. Down the domestic-servant grapevine trickled word, a few days later, that the whites were saying those "mixers" had scooted off to Chicago, where they were drinking beer and enjoying the publicity. But Varsell Pleas thought of Henry Larkin and Brutus Simpson and the citizenship teacher hiding in his mother's loft; he had no doubt the three were dead and in a lake or a swamp.

A week later the Summer Project came to Noonday, and two young men were assigned to Pleas: Tim Shattuck, who was white, a doctor's son from Roslyn, Long Island, a Yale student, quick-witted and intense; and Bud Samson, a light-skinned Negro, a lawyer's son from Michigan who had been through the civil-rights wars as campus chairman of CORE at a midwestern university—he had a 100-day jail sentence on appeal up home, as a subsequence of some sit-ins he had led. Elsewhere around Noonday were deposited two sophisticated Negro girls from Baltimore, who had demonstrated in Cambridge, Md., two California students, three white girls from various eastern colleges, a white Indiana boy and two more white Yale students. The leader of the project in the area was a C.O.F.O. veteran who had spent several weeks in the state prison farm at Parchman for disturbing the peace of Mississippi the previous summer.

In his future, a vote.

Because the Mississippi police were following the Philadelphia pattern of arresting Project volunteers for trivial or trumped-up traffic charges, and because the maximum danger seemed to be upon release from jail after these arrests, the students wanted to follow state driving regulations meticulously. One of the rules was that they would have to replace their out-of-state license plates, on the three cars they had, with Mississippi plates, if they were going to stay in the state more than a month, and a few days after they arrived, Varsell Pleas drove up to Athens with some of the boys to help them with this transaction. When they left the capital, they were followed for some distance, but nothing happened.

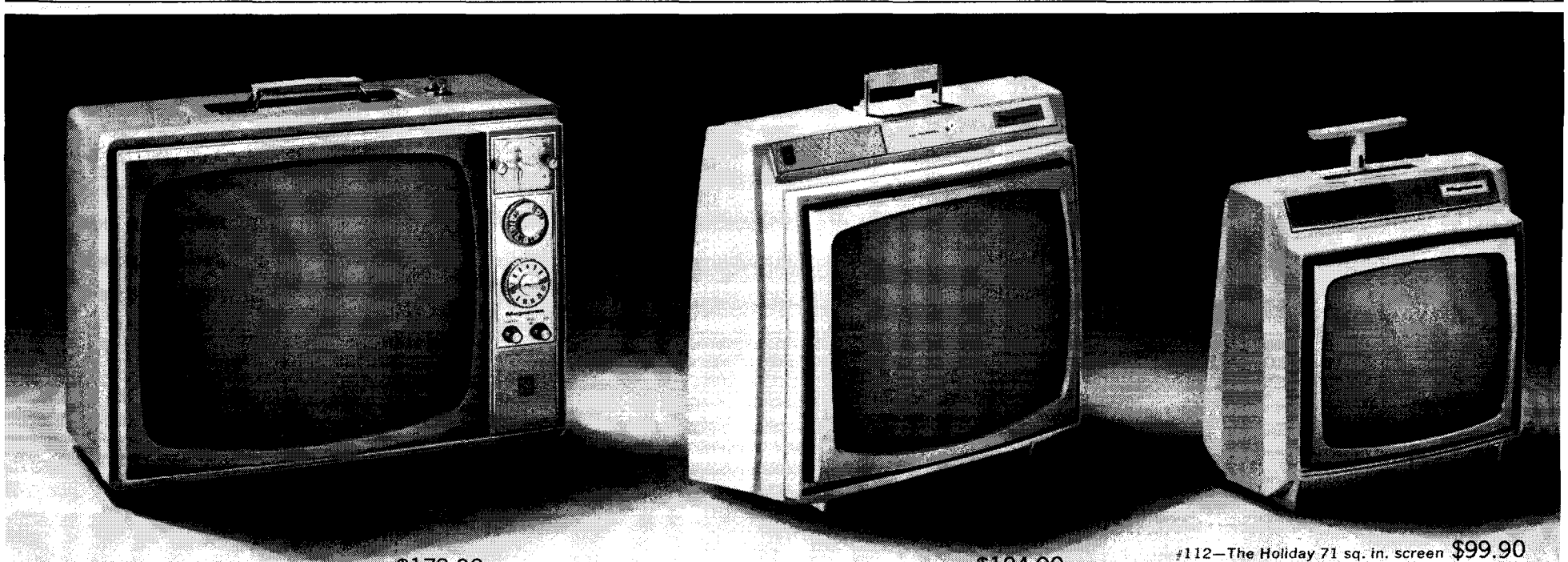
The next day, in a grocery store in Athens, Pleas got notice that the whites, too, had a grapevine. The proprietor sauntered over to Pleas and said, "Varsell, it true what they say, you got some of these agitators staying with you?"

"I got me couple of students, yes, sir."

"You ought not to let them stay with you. If they had no place to stay, they'd have to go back where they belong."

But Pleas was long since hardened to white intimidations. He sent all his children to the freedom school that the students set up in the Baptist church and in an abandoned house not far down the road from it. The children's regular public school had never excited them. It had an enrollment for 1963 of 510 but an average daily attendance of only 405.2—many children, especially on the plantations, stayed out to work in the fields. It was housed in a 20-year-old firetrap, with an oil-burning stove in each classroom, and it ran for only eight months of the year. Per-pupil expenditure was less than $50 a year; many first-graders were eight and 10 years old; the Negro principal, who had six children, was paid $4,800 a year; and the poorly trained Negro teachers, who got as little as $3,000, were afraid to try to register to vote for fear of being fired. At the freedom school the children got the first taste they had ever had of unstinting kindness and solicitude from whites, as Yale and Smith students started in with the younger ones on fundamentals of the three R's. Robert, the third boy, a teenager, told his mother that he'd learned more Negro history in two days than he had in 11 years of public school.

Robert Pleas had been apt and keen as a small boy, but he had chugged nearly to a stop in school in recent years. He was a good farm worker, particularly on the tractor, poisoning cotton while the plants



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No one is too young to hear the meaning of freedom explained.

were low, but now he talked halfheartedly of finishing high school and of trying to get into the Air Force. He had driven a school bus the previous year for clothing money; had found chemistry and history tolerable but had failed English—he had despised his English teacher, who could not speak as grammatically as his mother and father. What he liked best was hunting. When the muscadines began to ripen, and corn was solid in the ear, and the persimmons were right, then the raccoons would come out, and Robert sometimes winged three or four in an evening. He was a sweet shot—a squirrel would run up a tree to get away from the family Winchester in his hands, but if that squirrel poked two inches of head around to see if the coast was clear, Robert would decap him at 50 feet. Now, however, the freedom school was getting Robert interested, and at meals the two students, Tim and Bud, would fire him up to work for the race. Pretty soon he was saying he thought he'd bone next year, and get to college if he could, and work in The Movement anyway.

Bud and Tim came in excited to the Pleases one night, reporting that at one of the houses over near the highway a white man had been seen fumbling around in the backyard with a flashlight. The owner of the house, with a shotgun on his arm, accosted the man. It turned out to be Bubba Goodheart, a local farmer who had just been made a deputy sheriff in order, it was said, to keep an eye on the invaders. Brought into the cone of a large battery light, Deputy Goodheart shouted that he had had instructions from "higher up" to "protect" a student named Peter Marston. Where was this boy?

One of the Project workers asked Deputy Goodheart why he hadn't just come straight to the front door, if that was his errand.

The deputy said he'd got lost.

There was in fact a Harvard student named Peter Marston in the Noonday contingent, and it came out later that there had indeed been orders from Jackson to look out for him. Pete was the son of a wealthy Boston corporation lawyer, a Harvard graduate, one of whose former college classmates was now a big shot in the White Citizens Council down in Jackson. Pete's father, who disapproved of his being in Mississippi at all, had asked the Citizens Council friend to "keep an eye" on Pete, and an official friend of the friend had obligingly ordered a tail put on the boy. Bubba Goodheart had come blundering forth to carry out this command. Pleas and all his friends believed that the reason he was in the backyard was to try to spy out the sleeping arrangements of white girls in colored homes.

Now a wild man came one night to the Noonday citizenship meeting: Isaac (Zingo) Ostrowski, a 52-year-old contractor from Oregon, who told the Noonday farmers that he was going to build them the nicest meeting hall they'd ever see. Six feet tall, built like a pro-football tackle, Zingo had got a bee in his bonnet the previous winter, had visited Mississippi in the spring and had talked with C.O.F.O. leaders, then had gone back to Oregon and had raised, singlehanded, $10,000. With a carpenter friend whom he had enlisted, and with a station wagon full of building tools, he'd taken off for the Mississippi Delta and had wound up in Noonday.

Mrs. Pleas was elected secretary of the new community center that he was to build, and one of the neighbors leased an acre not far from the main road. Zingo ordered lumber from a Jackson firm, but there followed mysterious delays in delivery; so Zingo made a phone call to Tennessee, and a few days later a big shiny trailer truck from that state drove in and unloaded a heap of things. The farmers at citizenship meetings arranged to procure volunteer labor to help Zingo. Pleas put in a day; workmen began arriving in parties from all over the county, as word went around that a Negro hall was being built where movies would be shown and meetings would be held, and that there was going to be a free library of 7,000 volumes, and a kitchen, and a room for kids, and running water and two flush toilets. When the floor was laid down, everyone turned out with hammers and worked, colored residents and white students together; Randoman Tort said it was the first Integrated Nailing ever held in Mississippi.

Robert was soon head-over-heels in The Movement; a factor in his sudden dedication may have been the attractiveness of one of the Negro girls from Baltimore, Charlotte Bunson, a student at the University of Maryland, daughter of a high-school vice principal. Robert spent much time around the Freedom House, a second abandoned farmhouse, across from the freedom school, where Charlotte and other staff workers lived. There he became interested in what he overheard about the voter-registration canvassing that Tim Shattuck and Bud Samson and others were doing, and soon he got himself excused from freedom school to go out on the voter drive.

The first day he went with Pete Marston to The Bogue. At each house Pete would talk for about 15 minutes about the vote, and about going to the courthouse. His being white was both an advantage and a disadvantage, for though he had to overcome a reflexive suspicion and dislike, he also commanded, even from Negroes three and four times his unripe age, a certain passive respect and obedience, no matter how grudging, that had been bred and drilled into them from birth and from long before birth. Having Robert with him, a local Negro farm boy whom most of The Bogue people knew as the son of Varsell Pleas, was a help.

They took notes:

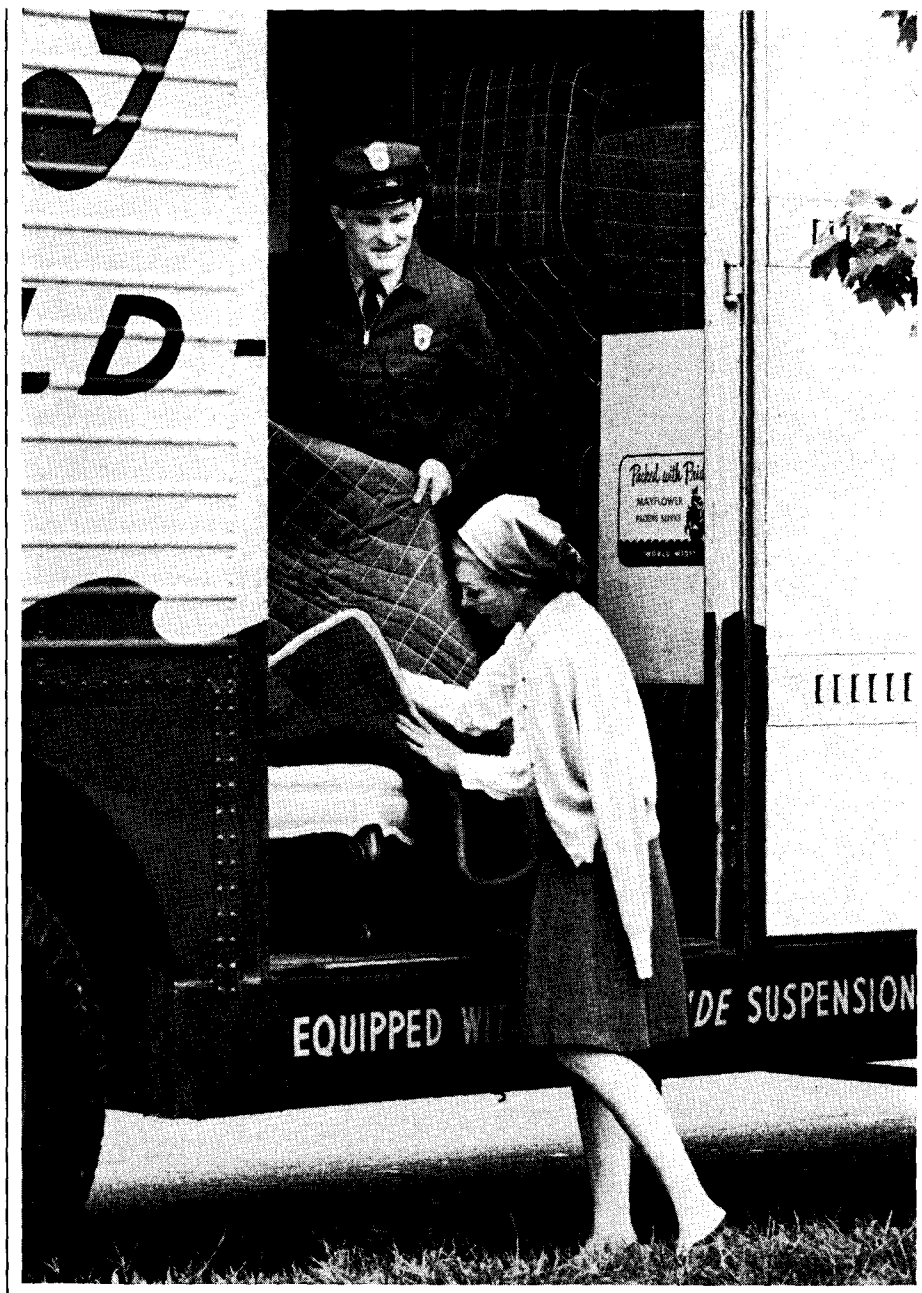
Mr. Aurelius. Says he backed down but thinks he will go if he has some support. Mr. and Mrs. Aurelius Jr. Both are scared. Should return.

Mrs. Cunninger. Has tried three times.

Mary and T. C. Hampton. Uncertain and fearful. He is reported to be informer to Mr. Pine, white planter. Wife, however, might come around. Man is 85, wife 62. Don't like it here but afraid to vote. Mrs. Shucker. Has tried once. She is 72. Will go down if she feels the energy. She is coming to citizenship meetings.

Mr. Joe Perry Chesnut. Wife works for school. Intimidated through the school system.

Mr. Whitsett. "May have to go to hospital soon."



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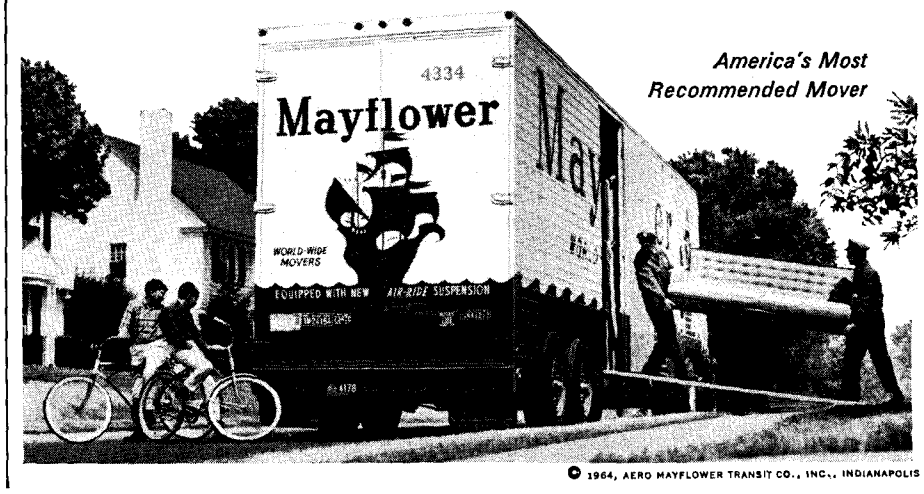

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A Life for a Vote

Mr. and Mrs. Rankin. He works for white builder in town, both scared. Eddy, the son, is very sharp, says he will go in a full car.

Mr. Sam Harbison. Uncle Tom. Will vote when all Negroes are allowed to vote.

For Varsell Pleas and others of the older generation, citizenship meetings continued in the rickety church next to where the studs of the new meeting hall were already being framed. This church, with a slightly tilted steeple, contained five rows of crude benches, and its walls were decorated with offering banners and a calendar with a picture of Jesus protecting a lamb and a C.O.F.O. poster of a Mississippi highway patrolman out of whose eyebeam jumped the question Is HE PROTECTING YOU? Here the Noonday farmers debated whether to try to found a new cooperative store. The farmers felt at the mercy of the white merchants in Athens, and they wanted the economic independence of a low-price supermarket that would belong to Negroes throughout the county. They sought legal advice on this idea from The Movement in Jackson. A miniature power struggle was developing in citizenship meetings between the firebrands and the more cautious heads; Pleas, always an aloof man, was not in either faction. "I'll just try to splice in and get you folks to quit arguing," he said once.

Toward the end of June a large shipment of used clothes, collected in northern drives, came to Noonday, and Pleas volunteered to distribute it. He picked out a few pieces to fill gaps in the wardrobe of his own family—little Larnie was soon sporting a pair of too-large and somewhat frayed sailing shorts, safety-pinned with an overlap at his waist, so that down the sturdy dark thighs ran strings of yacht-club burgees—and then undertook the dangerous work of hauling bundles to the miserable shacks of plantation sharecroppers. The white planters had made bluntly clear their hostility to the Summer Project, and to The Movement as a whole. The threat: "If you want to get in that mess, you'll have to move off my land." Pleas was a Baptist, and he attended, as had numerous plantation Negroes, Fair Heaven Church, which had recently hired an itinerant preacher from downstate named Burroughs, a registered voter who preached voting. When word reached the planters, Mr. Pine and Mr. Sutter, that Reverend Burroughs would get his flock worked up with the spirit to where he could do almost anything with them and then would switch off to registering, the planters refused to let their Negroes go to that church anymore. The half-naked children of these depressed and hopeless people flocked around Pleas like sparrows when he drove up with cartons of clothes.

On the first of July, Robert had an accident with his father's tractor; he collided with a carload of Negroes who had clearly been drinking. The others were let off, but Robert, the son of a Negro who had tried to register, was booked for reckless driving, failure to yield and drunken driving. Pleas went to court with his son and he told the judge that he wouldn't argue with the first two charges, but that Robert never drank.

"I didn't make these charges," the judge said. "Mr. Goodheart made them."

"I didn't think that was fair," Pleas said. "As far as I know, Robert never has taken a drink."

"All right," the judge said, "we won't charge him with that this time."

This was another confirmation, for Pleas, of the importance of standing up to the white man, in cases where he felt he was right. Even so, the fine was $55.

Now the solid summer heat came, with temperatures in the 90's and the air as still as a shameful secret, day after day after day. Mrs. Pleas sat in the shade of the foxtail pine trying to cool herself with a cardboard fan with an ad on it for STROWDER'S FUNERAL HOME AND BURIAL SOCIETY. Summer nuisances hummed and crawled—sandflies and mud daubers, robber flies and stinkbugs. The men worked hard poisoning the cotton, and nerves wore thin.

As the meeting hall arose, a massive affront of raw lumber visible to all eyes from Route 57, so also did tension rise in the area. Red-necks drove their pickups and cars slowly along the dirt road past the building, looking it over.

At four in the morning, on Sunday, July 26, a Negro named T. O. Lacey, who lived not far down the road from the construction, was wakened by a flickering light, and running out, he saw a student's car, which had been parked in front of the house opposite, in flames. He wakened the people across the road, hosts and students, and they tried vainly to put the fire out with water from a hand pump. At daylight nothing was left of the car but a shell. A shattered gallon jug, which had evidently contained kerosene, was found on the front seat.

After that three Negro families, Pittman, Jones and Tort, who lived along the road, set up an armed night watch, some sleeping during the first part of the night, some staying up till late. In early July, The Movement supplied three short-wave radios for these three families, so when an unknown vehicle drove in the head of the road, the word could be passed along. One night Bunell Jones set out in his pickup to patrol, and a Negro student staying in his house jokingly asked him, "You going out in that dark night all alone?"

"No," Jones said, "I got thirty-two brothers with me, and six cousins"—two 16-gauge shotguns and a revolver.

Pleas, who lived three miles from the new building and was not involved in the watches, was putting himself more and more deeply in danger, however, by repeatedly taking people to the courthouse in Athens, on gas furnished by collections at citizenship meetings, to try to register. Because no applicants ever passed, taking people to register came to be called "making a waterhaul"—or, getting noplace. But the whites noticed. "Here comes old Varsell," Pleas heard a deputy sheriff say once. "He sure is up to his ears in it."

One of Pleas's guns was old, and he decided to replace it. (Section 12 of the constitution affirmed "the right of every citizen to keep and bear arms in defense of his home, person, or property," and no license was needed.) But in the hardware store in Noonday the dealer refused to sell him one. "Guns is put up now," he said. Pleas drove to Jackson and bought a new gun, no questions asked, at Hunt and Whitakers. He took to retiring early, so he would be easy to wake from two o'clock on—when most of the violence against Negroes in the state had been taking place. A shotgun stood at the head of his bed, another by Orsmond's, and one by Robert's. Every night four thin dogs and two thin cats lay down in the dust at Pleas's back door, and the racket they raised when anything moved in the neighborhood quickly wakened the house.

One evening late in July, Tim Shattuck, who had been trying to make friends with white-shy Larnie, the five-year-old, and had once heard Larnie muttering about "the wheet," asked his host to tell him honestly what he thought about the white students having come down from the North for the summer.

Pleas, after the usual pause for thought, said in an unemotional voice, "It's the best thing that's happened since there ever was a Mississippi. I just love the students like I love to eat. Listen: They showed they're willing to *die* for us—two of those three at Philadelphia. If more come down here, I'd get out of my bed for them and sleep on a pallet in the tool shed. They're doing things we couldn't do for ourselves in years on end. They've taken away a lot of fear of the courthouse, and people ain't so scared to come to citizenship meetings anymore. They're giving some of our older kids subjects they should have had in school all along—French and typing. And they're so natural—like brothers and sisters. Another thing: The governor is going to have to be more careful what he says now, because a lot of bad smells are getting out to the outside world that never did before. And we got out-of-state FBI in here, and federal lawsuits. It's all changing, it is sure enough changing, right this summer. I hope you can come back another season. If you can't, send somebody else in your place."

Tim asked, "What about the whites? Are we making it worse for you with them?"

"No," Pleas said. "About the whites, there's bad ones and right decent ones. The bad ones been shooting colored people all along and throwing them in lakes, a bunch of students don't change that. The all-right ones, they're kind of gagged up. But we're going to set them good ones free—ourselves and them. These white folks have ridiculous fears. I tell you, we don't want nothing from them but stop. The Negro people ain't going up after them. We country Negroes don't do people that way. I think we got more real religion in our blood than the white people; we been told since weaning, 'Don't throw stone for stone.' But they better not come messing in our homes, setting fire and getting up a big killing scrape. That won't *never* scare us. That ain't *never* going to keep me from taking folks up to the courthouse. Because I tell you something, Tim, we're going to get the vote in three to five years, and when we do, the Negro man's vote is going to count just as hard as the white man's vote. I'm paying my poll tax to keep ready."

A few days later Tim had a story to tell the Pleases; it was a story which, against the background of the three killed at Philadelphia, made a big impression on Robert Pleas:

Tim had just got out of one civil-rights car in Athens, that morning, and was waiting to be picked up by another to go canvassing in Meeks, when a man of about 40, in a blue sport shirt and khaki work pants, stepped out of a knot of men, pointed at Tim's nose and then touched it repeatedly with a forefinger, and said, "You ain't dung. You ain't

Under the summer sun, lessons in citizenship

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even dung. You ain't as good as dung." Tim, who had been trained in passive responses to abuse and violence, stood absolutely still and looked straight in the man's blue-gray eyes. The man began hitting Tim in the face, forehand and backhand, and then, as others began closing in with glistening eyes, Tim suddenly assumed "the nonviolent crouch"—dropped to his knees and formed a ball of his body, folding his hands over the nape of his neck, so that as many vital places as possible were protected. The man, who seemed startled by this bizarre defense, kicked him halfheartedly a couple of times and then walked away; the others also drew back.

At about this time the emphasis of the voter-registration drive changed. The student canvassers began registering Negroes for the Freedom Democratic Party, which planned to challenge the seating of the regular Mississippi Democratic Party delegation at the Democratic National Convention. Robert Pleas began working hard on freedom registrations, and this work took him closer to danger and clinched his commitment to The Movement.

One day he was canvassing in Meeks, a mean town on the eastern border of the county, with Bud Samson, the Negro CORE student. They were standing on the front porch of a house, signing up a Negro woman, when a white deliveryman arrived. He asked the boys what they were doing. Bud explained. The man asked a question.

Bud answered, "Yeah."

The man said, "You mean, 'Yes, sir.'"

Bud said, "Where I live we don't talk that way."

"You're where I live now, boy."

"OK, if it'll make you happy. Yes, sir."

The man asked for identification. Bud gave him a clipping from a Chicago paper, showing his picture and identifying him as a leader of a sit-in.

"This you?"

"Yes." Omission of sir.

"You got a hard head, ain't you, you colorblind little bastard? I might have to soften it up for you."

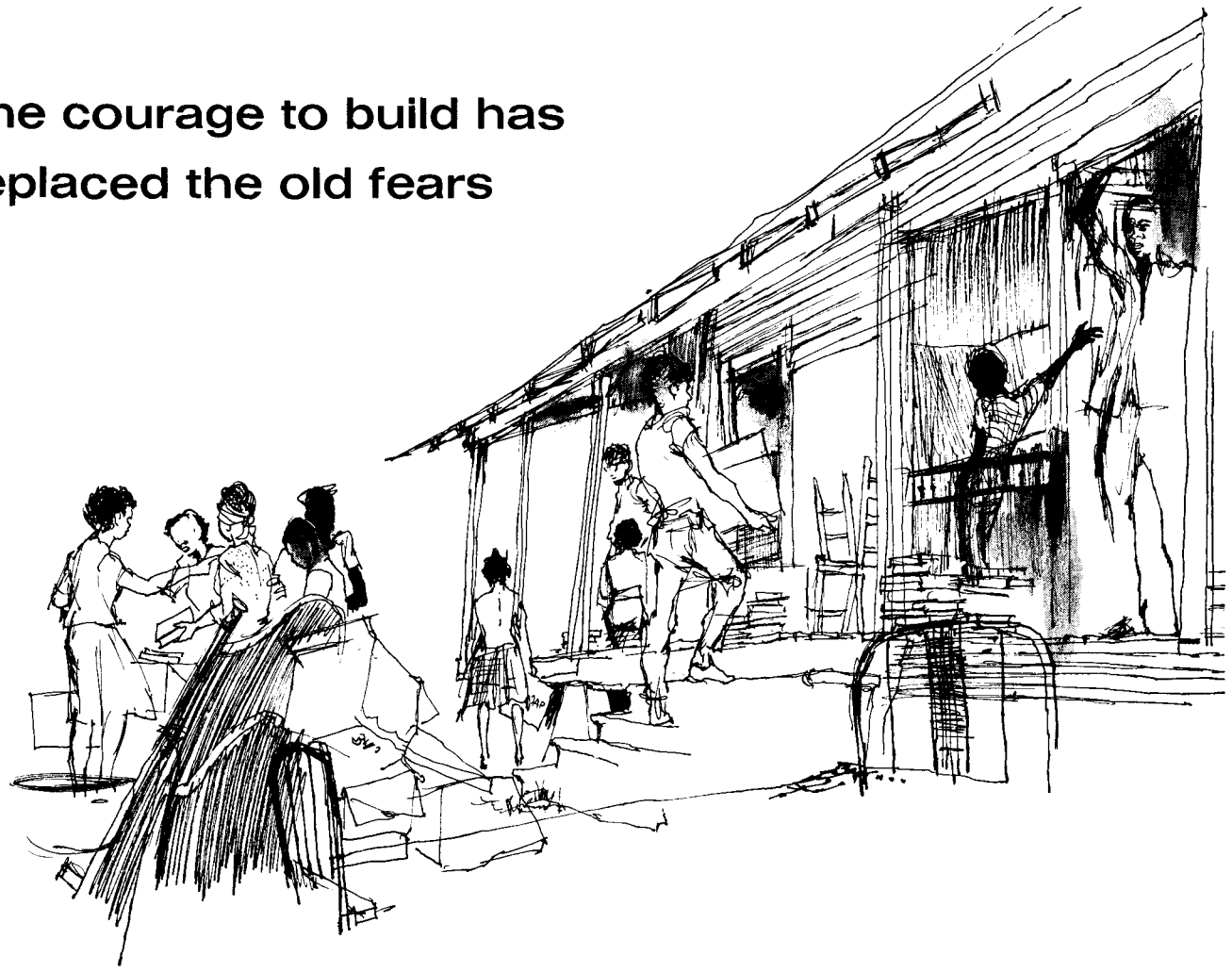
The man moved toward Bud, and Robert, to his own astonishment, found himself making a definite move. He reached his draft I.D. card out toward the deliveryman as he moved on Bud, and this served to distract the man. With further abuse and warnings he left.

The next week Varsell Pleas was told his son Robert would not be given back his school-bus driver's job in the fall.

Now came two pieces of news that lifted all the Noonday Negroes' spirits. The Mississippi State Democratic Convention, mindful of the challenge to be offered at the national convention by the Freedom Democratic Party, postponed until after Atlantic City the question of how to handle the ballot in November, whether the party's electors should be designated for Johnson or for Goldwater—so that for the first time since Black Reconstruction days Negroes had been able to influence directly the course of Mississippi politics. And then the bodies of the three dead civil-rights workers were found—that showed the FBI really meant business in Mississippi, and maybe the roughest of the whites would think twice before they hurt anyone.

In the hottest weather, in August, came revival time. For a week Varsell Pleas was somewhat turned aside from work for The Movement as he went to revival meetings at Fair Heaven Church every evening at eight. On Saturday night, after meeting, he and Holly Bell sat up late into the night reading the Bible aloud to each other and talking about what they had read. The next morning Varsell went to clean the leaves and scare

The courage to build has replaced the old fears



the water moccasins out of the edge of Mrs. Hodgkins's pond, and at noontime Preacher Burroughs, with Pleas's help for the immersions, reaped 14 souls. The temperature of the air was over 100, and when Pleas got home, he kept his wet clothes on till dinner time.

A white tablecloth was set on the kitchen table that noon, and before dinner a quiet young man from Lockfire, rather scholarly looking, with steel-rimmed glasses, named Louis Weems, drove in with Pleas's 79-year-old mother. All sat down to eat. Pleas said blessing. Then Pleas's mother said, "Louis here just spent five months in Parchman."

"Whatever for?" asked Holly Bell. "You ain't that kind of boy, Louis."

And then, over a baptism-day dinner of chicken and dressing, sweet-potato pie, rutabaga and greens, black-eyed peas, fried tomato, and hot biscuit, Louis Weems, speaking in genteel tones, told the pillar of Fair Heaven Church and his wife, fresh from the week of hymns and conversions, how, having run into debt on his hill-farm wages of three dollars a day, and needing $50 in a matter of hours, he had gone out with two others and stolen three hogs, which they'd sold in Athens for $85. Then he told about life at Parchman, how he'd worked like a slave under a driver in the cotton fields, how he'd become a "walker," counting sleepers inside the wire at Camp Eight, and how he'd been cut on the arm one night by a real bad boy.

When the story and the meal were done, and everyone sat sweating at the table, it had come round to seem to Varsell Pleas, and he said so, that the crime was not in the hog-rassling but in the pay the man had gotten and the credit squeeze that had driven him to the theft.

"That's right," Holly Bell said. "You ain't never been that kind of boy, Louis."

"I did the wrong thing," Weems said, "and I paid off with my five months."

The roof was on the meeting hall. None of the insurance agents in Athens would write a policy for the building. The sightseers were coming in droves, white men moseying past at five miles an hour. Tort was talking about holding an Integration Ball after the place was opened. Everyone expected a bomb.

On Saturday night, August 8, a Negro man named Stanley Chunn was walking along near the meeting hall, headed out 57 for a beer, when a car drove by and dropped something out on the ground not far from him. He thought it was just some trash, and he walked on. Three or four minutes later—he had nearly reached the highway—there was a sharp explosion back on the road. Negroes gathered from all around—nothing but a hole in the dirt road. Everyone guessed that the white men, intending to bomb the meeting hall, had lit their long fuse in their car, had been startled to see a Negro walking in the road in an area known to be heavily armed, and had dropped the device in the road and skinned out.

The next morning FBI men came to investigate—and word was passed that they were men with out-of-state accents. Within two days the Negro grapevine had told the Noonday people exactly which white man had bungled the bombing—a certain deliveryman from near Athens. He had done a poor job; they'd no doubt be back.

In a farm-equipment store in Joshua City one day the proprietor, Mr. Scott, said, "What are you all going to do when those white people leave you and go back on home?"

Pleas said, "What do you mean?"

"You're going to be coming up here to your old white friends in Joshua City after they've gone, asking for our help. The help just might not be here anymore."

Pleas understood the implied threat. Everyone had been speculating about new outbreaks of violence when the Summer Project pulled out, but Pleas knew that there would not be a sudden break. Three white students planned to stay on for good in Noonday; what had started as a summer drive was turning into a permanent program. So successful had the summer effort been that the C.O.F.O. people were talking of expanding their project into at least two adjacent states, Alabama and Arkansas.

So Pleas answered with a certain confidence. "It ain't going be any different, Mr. Scott. I always figured we helped each other: You give me credit, I buy your cultivator and harrow and poisoner and all like that."

This answer, delivered in gentle tones, left Mr. Scott thinking about an implied threat too. Pleas could buy elsewhere.

The great sky cooled as autumn came on. Pleas began picking cotton, the combines moved through the soybeans.

The two oldest left for college, but the younger ones could pick till school began at the end of September. Integration, just beginning in first grade in Jackson, Biloxi and Leale County, was far off for them, but it was rumored that they might be involved in a school boycott in November to protest the conditions of their schooling.

Robert and a local girl, Dearie Mae Jones, of one of the night-watch families, went off in a bus with student friends of the summer to the National Democratic Convention, and Robert, who had never before been farther from home than Jackson, demonstrated on the Atlantic City boardwalk while the politicians seated two Negroes as delegates from Mississippi. Varsell Pleas arranged a $2,300 FHA housing loan, for 33 years at 4 percent, to install running water in his house, add a bathroom, put on a new roof, and build a new front porch. He kept going to citizenship meetings; he was working on the new co-op store, but voting came first with him, as always.

The Justice Department had brought a suit against the circuit clerk in a nearby county, charging discrimination against Negroes in voter registration, under the 1964 Civil Rights Act; and as soon as that case was won, as Pleas confidently expected it to be, he planned to go up and try again to register in the Ittabala Courthouse. They'd find new gimmicks to prevent him, for awhile, he supposed, and they might try to hurt and even kill some Negroes, and he supposed he might be on their list for all he'd been doing, but he was not afraid; some day it would not be a waterhaul.

This year Election Day would pass him by, but with prayer and hard work, keeping guns clean and not venturing away from the house at night, going to the courthouse again and again, he thought that he would, at last, get what he wanted. He expected things to grow worse in Mississippi before they grew better, but he had made his personal reckoning and had long since decided that a vote was worth a life—without a vote a life was not one's own. THE END

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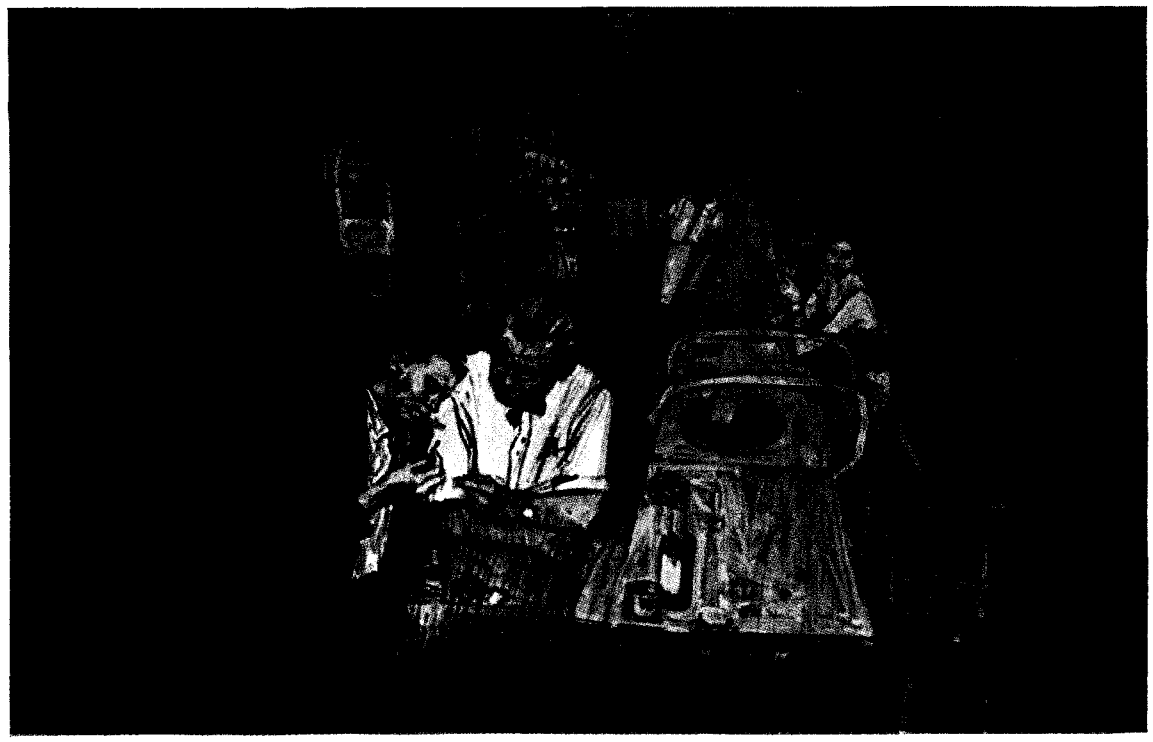

The MOON of the ARFY DARFY

When a man gets down beyond a certain point, there's only one way for

By NELSON ALGREN

The ninth-race prices flash once and out: first SHOW; *then* PLACE; *then* WIN. *The red* OFFICIAL *blinks once and goes dark. Winners and losers alike have left. Tip-sheet sellers and shoe-board watchers, clerks and touts, railbirds and the clubhouse cocktail set, all will be back at window and shoe board, paddock and rail, when odds for the first race light up tomorrow.*

Only the sweepers high in the seats remain in the vaulted, echoing stands.

Then along the rail, one eye cocked for the racetrack cop, Floweree moves alone through the windy glooms.

Floweree, half an inch over five feet high, moves in a curious shuffle-and-pause through a litter of crushed Lily cups. Comes kicking dead tickets, bad guesses and such, through the ruin of the day's million-dollar defeat: seeking a five-dollar victory to last him through the night.

"Hey you!" Floweree doesn't turn to see who's summoning him. Instead he picks up one last abandoned ticket and hurries through the gate.

Where he leans one moment against the iron: to take a toothpick out of his shoe. Then moves on, without shuffle or kick, to wherever toothpick-shod men go. The day's last stooper has finished his day. Whether he's made it or whether he hasn't, they'll run again tomorrow.

And a moon of the backstretch, still and white, looks about with a ruled-off jockey's eyes.

A moon on the arfy-darfy.

That never will return.

I slipped the quarter into the box before the conductor could say, "Hey! *You!*" How was it that, the time I beat Shoemaker, nobody said, "Hey! *You!*"?

It wasn't "Hey-You" when I brought in Greek Diable at 44–1. It was roses for Diable and roses for me too. It was "The party's for you tonight, *Mister* Floweree." It was "Meet Mr. Cannon, he wants to interview you." It was "Why couldn't you win on Diable at Cahokia but you bring him in at The Big A?"

"Because of the long straightaway, Sir," I answered Mr. Cannon.

I sat in the back of the bus running through the old tickets. Bettors misoverlook winners sometimes. Nobody had missed in the handful I held. But I didn't throw them away.

I didn't really care. In the middle of a win streak a jock puts two grand on another dog in the same race. So he's ruled off. When you come to the end it's the end that's all. I went up the aisle dropping the tickets one by one on the empty seats. I got off where Ogden crosses Fifth Avenue.

Streets go six different ways at that intersection, with a bar every other door. One route, it looked like, had nothing *but* bar doors. That was the route I was looking for.

I saw the bums and I saw the nabs. I saw hustlers and old-time scuffs. I saw the people light as feathers. I saw the people heavy as lead. There were some made of water and some held by wires. One walked with a pocket full of fishhooks. Another had never had pockets at all. I saw up-and-comers and over-the-hillers. Fireships, finks and coneroos; and an old-time hooker with her own ghost beside her. I saw round-the-block cruisers and fly-by-nighties. It must be a full moon tonight, I thought, all the bings are out.

Two blind cane bummies were taking up the middle of the sidewalk in an argument. One jerked off his black glasses so he could see who he was arguing with. "You've led five runs runnin'," he accused the other bummy. "Yes—and I'll lead the next five too!" The other told him who was boss in the outfit—and the other one went for him with his cane. The boss bummy knocked the assistant bum's cane flying. It looked like a Japanese movie.

"You working for me or am I working for you?" he wanted to know when the other went to pick up his cane.

"Oh, *hell*," the assistant cane bum purely whined, "you lead *all* the time."

Who got to lead the next five runs I didn't tarry to learn. Everyone in Chicago wants to be top man. I walked on.

An oversized party in a turtleneck sweater and his cap pulled over his eyes rattled a red collection box at me—"Have a heart for little kiddies, Buddy," he told me. What little kiddy did you slug to get that box, I wondered.

"The price of one beer may save a life," he blocked my way to let me know, in a voice like a rowboat being dragged across pebbles. Nothing short of whiskey could save his own.

"I'm on the stem myself," I told him. He looked me over and saw: My condition was worse than his own.

When I looked back he was looking after me. All I had to do was turn around and he would have put a dime on *me*. So long as he wasn't following I'd quit while I was even. I walked on.

A broad in a doorway hollered, "Hey, soldier!" Well, that was an improvement over "Hey you." I threw my shoulders back, stuck out my chest and went over to her.

"Drag my old man out of this joint," she gave me orders of the day.

"Why don't you do it yourself?"

"Ram declared me out of bounds."

"Who's Ram?"

She pointed one finger upward to a sign. It was a hand-lettered job swung between a couple of big cracked flowerpots. Something that looked

Nelson Algren first attracted national attention in 1942, with the publication of Never Come Morning, *a powerful novel of poverty and crime. His best-known work is the 1949 National Book Award winner,* The Man With the Golden Arm, *a fascinating study of Frankie Machine, dealer in a gambling club, and the sordid world in which he operates. In 1956,* A Walk on the Wild Side *appeared to great critical and popular acclaim, reaffirming Algren's place as one of America's leading contemporary writers.*

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as if it had once been a palm frond was still stuck in one pot. The sign said:

SOUTHSEA ISLE
R. ENRIGHT, PROP.

"I'll do what I can, Sis," I told her as an excuse to go inside.

Inside I saw Sis had been wrong—*she* wasn't out of bounds. It was the people inside who were out. I never saw a cave like this before. It felt like a place a lot of people come to but nobody ever leaves. Nobody was guarding the door. It wasn't too late to turn, yet I kept moving in as if I'd been sent for.

The front bar was just one long narrow aisle that could pass for the side entrance to Hell if somebody swept it out. Someone began playing a piano far in the rear. I felt my way, taking care not to brush against anyone on the stools—one brush and any one of them would fall on his head and just lay there. I made it all the way to the two rubber plants on either side of a bead-string portiere, and stepped through the beads. Everyone in that room had been waiting for me. They were looking at me but I couldn't see *them*. I stood against the wall to catch the piano.

All the good times are past and gone

the piano man was singing—

All the good times are o'er.

I looked down to see if I was standing on somebody dying.

Outside of the circle of blue-green light was nothing but a sinking gloom. Where little white faces rose real slow; then sank back into the gloom.

All I could smell was a pit where tigers lived without room to pace. All I could hear was breathing, breathing.

Like every breath was the last.

I began to make out figures. Cats who couldn't stay on the frontbar stools any longer had been assigned to lean on walls back here—

The longest train I ever did see
Was on the Georgia Line
The engineer came by at six o'clock
The cab came by at nine. . . .

The piano man stopped on an upbeat. He crooked a finger at me.

All the good times were gone for him too. I read it in his face as he had read it in mine. We'd never seen each other before yet we'd known each other all our days.

"It's all too easy now," he told me, skipping "my name is so-and-so" and shaking hands and all of that.

I knew the feeling he had in mind. Know how it feels when things have been so hard for you, to have them come so easy for others. We mucked out the stalls, hauled water, walked hots and cooled horses and calmed horses until we smelled horse. It was three years before I got to gallop one. I knew how *that* felt, that first gallop. I'd earned it. Now it's a couple months and they give a kid a contract. He sits on top and thinks he's race-riding. And don't even rate the horse. Rides him like his contract is for one race. Thinks his job is just to make the horse run faster than the others and then they'll put a wreath around *him* too. It *is* all too easy now.

Then, dark as that cave was, he took out a pair of glasses yet darker, threw his cap on the piano, and began to play again. Mary Mother, how his playing picked up! I went cold when he

ıim to go—no, not up, but farther down to absolute bottom, where he can find something low enough to start him back up.

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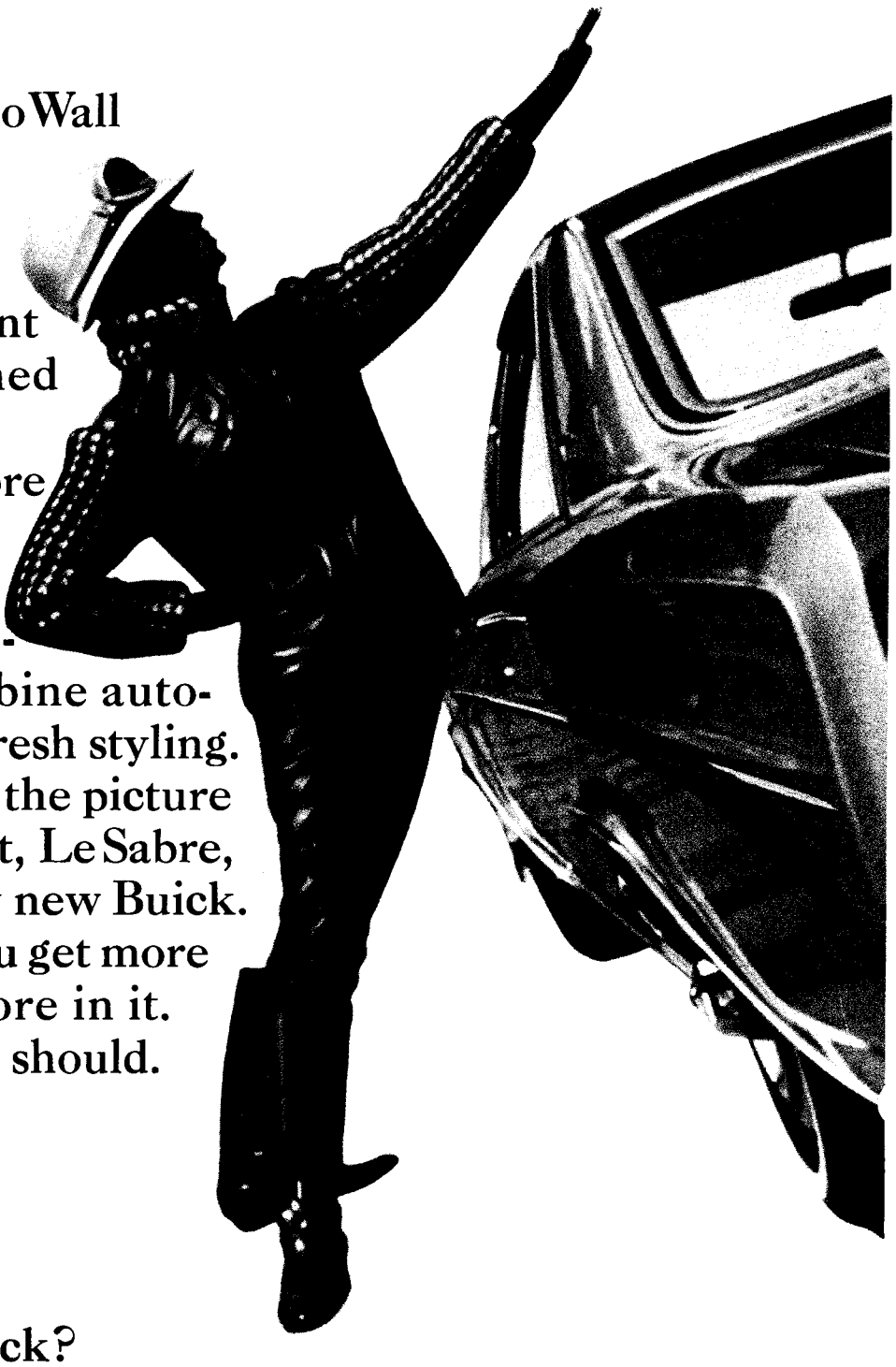
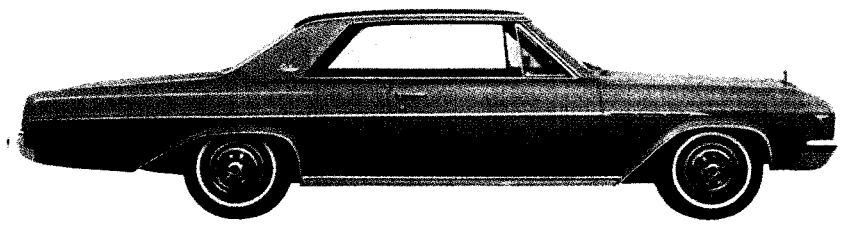
Your eyes light up when you first see the '65 Buick?
You should see what the '65 Buick does when it sees you.

Buick '65 Buick

It glows, if it's a new Skylark.
Skylark is one car you get with Wall to Wall taillights. And a lively V-6 engine.
And what you get in every Buick:
A little more care in fitting things together. A little more money spent in places you may never see: Tuned suspensions. Drivelines that are smoother. Finned brake drums. More carefully placed insulation. (Hush.)
And a little more effort in places you do notice: In Body by Fisher. Switch-the-pitch, if you go for Super Turbine automatic. Brakes that stay with you. Fresh styling. In the intermediate size Skylark in the picture and in every size '65 Buick. Wildcat, Le Sabre, Special, Electra 225, Riviera—every new Buick.
People who know Buick know this: you get more out of a Buick, because we put more in it.
And people who don't know Buick, should.





Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

Buick Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

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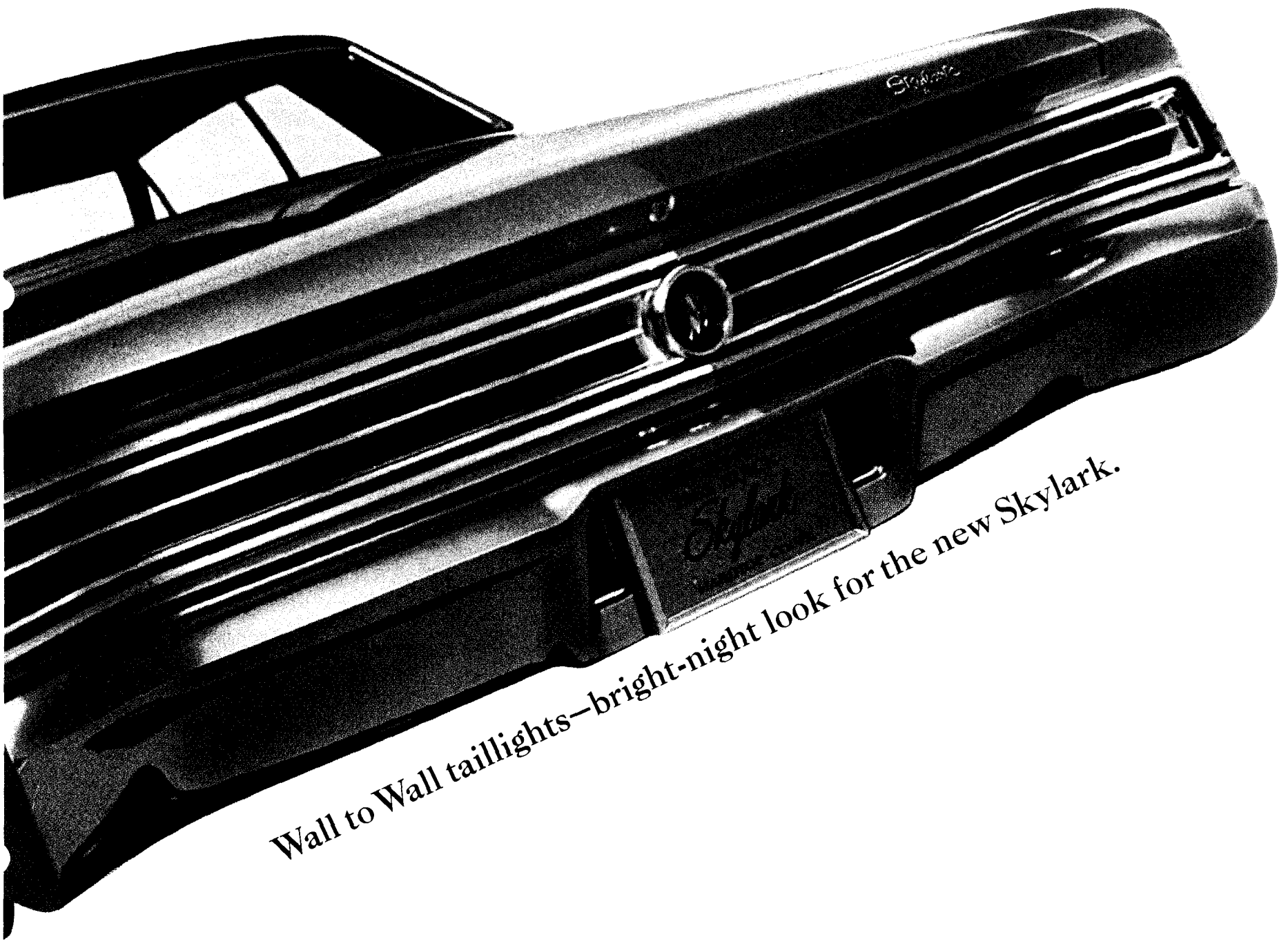

Wall to Wall taillights—bright-night look for the new Skylark.

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began to sing—and the words went through me warm—

Let me tell you people
About this blackjack game
It's caused me nothing but trouble
I have only myself to blame
How unlucky can one man be?

Every quarter I get, Lord
Blackjack takes it away
My friends don't come around me
Because I been so blind
I can't even borrow a nickel
How unlucky can one man be?

The dealer hit sixteen with a five
Just enough to make twenty-one
How unlucky—how unlucky—how unlucky—

the needle had hit a crack yet he kept grimacing with the crack till I caught on. Then he took the glasses off, bent down and switched the record off, and came up wearing the G.I. cap. He looked up at me. A record mimic no less.

"That's *my* trade, friend. What's yours?"

"I see what you mean," I told him, not knowing what I meant myself.

Suddenly squatting, eyes closed fast, he began a rocking on his toes in that misty greenish light, with his hands clasped below his knees, making some sort of old-time singsong deep in his throat in time with his rocking—

All the good times are past and gone
All the good times are o'er. . . .

he leaped up—"Now I got to go to work."

Just like that. Crooks a finger at me, tells me what it used to be like, makes like Ray Charles, gives an impersonation of a Chinaman kicking cold turkey, then blows me off. I stood around to see what *he* meant by going to work. But he didn't do the record-mimic routine again.

He had a tambourine on that box and just pounded away on things like *Blue Moon* and *Cocktails for Two* until a woman came walking like she was held together by Band-Aids, dropped a dime in the box and went back to where she'd been lying before the Band-Aids came loose.

"If I put down a dime for *that* kind of banging," I told him, "I'd never be able to face my friends."

Then *I* walked away.

He called after me but he didn't say "Hey you!" I turned around.

"How are they?" he called to me.

"How are who?"

"Your friends."

And went back to his bangbang banging.

I went up to the front near the door. There was an empty stool somebody just had fallen off. He was lying on the floor. I stepped over him and sat down.

Two bartenders' aprons were dirty. Neither stopped rushing beer and booze. They looked like they hadn't stopped rushing since yesterday midnight. But the third fellow's apron had just been put on. He was the one who said "Out you go" or "Have one on the house." There was no trouble spotting R. Enright, Proprietor.

I didn't bang on the bar for service. I just sat and waited. He strolled over. He wasn't anxious for my trade.

"I've seen you before."

He didn't *ask*. He *told* me.

"I've seen you too," I told him. "You used to be Postmaster General till you broke with Roosevelt."

He liked that. The barflies he was serving hadn't heard of Roosevelt. But a lot of people in his day must have told Enright with his stiff white collar, gray hair combed back and the look of an Irish eagle, who he looked most like.

He looked like Jim Farley.

I put down two bits for a shot of bar whiskey and lay two bits beside it. He didn't look at the two bits. He just looked at me.

"I'll make you later," he told me. Then picked up the two bits.

Way in the back the old mimic was carrying on for nickels and dimes. I figured Enright had him chained. Only one thing you can do for a junkie: chain him. If you keep him from getting sick he don't mind a chain. When Enright came my way again he came with a bottle. He set it beside my glass and walked away. He couldn't chain me.

But isn't that as nice a way as any of letting somebody let you know he's got you made? Either he saw me ride or my picture. I only took one shot and pushed the bottle back.

A girl two barflies away saw the move; a dark-haired country type wearing a green babushka.

"These Chicago girls. . . ." She began some kind of beef just to pass the time. "You know what one of them *Fireball* fools told me?—'I started the babushka fad around here.'"

Enright leaned back against the damper: He'd heard all this before.

"The very *nerve! I* was wearing a babushka two years in L.A.! *I* was the one brought it around here and *they* think wearin' a babushka gives them *class*. Honest to God, broads like that must drink out of their old man's shaving mug."

Enright, looking like he was being asphyxiated by boredom, came back. He *pushed* the bottle toward me. That was the tipoff that he had something in mind.

More reason not to hit it. It would look like I was hard up. So I didn't push it back, I just let it stand. I could have tilted that bottle and not put it down till it was empty but—*control*. I learned it from controlling two-year-olds and I've kept it, it's *all* I've kept.

The originator of the babushka was wearing a Longines. I walked back to the piano to see whether he was still wearing one. He wasn't. But he was still carrying on—

And as we light a cigarette
To some exquisite chansonnette

I stood it as long as I could. Then I went back and sat beside the country type.

"Can I offer you a drink?" I asked her.

She didn't look me over so much as she appraised me.

"I buy my own drinks," she decided. "Do you want to say hello?"

I went back to my own stool. I couldn't remember ever being brushed off faster.

"That finky cop," she told Enright. It looked like she told Enright all her troubles—"You know that jojoe directs traffic Saturday mornings on Warren and California? I was carryin' my man's pants to the cleaners 'n you know what he asked me?"

"No," Enright acknowledged.

"He asked me, 'Baby, is them my size?' Just like that."

"What'd you tell him?"

"'They're too small for you' was all I could think to say. It was just the way he said it—like he knew me that burned me."

"He does know you," I filled in, "he was giving you a pass."

"Go ride your horse," she told me.

I'd had enough of the Southsea Isle. I got up and started for the door. Enright called me.

"Drop back tomorrow, Floweree," he told me. "I got something for you."

I just looked at him. Like he was out of his mind.

"For *just* you," he added.

I liked Enright's habit of waiting for people to come to him. Next day I'm supposed to remind him—"You said you *might* have something for me, Mister."

I didn't say it. I ordered a shot like the night before and he put the big bottle down. When he took his own goodtime walk there was nothing there waiting but an empty shot glass beside a full bottle. The set-down jock had gone south.

I stayed out of Enright's and had my best week since leaving Cahokia.

A cat in front of me told the seller, "Two dollars on number eight three times," and the seller punched him a combination and the beef began. He didn't want win or place, he just wanted show. The seller pointed to the sign on the window—COMBINATION. The cat finally took the tickets and went away mad. He didn't know what he'd bought, I knew he didn't know. I followed him.

Number eight ran second. The clown howled with disappointment, threw his tickets down and went to complain to the bartender. I could have run after him and told him the seller had done him a good turn: that he had place money as well as show. But by the time I picked up the tickets he'd gone.

I picked up twenty-one bucks and sat down next to a big old darky gal and asked her how she was doing.

"I dreamed Number Five last night," she told me, "today I bet four races 'n no number five win yet. Now I know, fifth race, number five *got* to win."

I took her program out of her hand. "That's the very reason number five *can't* win," I told her, like I knew something for sure she could *never* know. "*There's* your winner—I got to do it with *your* pencil" and circled number nine: Mom's Request.

What did I have to lose?

Mom's Request broke in front, drew away and was home free: eighteen dollars straight.

I didn't ask the old gal for anything. For a minute I didn't think she was going to come up. Then she said, "Mind my seat," like she was sure I would.

When she came back she handed me a fiver and her program. I understood by that that if the next one didn't make it, she'd expect change.

"*Now* is the time for the five," I took another shot at her program. Number five was Ilo-Ilo. I took one look at them out of the gate and began backing away. It was time to get lost. Ilo-Ilo ran dead last. I went down to the other end of the stands.

I'd had a good day.

I got a shave and haircut, paid my room rent, had my first real meal in a month, bought a zippy little sports jacket for three dollars in a secondhand joint and I was ready for Enright.

"You're looking sharp," Ram told me.

"I had a winner," I told him.

"You want another?"

"I'll listen," I let him know. He motioned me over to a corner of the bar and talked with his head turned to the barflies.

"You know that thing Hartack been riding?"

I knew the horse he meant but I wasn't suppose to know.

"He's been riding lots of horses."

"Flamisan."

Flamisan is made more for flying than running.

"I got a guy will put up five bills to have Flamisan run no worse than second."

"Second to *what?*"

"That's *his* business. I'm serious," Enright scolded me. "He's been in here every night for a week. I been holding him for you."

"Does he know me?" I asked.

"He don't know you from Ezra Taft Benson."

"Who's Ezra Taft Benson?" It was my turn to learn something.

"No matter."

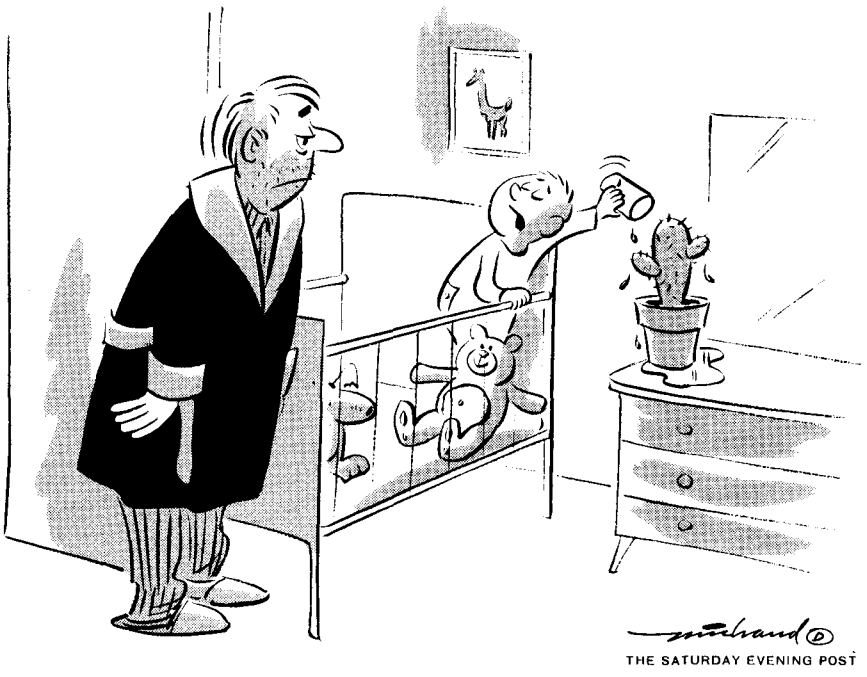
"I don't get your drift," I told Enright.

"Do they know you around the paddocks?"

"I rode ten years with those people."

"Then they won't bother you."

Enright stood up to look at me from a



"It looked thirsty."

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better distance. Then told me as cool as you'd care for:

"*You're* Hartack."

I didn't say anything.

He looked me right in the eye.

"*Bill* Hartack."

"I understood you the first time you said it," I told him. "I'm Bill Hartack. And you're Ezra Taft Benson."

Not that I didn't get the drift. I just wanted to be sure that the drift I was getting was the drift Enright was putting out. I knew it had been worked around every stable in the country.

The stables was where I met Enright two hours before post time.

As soon as I saw him coming I realized something:

I wasn't going to ride anymore.

I put on boots, but my pants legs covered them to the ankles. I hid behind a pair of sunglasses. Then I put on a helmet. I know too many riders around there to put on silks. Then I tied a whip onto my hand.

The mark was a big-hand, big-belly, big-laugh, old jolly-boy wearing a shirt covered with rose petals and a ten-gallon hat. I'M FROM OMAHA, a badge he wore on his breast pocket said. He was from Omaha all right. He was *all* Omaha.

He was so hungry to make that five G's that I *had* to be Willie Hartack. I gave him the Hartack shake—as cold a piece of skin as he'd ever felt. He drew back.

"You know what kin run faster'n a horse?" was his idea of opening a discussion about fixing a horse race.

"What runs faster than a horse, Amos?" Enright humored him.

"A pig!" Amos let us know.

Well, Enright had gone along this far. Let Enright finish it.

"A pig?" Enright asked.

"Shor! For the first thirty feet!"

Nobody laughed. Not even Enright. I tipped the wink for Enright to back off. I could handle Amos.

"Was there something you wanted to see me about?" I asked him.

Amos stopped flushing, coughed once, and got into it. "I think something is going to outrun that thing you're riding," he told me.

"Then you better bet on it," I suggested.

"I'm a man likes to be *shor*."

"Nothin's sure in a horse race, Mister."

"Step over here, son," he asked me.

We went over to a shadow of the stable.

"I can't hang around here long, Mister," I told him. "I'm supposed to be in the jocks' room now. What do you think can beat *Flamisan?*" He was even money and the odds were going to drop lower by post time.

"If Flamisan loses stride," he falters there—"Well, you're on his back, son."

"What's it worth to you, Mister?"

He had it ready. I counted five C's. Then I handed it back.

"It's worth eight," I told him.

"What it's worth and what I got are two different things," he told me. "Six is high as I'll go."

"Six fifty."

When he handed it back there were six C's and a twenty. I didn't want to lose him. I flicked my little whip against my boots and left him standing.

I handed Enright the glasses, the whip and the riding boots in a barbershop down the street from the gate. I showed him the C-plus-twenty I'd worked the mark for.

"You were great in there," Enright told me. Then we cut it down the middle.

"You think the guy will lay for Hartack?" I wondered, not really caring.

"He won't lay for Hartack. He'll lay for me," Enright told me. "Give him a couple days to get back to Omaha before you come into the joint."

Enright liked the idea of the mark making a beef in his joint. That I could tell.

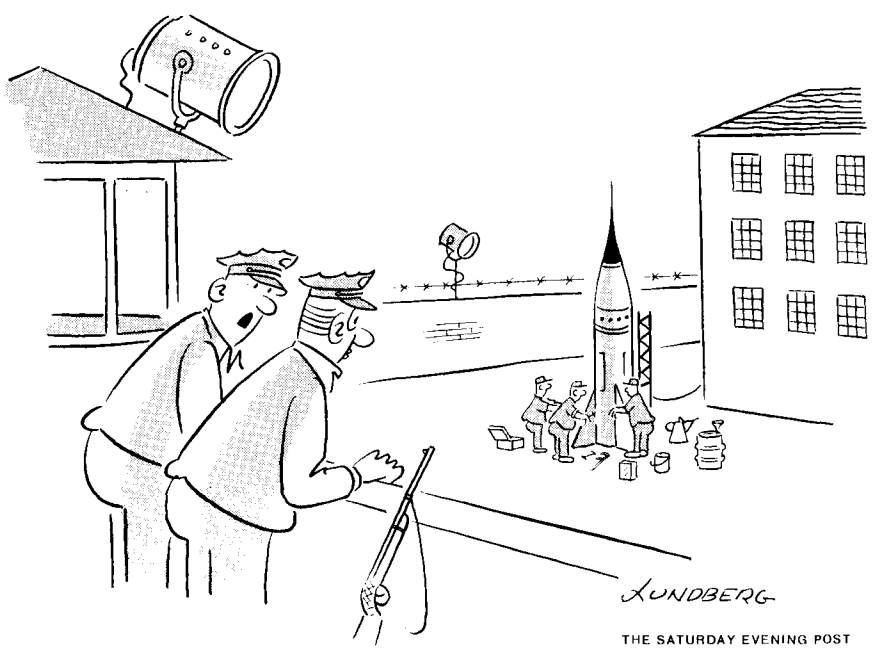
I moved out of that flop that night. I found a place called the Avenue Arms. It wasn't the Hilton or anything like it. But the room didn't have an iron Valet Service Door. That was all I wanted: a room without an iron door.

I picked up the *Form* the next morning and looked at the charts:

> *Flamisan*, in hand while placed on the inside, was forced to come out and circle his field on completing the first mile, continuing gamely to take a commanding lead through the upper stretch. Won driving.

It looked like a rainy day in Omaha.

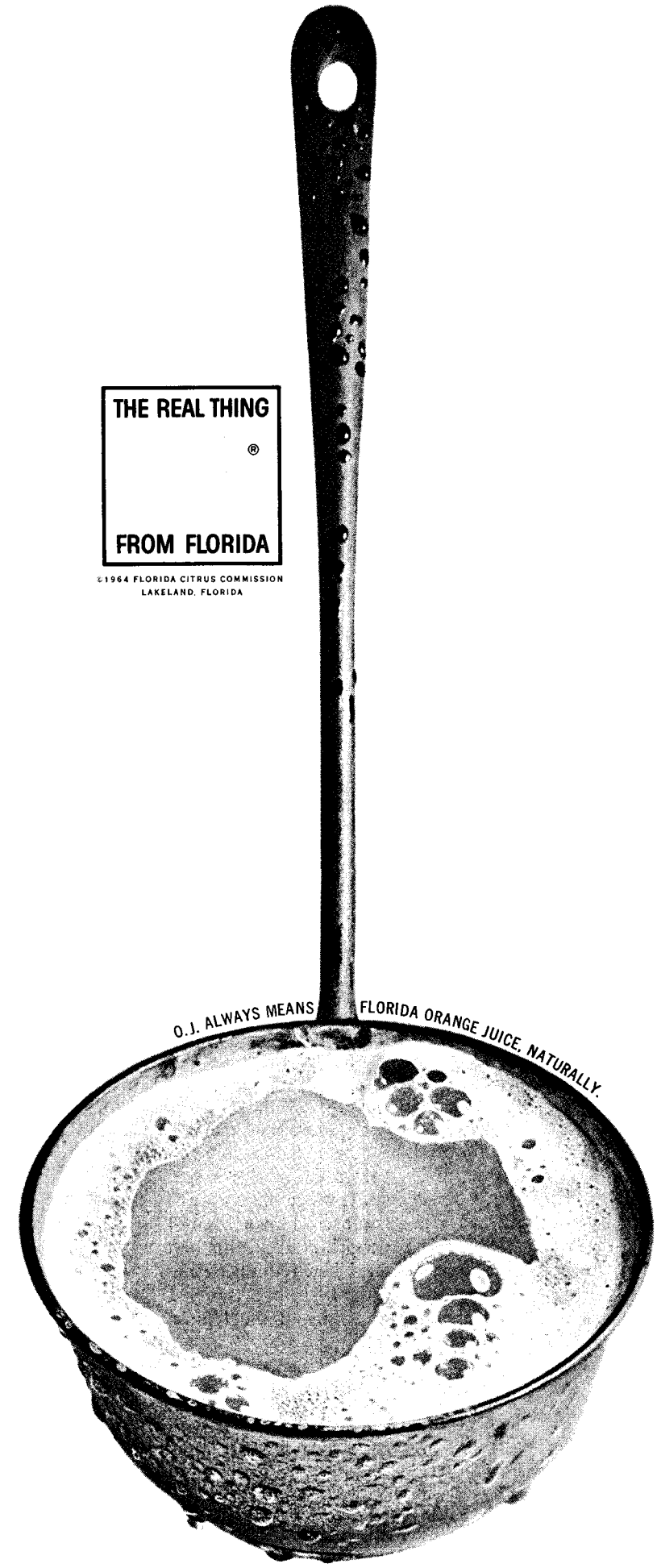
THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"On the other hand, it would be quite a feather in our cap if they made it to the moon."

ANOTHER NICE THING ABOUT IT IS THAT YOU CAN TAKE IT ALONG CAMPING, fishing, hunting, hiking, picnicking or almost any place. Because canned Florida orange juice (O.J. for short) comes in its own handy "jug" so to speak. It's delicious for breakfast or any time, full of natural vitamin C, and wholesome as all outdoors. So drink up!



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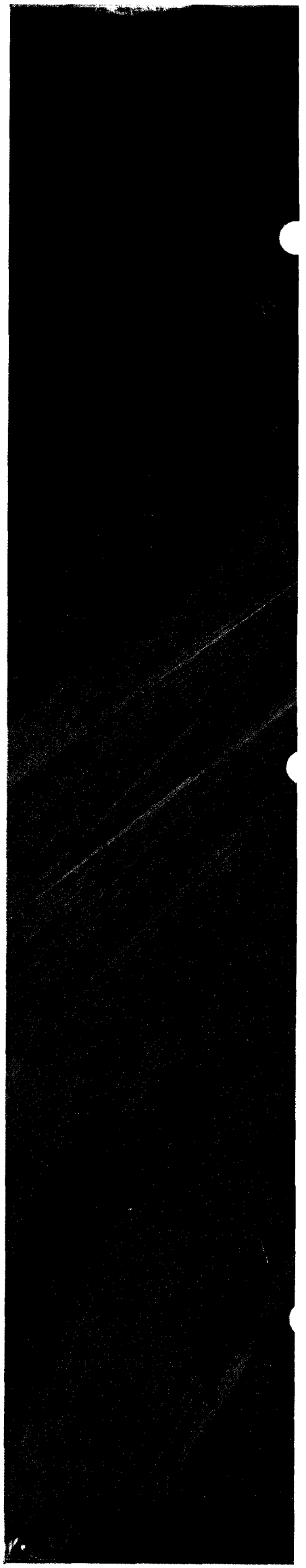
The Daughter of the Chief of Police

Perfection may come when least expected, even in the most imperfect of situations.

BY PAUL DARCY BOLES • *Illustration by Joe Cleary*



There was only one night of my life when I played the trumpet as it should always be played. That is, as I should always have played it. I hadn't played for a year before that; I was eighteen, and working nights in the steel mills in Gary, Indiana. Sometimes when I'd saved enough money from the job, I'd get on good clothes, which felt wonderful after the steel dust and the grease-caked clothes I wore in the mills, and drive forty miles, into Illinois, into the town where I'd gone to high school and where my stepfather and my mother still lived. There I'd call up everybody I knew and move out into the night with a lot of tags of remembrance, and the nostalgia which is worse at that age than later; the need for something not to bring back the past, but to bring the present into focus, *right now*.

I'd sold my good Martin trumpet to a man in a hock-shop in Chicago, because I needed money to go on taking out a girl who was rather large, red-haired, afflicted with light blue eyes that seemed to thrust out a trifle, and yet rather beautiful. She had a truly romantic soul. Her mother was a lover of peace in every form, a member of many committees, including America First, and I was quick to assure this mother that I was a lover of peace as well, with whom her daughter would be safer than she might be in a church. Of course I went to church with the girl, too, helping her stand up after she had knelt, with a loyal hand under her smooth elbow, and in many other ways proving myself quite pious. It bothered me that the girl had a tin ear for both poetry and music—they seem to go together—and that she was also extremely dexterous at fending me off whenever I came too close, as though she held a fishing boat, a marvelous, ample one, away from a dock with a firm boathook. However, I persevered. It was a dark wrench when I sold the trumpet, whose contours I loved but not quite in the way that I loved the girl. And all this had happened the year before, before I had renounced the girl and told her mother that, at the first opportunity, I would become a member of the Army of the United States. But it left me without the trumpet; I had, instead, invested in a typewriter and a lot of paper. I was writing furious and sometimes even accurate letters to the world.

So there I was, back in the good Illinois town, which smelled all summer of burning peat from the fields on the north and whose avenues went whitely by under the night, between the wheat fields. There I was, driving out to a place on Roosevelt Road, at the edge of town, where four of us and our dates were to meet. Beside me was a slim, lovely whippet of a girl, who, I hoped, had no mother to speak of and whose father, although the chief of police of River Oakton, Illinois, seemed to have other business than that of keeping very close tabs on his daughter. She wore a fine, short white dress with small pleats and a ridiculous tiny pillbox hat, and her blond hair went streeling away like smoke from a fast train. She said, "You like to neck?"

I said, "Yes indeed."

"Let's," she said and came over to me like a large bag of well-buttered popcorn. I smelled her throat, cheeks, forehead, hair and marveled that a police chief had sired such a thing. It just didn't seem the common issue of the law. She took one of my hands and distributed it comfortably, even happily, and I concentrated, with a slight film of sweat spoiling my vision from time to time, on the simple job of keeping the car on the road. It was a delightful way to concentrate. The trees went by, nobler and finer trees than usual, and when we came within sound of the music from the tavern at which we were to join my friends, I was in a Dinonysic condition. I pried myself from the car and helped her out; we stood smooching for a time in the convenient shadows, on the gravel which was not so convenient, and I noted that the gravel was friendly stuff for all its hardness and had a certain beauty.

The music pumped from the paper-thin, wasp-nest walls of the tavern, and the lights beckoned. I recognized the jumpy, slightly erratic notes of a combo which hadn't quite jelled, but which, if it ever got there, would be

Paul Darcy Boles was born in Auburn, Indiana, and now lives with his wife and three sons in Atlanta, Georgia. He writes: "I live in the South by choice, in the main because it is a terrible, wonderful, heartbreaking, challenging time to live here. Atlanta is taking her place as an extremely responsible part of the United States." This is his fifteenth story to appear in The Post.

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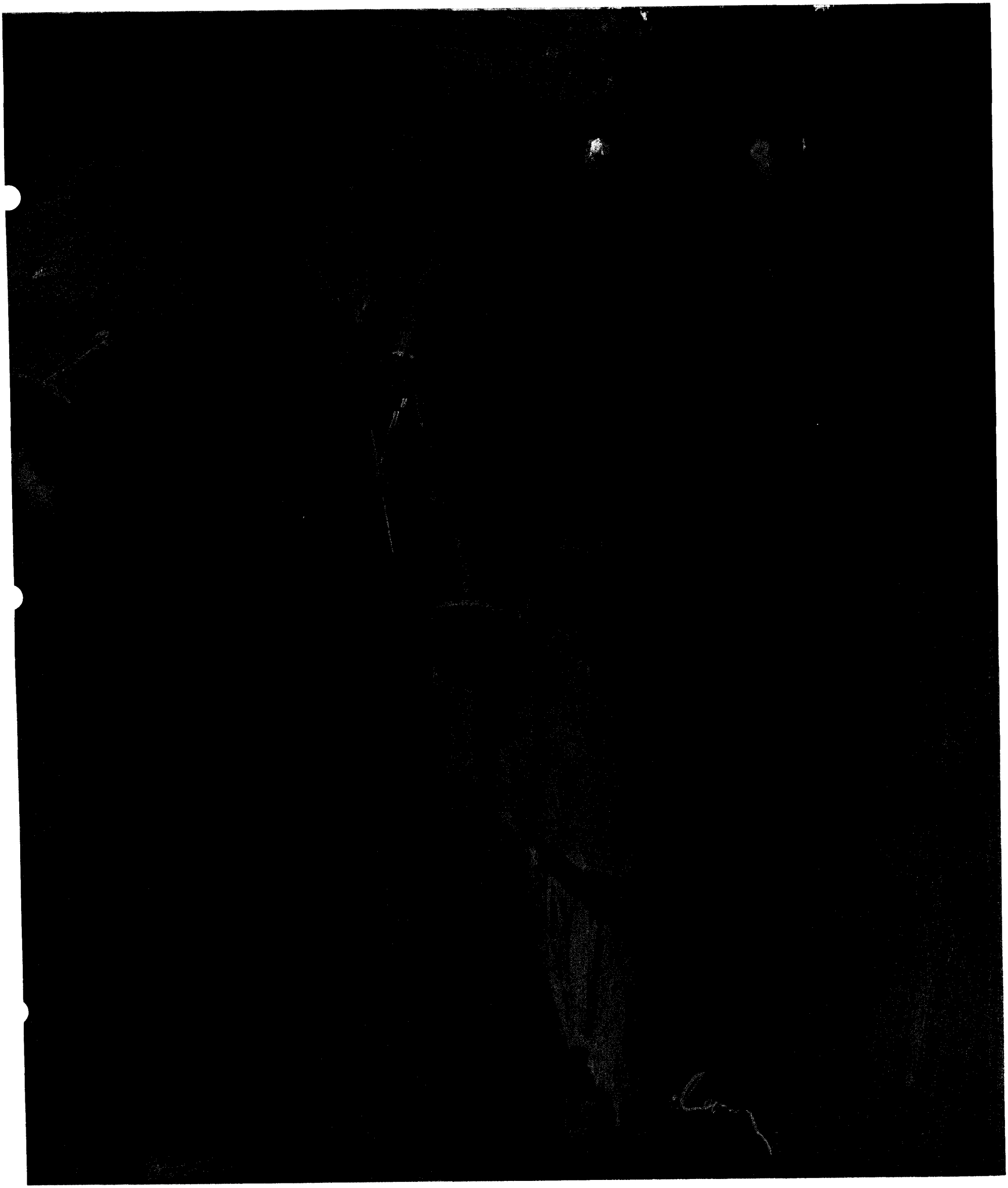

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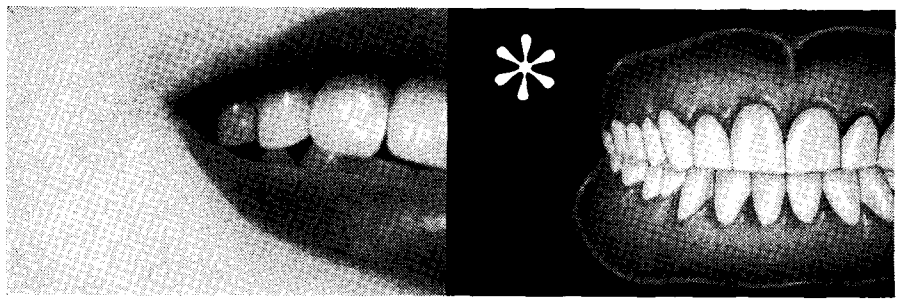

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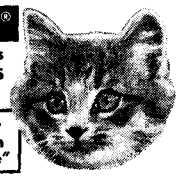

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better than professional. There was that eagerness about it. "I love dancing, *too*," said the girl, Laura, dear Laura; and we steered each other toward the tavern door. We went into a room, a single room, low-ceilinged like all the joints along Roosevelt Road and looking as though it had been erected by carousing gypsies just for a one-night celebration. Its charm was evanescent and precious, and it smelled of ancient beer and uncured lumber.

There were great cries of greeting, and my friends and their dates rose from a small round table, reminiscent of a rotting toadstool, to welcome us. They were Ritchie, as tall and narrow as a rapier, and Gus, short-faced and bright-blue-eyed—an excellent musician himself, who later eschewed jazz and its joys for the classical route and who today teaches small girls and boys to play piano—and Rudolph, who had a face like a handsome lamb's and generosity that bloomed from his Celtic soul like golden apples. The date with Ritchie was his regular girl, with a sweet round face and God-fearing brown eyes, Junie; the date with Gus was a small, thin, beautifully tanned thing named Ruthie; Rudolph had no date at all. After hugging one another all around, after Ritchie had asked me how the old steel maggot was, and I'd told him I was writing diatribes and wise letters to mankind every chance I got between bouts with the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation—after all this, I introduced, with pride and possessiveness, Laura. "The daughter of the chief of police of River Oakton," I said.

Everybody, except Junie and Ruthie, kissed Laura. Ritchie took quite a time, Gus took a longer time, and Rudolph took the greatest time of all. Rudolph had the face, manner, and bearing of Edward, Prince of Wales, in his heyday, and he was so enamored of existence it was as if it jumped, almost visibly, from his hair and his eyes and his fingers as he moved. He had lazy grace, too, and a wit sharp and quick and uncontrollable; he looked, at some angles, much like the younger Scott Fitzgerald, as well as the Prince of Wales. He had never worked a day in his life, which was no source of pride to him; when he was killed the following year, the first year of the war, while training at Pensacola, I sat in a dark room for a day and talked to him in my mind. He was one of the merriest, most innocent men I have ever known. I was, however, not being prescient or especially generous myself and, worried by the length of the kiss, tapped him on the shoulder.

"Ah," he said with reproach. "Then we're not brothers, Brother? We don't share everything, even bread?"

"Not the daughter of the chief of police of River Oakton, Illinois," I said mean-spiritedly. "Look at me, muscle-bound from mucking a living in the mills. Wearing decent clothes for the first night in generations. And with a discovery on my hands."

"I must talk to you," he said sadly. "Sit down, Brother. We must examine this thing of brotherhood. The closer you come to being a saint, the nearer you will come to that grace and deftness and truth in writing which you love. You ink-dripping wretch. I call my brothers, Ritchie and Gus, to witness your attempted embezzlement. My shining Irish tongue will point the path of virtue to you, will show you the necessity for sacrifice just when sacrifice is toughest ——"

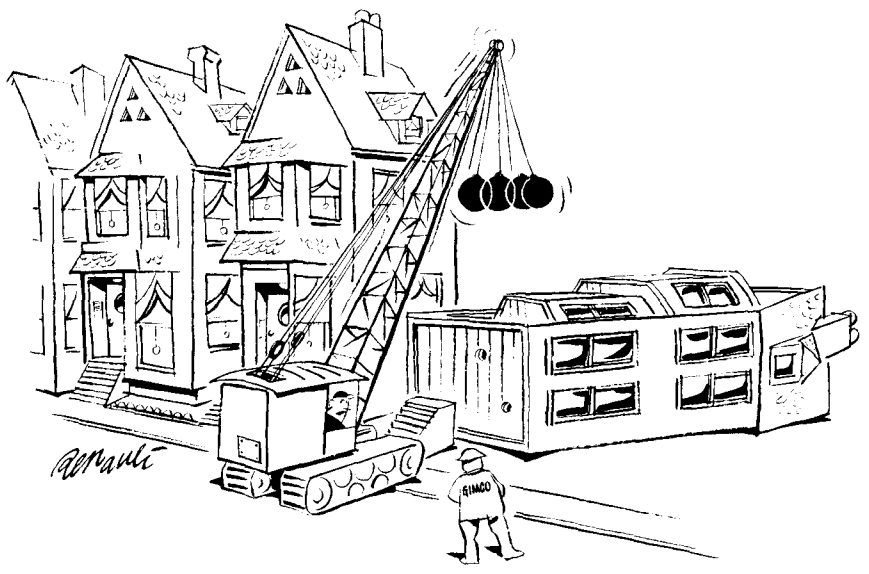
"Knock it *off*," I said. "You could have got your own bag."

Then the three brothers were being stern with me, and we were also ordering beers, and Laura, dear Laura, was putting her right hand in my pocket and also, as I could see with no trouble, her left hand in Rudolph's pocket. "Do you love us both equally?" asked Rudolph, nuzzling in a dashing sort of way.

"Sure," she said, her small hat tipping back farther. "Crazy aboutcha."

"Then I'll dance with you," said Rudolph, rising, arching a hand. "I'll show you what belly-dancing was like among the Druids. . . . Cease steaming, Brother," he bade me. Laura launched upward, her marvelous, nubile hips already wagging, and they were on the floor and in the crush, and she was temporarily beyond my reach. Ritchie said, with a harsh steely look from his eye-corners, "You're the most selfish would-be writer in the nation." He pushed me a beer and some gin, and I moodily dispensed with these and told him Hemingway had been selfish all his life.

It was the sort of combo—I could see through the dancers—that looked to be inspired by the need of the moment. It might come alive, and then again it might die, as the peak of the night sheered off like a wave after cresting, and end up simply blatting for something it might have reached. There was a fair bassman, a chubby boy with a milky farm look



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"They don't build houses like that anymore."

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about him, a good pianist, not as good as Gus but considerably more dedicated to the jazz, and a middling trombone, who, once in a while, caught a gift from the night—coming through the beer smells and over the fields, maybe coming from the moon—and played half a chorus of something that swelled like sweet agony. I found myself circling around the floor, being punched in the gut by happy dancers from time to time, punching back in a genial way from time to time, and, once, staring into the fair, flushed, beautiful face, the fleering blue eyes, of Laura, bent back like a bow in the arms and balanced upon the lower body of Rudolph, who, even while holding her in this way, managed to nod pleasantly to me, as though out for a stroll through Hyde Park with his doxy of the moment. Full of the perfume of Laura and a great physical need for her, I stepped around them all to the bandstand. I knew the trombonist; he doubled in trumpet. He had played first chair in the high-school band the year after I'd left high school; he had a rather raunchy, professional look and a high-arched nose, and, in his sweat-marked, roll-sleeved shirt and wrinkled pants, was sitting out a chorus while the piano took over, his elbows spraddled, his head cocked, his glasses on the tip of his nose, looking a bit bored and above the battle. I said, "Hello, Ron. Good on the trombone. Good for part of the chorus. Borrow your trumpet?"

He waved amiably. "Help 'self, man. I'll take the bone."

I reached down for his trumpet. And as I did so, I knew that for once—without depending upon it happening again more than, say, with luck, three times in my life—I was going to play the trumpet as I should always play it. I knew it would open up. It was not a matter of technique; I had been a good technician for a long time, with ability at nearly any style. The openness I speak of is very important, and I believe it comes to the great horns in a flood, and only then maybe once or twice a night, and only then for a year or so at most. It is a loving. It has to do with the earth, with trees, with women, with sex, with people, with God, and with the fire of an old joy which nobody can ever cover with concrete. I picked up the trumpet and diddled the valves; it was a Blessing trumpet, and I'd have preferred a Martin, but it had smooth action, which was all I needed.

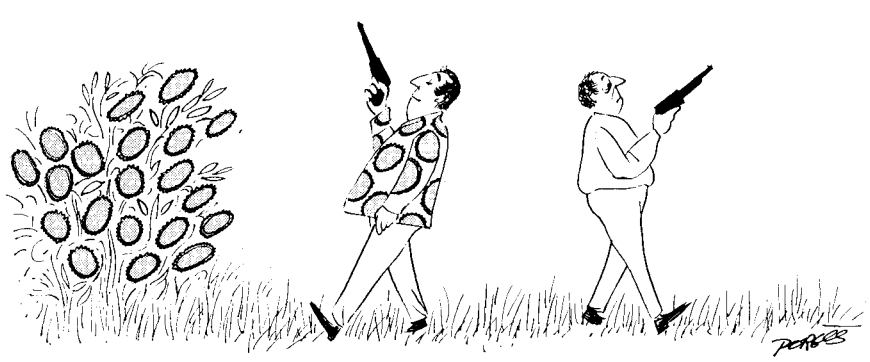
I moved around, facing the dancers. For a second, just in the beat before the first chorus, I held the entire room and the night of glitter beyond in my hands, all of it pouring like unseen blood, rich and from the center of the heart, into the metal of the horn. The mouthpiece felt perfect as I placed it, and I began playing. I took the first chorus, with Ron playing a nice obbligato behind me, almost straight—it was *Dinah*, which is no show number as a rule unless you want to ape circus-trumpeters like Harry James or Al Hirt—every note with bite, precision, and a purity I sensed as surely as though diamonds were forming on my backbone. Then Ron dropped out, and there were only piano and bass remaining. And I could feel the solid wall that comes slamming up behind you, sustaining you, when you know how much there is left and that the openness will stay pure and clean, maybe all night, maybe beyond it. The second chorus started on a note I knew I could not keep, but I kept it, went above it, stayed with it, playing in an impossible register, not even a show-off register, simply a touching and holding place where the stars were all close.

And the third chorus was up, with Ron playing again behind me, playing with beauty and strength and the vigor of a tiger, yearning for all there is to say in the world, and saying some of it. This one I took variations on, ideas coming just as I held out the hands of my spirit for them. The dancers were stopping and moving to the platform; it did not matter; I couldn't see them and was only conscious of them being there as you are conscious of a response, a need, when you tell a story well or build a building well or drive a car well. There is someone out there. You may never meet him, her, get a letter from him, her, but the presence is everything.

It was hours later, and my lip was gone; I gave the trumpet back to Ron, who slid it down beside him and stood up with his hand out. We were both sweating. The piano man and the bassman were sweating. We were still off somewhere and, at the same time, closer to the earth than most of the people on it, in the alive moment. Ron was a proud boy. He said, while we shook hands, "The ultimate."

And the others shook with me, and then, my elegant suit half ruined but feeling better on me, I was moving back to the table and my Laura and my friends. I didn't find them there. They were out on the parking lot, in the crystal, icy, beckoning moonlight, my friends—Ritchie and Rudolph and Gus—holding up dear Laura, or trying to hold her up. She was as drunk as a fiddler and lovely in her drunkenness, the tiny hat still intact, still in place on the flowing hair, the eyes shut as she laughed and said, "I'm so sick, and so happy," the beautiful belly arched as she was supported by the hands.

It would be good, and noble indeed, to say that I gave her to Rudolph with all my Brother-blessing, considering that he had about a year of breathing left to do. But I took her home, and, before I did, I sobered her up, with patience, and cherished her for mine, also with patience, and did not think of her much after that. But I thought of the music. I thought of the music alive somewhere for the taking, when the time's right, and the night's right, and the people and the horns come together. THE END



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SCHOOL

The curriculum at even the most expensive eastern prep school is quite limited; and it sometimes takes a visit from a boy's father to teach him what he has to learn.

By JOHN O'HARA

The father had dressed that morning with the greatest of care, knowing that the son would notice every item of clothing; knowing, too, that the son would make a mental note of everything for unfavorable comment later on. The son would write letters to his mother and to his girl, and he would say: "The Old Man arrived here looking like he was on his way to the Maryland Hunt or something. He was wearing his houndstooth jacket that he got from Anderson & Shepherd's in the year One and that green hat with the goat's whiskers in the hatband. Naturally he was also wearing his fruit boots. He would never think of going anywhere in the country without his fruit boots." The father knew all that, knew that the son would look at his clothes with a condescending smile that made him want to slap the son's face. But, ah, he also knew that if he appeared at the school in a plain business suit and black shoes the effect would be even more undesirable. The son would then think that he had somehow intimidated him. "Hey, Pa, what's with the black Peals? No fruit boots? You're all dressed up for a directors' meeting," the boy would say. On this mission there was no useful purpose to be served by giving Bud any advantage whatsoever. It would only take that much longer to slap him down again.

The first stop was a courtesy call on Spike McFadden, who was generally believed to be next in line when the Head retired. Stillman had not written to prepare McFadden for his visit, and he half hoped that McFadden would be teaching one of his classes in Greek or English. Spike did not have Bud in any class this year, but of course he had heard the rumors that he was practically a shoo-in to succeed the Head—if indeed he had not originated some of the rumors. A very smooth politician, Spike McFadden, had been one all his life. As luck would have it, he was in his office in Rensselaer Hall. He already rated an office, and it was only three doors away from the Head's.

McFadden released his pipe from his teeth, put it down on the desk carefully, and extended his hand to Stillman. "For God's sake," said McFadden. "Hyuh, guy. Why don't you let a fellow know you're coming? Something going on here I don't know about?"

"Hello, Spike," said Stillman. "No, nothing going on. Just a family matter, that is. I wanted to have a talk with Bud, and I didn't want to make a big thing of it. So I took a day off and drove up."

"A day off from what? Backgammon with Chubby? I hear you pay all your dues and house charges with what you take from Chubby. You must have been taking lessons."

"Hell, you know Chubby. He'll take any double. A real pigeon, but he's better off losing a few bucks to me than masterminding the stock market. He says so himself. Says I save him money."

"I'll never understand you rich bastards," said McFadden.

"Don't put me in the same class with Chubby. I never had that kind of dough. And let me remind you, *I* go to *work* every day, five days a week."

"Oh, sure. Sure," said McFadden. "How's Nina?"

"Nina's just great," said Stillman. "At the moment she's trying to decide whether to divorce me in Reno or in New York. That's what I came up here for. I want to give Bud my side of it. Not that I'm going to get anywhere, mind you. But I want the kid to hear my side of it from *me*."

"This is his last year," said McFadden. "I hope this isn't going to throw him for a loss. Of course you know he has no chance of getting into Yale. You know that. Even if you had Chubby's money I doubt if they'd stretch a point for him."

"I don't give a damn about that," said Stillman. "I *do*, but not as much as I would have twenty years ago. He'll be the first in four generations that didn't get in, but it's not the Yale you and I went to, and Bud himself couldn't care less."

"I think you're wrong there, Sam. He does care. He cares a lot. I've talked to him about it. It's been my experience that they do care, but they have to pretend to their fathers that they don't."

"Isn't *that* a damn shame? I suppose he gives you that stuff about not being able to communicate. With me, that is. He can communicate with you, all right, but not with me."

"Don't get yourself all hot and bothered about it, Sam. It's a situation we run into all the time."

"I'm sure it is," said Stillman. "I don't know a single father of my age that hasn't heard that word communicate. Did you communicate with your father?"

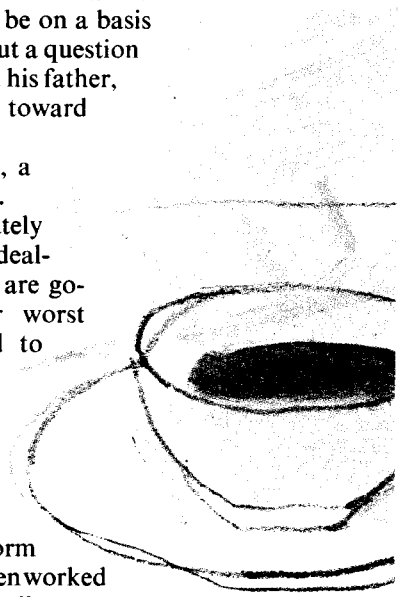
"Very much so. We didn't call it that, but we were very close, my father and I."

"He was a minister," said Stillman.

"In a small town in Ohio, then Pennsylvania, then upstate New York. I couldn't have gone here otherwise. I probably could have got through Yale all right. As a matter of fact, I did. But I couldn't have gone to a school like this if my father hadn't been a clergyman. He and I did everything together. Camping. Canoeing. He was a great outdoorsman, a real lover of Nature. We never had any trouble communicating. But of course everything is different today. We have a boy here now, as a matter of fact on the same scholarship that I had when I was here. His father is a minister at a church on Long Island, no better off financially than my father was. But they both complain about not being able to communicate with each other. The boy's a real problem. His marks are way down, and theoretically if he doesn't maintain a 'B' average he's disqualified from the scholarship. However, we're not so insistent on that anymore. If we have to let him go it won't be on a basis of his low marks, but a question of attitude. Toward his father, toward the school, toward the whole world."

"In other words, a jerk," said Stillman.

"Well, unfortunately in my racket we're dealing with boys that are going through their worst period. If we had to give up on every jerk we'd soon be out of business. It lasts anywhere from a year to two or three years. Usually by Sixth Form most of the jerk's been worked out of their systems."



"I'm afraid it hasn't in the case of my son and heir."

"No, possibly not. But I guess that goes back to what you just told me about Nina and yourself. I'm sorry to hear that, although not exactly bowled over."

"You'd heard rumors up here?"

"Not rumors. But in talks with Bud I gathered that there was something. In my job you get so you recognize the signs."

"Don't rely on your signs, Spike. The trouble between Bud and I goes back further than my difficulties with Nina."

"If she's thinking of divorcing you in New York State, the only grounds there, even an

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Illustration by Jim Jonson

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unsophisticated schoolmaster knows what they are."

"I repeat, though, Bud and I were pretty far apart before he ever came up here. The other thing only began about a year ago."

"I see," said McFadden. "Well, would you mind telling me what you're going to say to Bud? Broadly, that is. I don't have to know the details, but I'd like to have enough information to be ready when the big blowup comes."

"What big blowup?"

"Usually when there's some trouble at home, of this nature, we can more or less anticipate that the boy is going to explode in some way or other. Destructive. A boy will break up all the furniture in his room. Get into fights. Run away."

"I understand there's a lot of that anyway, without any excuse."

"There's always something behind it, if we dig deep enough. If the parents will cooperate we send the boy in to Boston, to a psychiatrist, and sometimes that helps. But this isn't the kind of school where we can have a boy in deep analysis and expect him to keep up with his studies."

"I should hope not."

"Well, oddly enough some of the boys agree with you. Just the threat of a couple of sessions with the school psychiatrist, the man in Boston, that's enough sometimes to straighten a boy out. They hate it just as much as you do."

"I didn't say I hated it. It probably does some good in some cases. But half the time it's just passing the buck. The school is passing the buck. The individual is passing the buck. And that's a God-damn dangerous habit for a boy to get into in prep school."

"Yes, it is."

"And a lot of parents pass the buck when their kids start acting up."

"Indeed they do, and thank you for saving me the trouble of reminding you of that fact."

"Have I passed the buck? I don't think I have. I've always laid it on the line with my kid."

"That can be a form of buck-passing. Parents dump a lot of ugly facts in a sixteen-year-old boy's lap, and expect him to cope with them as an adult would."

"Bud is eighteen, and he has a few ugly facts of life of his own. He's plenty tough. I'm sorry, Spike, but what I'm up here for is going to have to be between Bud and I."

"You know, Sam, you make me shudder when you say 'between Bud and I.' Why can't you say 'between Bud and me'? It was drummed into you when you were here. A thing called the objective case."

"I'm afraid it's a little late to change my bad grammar. And anyway that's not what I came up here for."

"I know," said McFadden. "You want to see Bud." He took a chart out of his desk drawer. "At this precise moment, your son is in Mr. Brissac's custody. French class. A subject in which your son has excelled. At least to the point of the Gentleman's 'C' all the time he's been here."

"That's his mother. Nina spoke French to them from the time they were born, he and his sister."

"I'm sorry about you and Nina, Sam. I was hoping that that was one that would last," said McFadden. He put the chart back in the drawer. "Brissac is in Room 4, in McNaughton. Class will be over in seven more minutes. Then they make a beeline for the Jinx."

"They called it the Jinx when my father was here."

"If you want to take Bud to the Inn for lunch, I suggest you wait for him outside McNaughton. He has to be back for a one-twenty class."

"Whatever the class is, I'm sure he'll be looking forward to it."

"Will you be coming back here? Unfortunately I have a meeting at one-thirty that's going to last most of the afternoon, but if you'd like to take tea with Judith and me, I know she'd be delighted to see you."

"I didn't even ask you how she was. Remember me to her, will you? Your daughter's at Vassar?"

"Both of them. A junior and a freshman."

"Do they communicate all right?" said Stillman.

"You better get going or you'll have a hard time finding Bud," said McFadden.

"I had to get that in. So long, Spike. Keep punching," said Stillman.

The lawns were grizzly, dried mud; the trees not yet coming to life. Everything was always at least a week later up here than in New Jersey. There were even some lingering patches of snow in the corners of McNaughton and behind the tree trunks where the sun had not reached them. But everything was pretty much the same as it had always been. The only exterior sign of life was the school truck, a half-ton Ford from which a man was unloading packages at Bishop. The truck was fairly new, but Stillman recognized the man. He could not remember the man's name, but he was unmistakably the same very tall, very thin Yankee who had been here thirty years ago and was never known to have spoken a word to any student. Pretty soon now he would be retiring, and no doubt the Head—maybe it would be Spike McFadden—would have the man at his refectory table some Friday night. Just before dessert the Head would shake the little silver bell and call for order. He would get to his feet and make a speech about the man's years of devoted service to the school, in token of which the absent trustees wished to present this shotgun, or this fishing rod, or this leather chair. (The silver humidors and cigarette boxes were reserved for retiring members of the teaching and administrative staff.) The man would get up and thank the Head, make some attempt at humor with a reference to the Jinx, which would be overappreciated by the teachers and by the boys of the First, Second, and Lower Middler forms. The man would be momentarily stunned by his small success as a humorist, and he would have to be rescued by the Head, who would ask for a long cheer for the man. That done, the man would sit down and return to oblivion at half pay for the rest of his days.

Outside the entrance to McNaughton, in the noonday glare, Stillman could hear the simultaneous shufflings of chairs on the classroom floors and the piercing signal of the electric bell. There was a lump in his gut. The first boys out of the building were on the run, the next wave were walking fast, and then came the others. Stillman saw Bud before Bud, coming out into the glare, could see him. He was in earnest conversation with another boy. The other boy was Morton Fuller's son, from St. Louis. Unfortunate. It meant that Stillman would have to have some polite conversation with young Fuller so that he could report to Morton when he saw him two weeks hence.

"Hey, Bud," said Stillman.

"Huh?" The boy was exaggerating his surprise. "Pa? Say, hey. What are you doing up here? Fuller, you know my father? Pa, this is John Fuller. I believe you know his father."

"Hello, John. Yes, I'm seeing your father on the twenty-second. Have you any message for him?"

"No sir, I don't guess so," said Fuller. "Well, nice to've seen you, Mr. Stillman."

"I'll tell your father you were looking well."

The boy went away.

"Wish you hadn't said that, Pa. He's sensitive."

"About what?" said Stillman.

"On his chin, where he's all broken out. He'll think you were being sarcastic."

"Oh, nuts," said Stillman. "We're having lunch at the Inn. Do you want to go to your room for anything first? I understand you have to be in class at one-twenty."

"Well, I'll either have to go there now and get my books for afternoon classes, or else how long is this going to take?"

"How long is this going to *take?* I'm not going to cut your leg off," said the father. He looked at his wristwatch.

"That's good. I'll need it tomorrow. We're playing Belmont Hill."

"We should be all through by one o'clock. That ought to give you time to get your books. So what's it to be?"

"How do you mean?"

"Get your books now, or later?"

"I thought that was all decided. We'll have lunch first," said Bud. "Do we walk? You drove up, didn't you?"

"Would you like to drive to the Inn?"

"I'm not supposed to drive a car within five miles of school."

"Oh, all right, then I'll drive. I don't feel like walking. I got up at six o'clock this morning, and it takes it out of you, this drive. Not to mention the fact that I have to go back again this afternoon. You said you were playing Belmont Hill. What in?"

"Baseball."

"I thought you weren't going out for baseball this year. That's what you told me at Christmas."

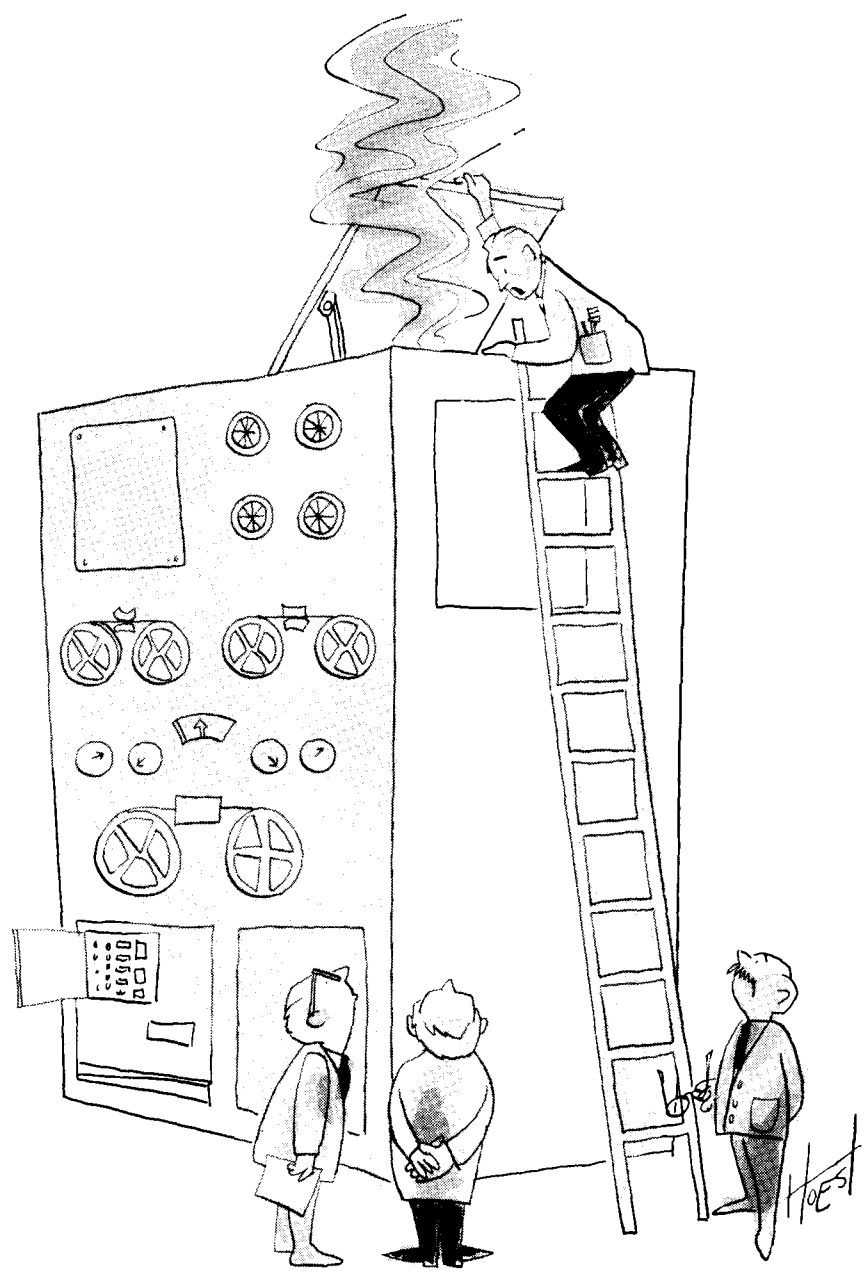
"I know. But about the only damn thing I've been able to do at this place is get letters in baseball. I have two, so I decided to make it three."

"There's the car."

"I see it, yeah. Surrounded by my cohorts. God, you'd think they never saw a Bentley before. How's Uncle Chubby? I hear he's going to give the school a new gym."

"He's offered to, but they'd rather have the money and use it for something else."

"God, how stupid can they get? Typical of this place. They'll finally end up getting nothing."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"As near as I can make out, it committed suicide."

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"Very smart of you. I think you may be right."

"Not that I would have got anything out of a new gym. I'll be God knows where by the time one would get built. But it's just so typical of this place." They had reached the car. "All right, you guys. Get your filthy grubby hands off my car. Go on, Eckstrom, get lost. Williams, didn't you ever see a Bentley before?"

"Hey, Stillman?" said a boy.

"What?" said Bud.

The boy made the rudest possible noise.

"The same to you," said Bud.

Another boy approached them. "Hello, Mr. Stillman. I'm Tony Lucas. I visited your house last summer. You knew my mother. Was Marjorie Hartman, from Philadelphia."

"Oh, sure. I remember you, too. Didn't you have your arm in a sling?"

"That's right, sir. I had a broken wrist."

"All recovered now?"

"Yes sir. Well, just wanted to say hello. Hyuh, Bud."

"Hello," said Bud. "All ready, Pa?"

"Remember me to your mother, Tony."

"Oh, well she died, you know," said Lucas.

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Stillman.

"Two years ago, don't you remember, we talked about her?"

"That's right, we did. I do remember, of course. Well, are you ready, Bud?"

They got in the car, and a silent, admiring group of boys watched them leave.

"Why don't you like Lucas? He seemed like a darn nice boy."

"Oh, let's not go into that."

"Well, *let's* go into it," said Stillman. "Why do you dislike a boy that you had to the house last summer? Didn't you like him then?"

"No. I never liked him. I didn't really invite him to our house. He practically invited himself. He was determined to meet you and see what kind of place we lived in. Ever since I've been here he's been asking me all about you. I guess his mother must have talked about you. He isn't my half brother by any chance, is he?"

"No, he is not your half brother."

"Thank God for that, anyway. There's a guy in my class that does have a half brother in school. Illegitimate."

"Come off it. No matter what you think of the place, I assure you there are no illegitimate boys accepted."

"I don't mean that kind of illegitimate. These are two boys that have the same father. The one boy's father isn't his real father. In other words, Jack Mountley's father is also Charley Rensinger's father."

"That's an old, old story, Bud, and I never believed it. You come up with some very tired gossip, I must say. The fact of the matter is that Mr. and Mrs. Rensinger are still married, and if you knew the first thing about Stanley Rensinger you'd know he wouldn't have stayed married if there'd been any truth whatsoever to that story."

"Mrs. Rensinger has the money."

"That's what I mean about your not knowing Stanley Rensinger. That wouldn't have made the slightest difference to him."

"Charley Rensinger believes it," said Bud.

"Then *he's* a jerk. He believes it because he wants to, because the Mountleys are more social than the Rensingers."

"Oh, boy, are *you* wrong. Charley's about as unsocial as anybody in school. You should see him."

"I don't want to see him. Anybody that would rather have Jack Mountley for a father than Stanley Rensinger."

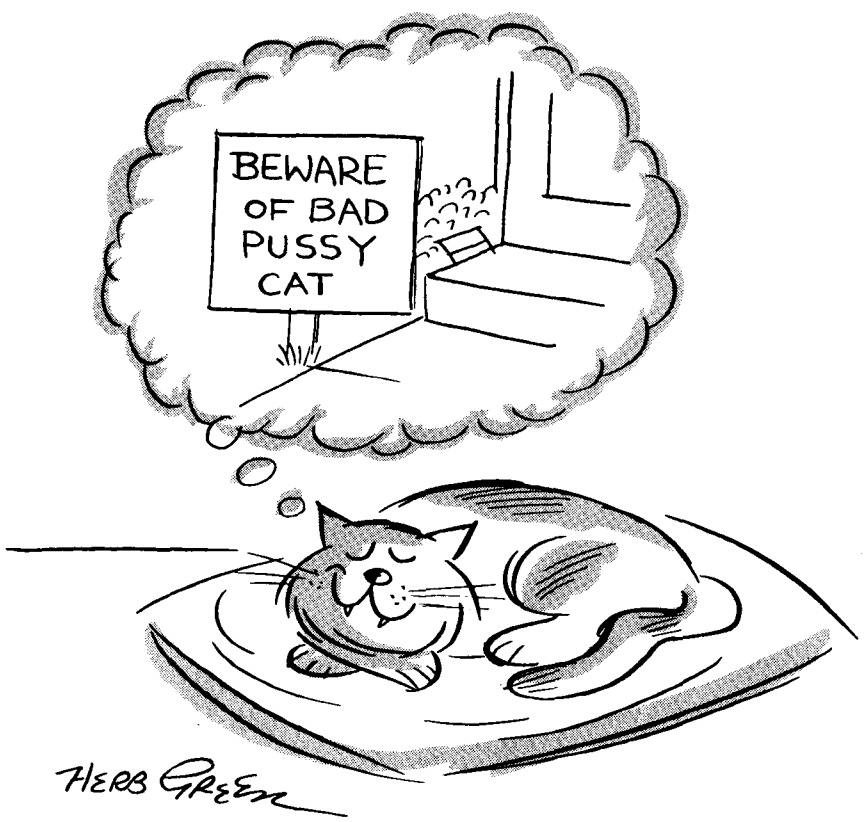
"I thought Mr. Mountley was supposed to be a friend of yours."

"Mr. Mountley is a rich boor. Not a bore. A boor."

"I know the difference."

"He's getting to be a bore, too. But he was always a boor. Our fault. We let him get away with it for so many years because he was so *God*damn rich, and a good-time Charley, and everybody liked his father. Well, the hell with the Mountleys. We haven't got all day, and I have a lot to talk to you about. I'll be in the dining room, if you want to wash. Or do you want to order and then wash? It'd save time."

"Can I have a steak?"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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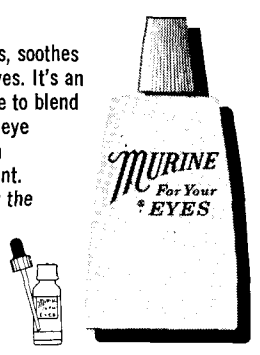

Handy new squeeze bottle. Also glass bottle with dropper.

The Murine Co., Inc., Chicago, U.S.A. Trademarks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

"Sure you can have a steak. How do you want it?"

"Medium rare. And a glass of milk. Real milk, not that watery stuff we get."

"All right. I'll see you in the dining room," said Stillman.

They were the first and quite probably would be the only luncheon guests. The Inn was now a member of a hotel chain. The menu did not identify the Inn separately from the others, and Stillman presumed that he could go to any of fourteen hotels and the bill of fare would be the same.

"Yes sir?" said the waitress.

"Good morning," said Stillman.

"Good morning," said the waitress, and could have added, "If you insist."

"I'm ordering for two. My son will be along in a minute. He wants a steak, medium rare. And a large glass of milk. Whole milk. Not skimmed. I'll have a club sandwich and coffee."

"On the steak, do you want the regular steak dinner? Number Four? That's the five-fifty, including choice of super-appetizer ——"

"What is a super-appetizer?" said Stillman.

"Soup *or* appetizer. *Or.* Like it says. Tomato juice, V-8, soup da djoor. The soup da djoor today is—I'll have to find out. I just came on. Then with the steak goes choice of two vegetables, and the mixed green salad."

"I suggest you bring him a cup of soup and order the steak, and get the rest of his order when you bring the soup."

"You don't want to give me the whole order now?" she said.

"I'd dearly love to, but I don't know what he wants."

"All right. And you just want the club sandwich. If you order the Number Eight you're entitled to appetizer, dessert and beverage."

"Just the sandwich and coffee, please. All white meat, by the way."

"Oh, well, that'll be extra."

"The sky's the limit," he said, and for some reason, or no reason, his remark made her laugh. "And now I'll be excused," he said.

"Taking turns, huh?" said the waitress.

"Very well put. What's happened to Mr. Colby? I didn't see him on the way in."

"Retired, I guess. I only been here since January. You mean the Colby that used to be the manager. Yes, I think he retired. Mr. Chickering is the new manager now, but he's not in today."

"Probably visiting the Steinways," said Stillman.

"I don't know. I don't know who his friends are. You *know* Chickering?"

"Through the Masons and the Hamlins. Here's my son. He can complete his order," said Stillman. He got up and went to the men's room, unable to explain to himself the silliness that had come over him, the kind of lightheadedness that he had sometimes experienced in his skiing days and sometimes when a day at the office had been especially exhausting. It came out today as petulance turned to a good-humored ribbing of the waitress, but he wondered how long the good humor would last.

Bud had finished his soup and was eating heavily buttered saltines. "You ought to see the skinny little pieces of butter they give us," said Bud. "Even when they give us baked potatoes Wednesday night, the same little slice of butter that isn't enough for a piece of toast."

"Here, have mine. I'm having a club sandwich. I won't need it."

"Thanks," said Bud. "What is it, Pa? My marks?"

"That I came to see you about? No. I think I've exhausted that topic in my letters. *I* have. Not you. You've written me twice since September. No, I didn't come to talk about your marks."

The waitress arrived with a large tray. "I inquired about Mr. Colby," she said. "The chef said he understood Colby got a job at some factory, running the cafeteria. It's some address in North Carolina. Do you want me to get it for you?"

"No, thank you."

"Medium rare, the steak. All white meat, the club sandwich. That's thirty-five cents extra, the all white meat. Homogenized, the milk. The sky's the limit today, hey?" said the waitress.

"Sky's the limit," said Stillman.

"Nothing too good for the younger generation," said the waitress. "I'll get you another pad of butter, young man. They love to eat butter. I can always tell one from the school. *They* don't waste any butter."

"Thank you, Lillian. You're doing fine," said Stillman.

"Saw my name on the pocket, hey? Only I'm not Lillian. I'm wearing Lillian's uniform because mine didn't come from the laundry. My name happens to be Lucille. Starts with an l and has the same number of l's in it. There was some mixup at the laundry. Your friend Colby was very lucky. The new job pays more than what he was getting here, and I guess the weather in North Carolina's an improvement over what we have generally. I'll bring the younger generation an extra pad of butter."

"Never mind, really, thanks," said Bud.

"Whatever you say," she said, and left.

"Christ, what did you do? Pat her on the behind?" said Bud.

"I don't pat waitresses on the behind. Do you?"

"Well, not that one anyway," said Bud. "If I felt like it I probably would, but not that one."

"The fact that you suspect me of making passes at waitresses, leads me to believe that your opinion of me has changed recently. Has it, and if so, why?"

"Is that what you came to talk about?"

"The general area," said Stillman.

"I thought so. If it wasn't my marks. You mean about you and Mother?"

"Yes. And you. I would like to know why you told your mother that I was having an affair with Mrs. Connor."

"True, isn't it?"

"You answer my question, please. I'm curious to know why a son would want to make trouble between his mother and father. Outsiders passing along gossip, I can understand. The world is full of such people, especially when they see a marriage lasting as long as ours did. Envious people. I dismiss them. There'll always be that kind, there always have been. Read your Shakespeare. But I never knew a son before that did what you did, and it's very important for me to know why."

"I had my reasons," said Bud.

"All right. Let me hear them. That's why I'm here," said Stillman.

"I don't want to talk with my mouth full."

"Since when? All right, finish your steak. How is it? Is it done right?"

"It's a little too rare, but I'll eat it."

"The bacon in this isn't crisp enough, either. I should have told her. Lucille."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Stillman sipped some coffee and lit a cigarette. "One of the first shows I ever went to was called *La La Lucille*. I don't remember a damn thing about it. Except one tune. *Nobody But You*. By George Gershwin."

"That's all I want," said Bud.

"How about dessert? You have your choice of ——"

"No thanks. I'm laying off the sweets."

"Do you want some more milk?"

"Nothing," said Bud.

"Then let's get started again," said Stillman. "I could have written you a letter about this, but your record for answering letters isn't very good, except when you want something. Now it's my turn to want something. A straight, honest answer to my previous question. What prompted you to go to your mother with your prep-school gossip?"

"I thought she ought to know."

"You did? It never occurred to you to come to me first?"

"You would have denied it, naturally."

"Nevertheless the honorable thing to do would have been to ask me if it was true. You'd never heard any such talk before."

"Maybe not, but that doesn't prove you never played around before. For all I knew, you'd been playing around all your life. This just happened to be the first time I ever heard about it."

"So you promptly went tattling to mummy. Jesus Christ."

"Not promptly. I thought about it. I thought about it a lot."

"And convinced yourself that the righteous thing to do was to add a little fuel to the fire. Well, you did. If there was any chance of your mother and I working something out, you plumbered it. As she said, if our son knows about it and feels so strongly, what's the use? That was the clincher. After that, after you went blabbing to her, all bets were off. But why? What do you get out of it? Is this your way of getting even with me?"

"For what?"

"For times that I've had to punish you. Times I refused you things."

"That's not why I did it."

"Then for Christ's sake tell me why you did it," said Stillman. "I'm glad to hear there's some reason, whatever it is."

"I didn't think you were good enough for her," said Bud.

"I see. When did you come to that conclusion?"

"A long time ago. I never liked the way you treated her."

"Be specific. What did you object to?"

"I knew you were going to ask me that," said Bud.

"And you don't seem to have an answer. Well, we can rule out the usual things. I didn't beat her. I wasn't a lush. I wasn't mean about money. And I didn't go on the make for her friends. Those are the usual complaints, but in this case they didn't apply. Or do you think they did?"

"Not as far as I know, they didn't."

"Well, let's go on to Phase Two. The less obvious. Was I disrespectful to her?"

"Not exactly."

"Not exactly. But sort of?"

"Yes," said Bud.

"How?"

"Well, this woman you're playing around with in New York."

"Now wait a minute, Bud. We were talking about way back. A long time ago, you said. You came to the conclusion that I wasn't good enough for your mother a long time ago. That was years before you had any knowledge of my interest in another woman. How was I disrespectful to your mother a long time ago, that finally resulted in your turning fink, I believe you'd call it?"

"Oh, lay off. You know you weren't respectful to her. I don't have to tell you *how* you weren't. You just weren't. You were always putting her on. You and that waitress. She told me you were a great kidder. That's the same way you used to treat Mother, as if she was some waitress."

"That's your version of it. Why don't you come out with a straightforward answer? Why don't you tell me that you don't like me and haven't since you were about fourteen years old? Why do you kid yourself with this pious nonsense about my disrespectful treatment of your dear mother? My treatment of your mother had nothing to do with it. It was just you and I, Bud. The usual hostility between father and son. The rest is hypocritical nonsense."

The son did not speak.

"I knew this was the way it would be when I started out this morning," said Stillman. "But I had to make the trip, to see if you had anything at all to say for yourself. And you haven't. Well, you're eighteen years old. Not a kid anymore. Old enough to make trouble, and you've made it. Your mother is divorcing me. I suppose you knew that."

"Yes."

"The harm's done. Not all by you, but you did your little share. I won't be up for graduation, which shouldn't surprise you. In fact I never expect to see this place again. Not even when Mr. McFadden becomes the Head. As far as that goes, I won't be seeing as much of *you*. You'll be living with your mother, and I guess you'll be going to college somewhere."

"Not New Haven. You knew that."

"I knew that. Then you'll have to do your army. So there's no telling when I'm likely to see you again. However, let's hope something can be salvaged from this trip, from this whole damned thing. As far as you and I are concerned, I don't see much of a future. But maybe you'll learn to keep your trap shut. I know I wouldn't like to go through life knowing I'd helped to break up my parents' marriage."

"Is that all?" said Bud.

"Yes, that's all," said his father.

"Then I think I'd like to go back to my room."

"Got some letters to write, I suppose," said Stillman. He laughed.

"What's so funny about that?"

"Private joke," said Stillman. "Goodbye, and good luck."

"The same to you, sir." The boy left without shaking hands, and the father waved to the waitress.

"May I have the check, please?"

"The boy not coming back?"

"No, not coming back," said Stillman. "Do you suppose I could have a room for a few hours, to take a nap? I have a long drive ahead."

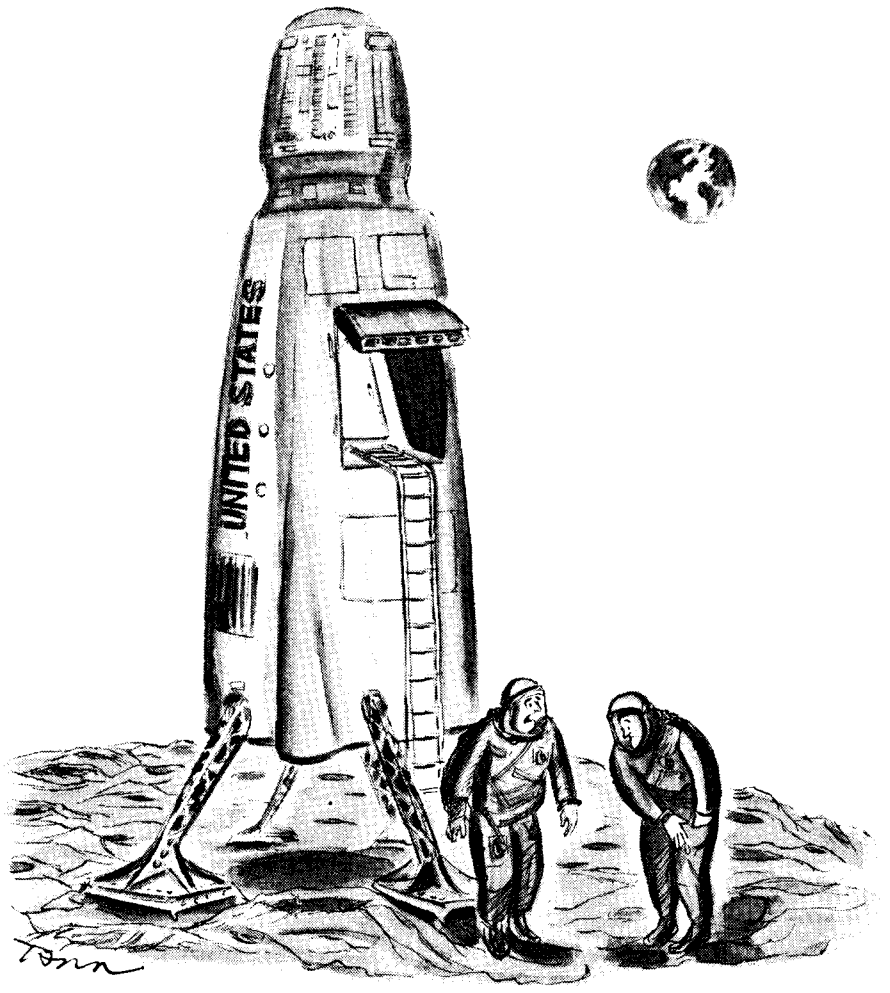
"As far as I know, there's only three rooms occupied. Tonight there'll be more, but today's very quiet. Even the manager took the day off."

"I know. Mr. Chickering. Is he upright—Mr. Chickering?"

"Oh, is he!"

"That's grand," said Stillman. "Lucille, did you ever know that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angle triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides?"

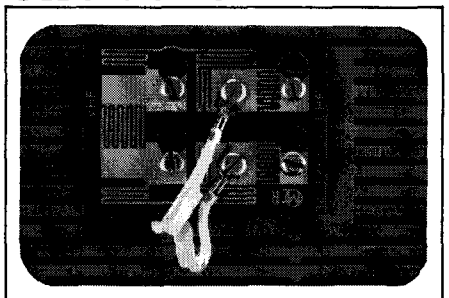
"Oh, sure. Everybody knows that. You better get your nap. You're getting lightheaded," she said. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Wadd'ya mean, you lost the key, and that's the only one they gave you?"

Here's how new Sylvania portable TV gets ALL channels with only one antenna



This exclusive Signal Separator Circuit (Patent pending) does it! Now Sylvania's built-in dipole antenna does all the work. You don't have to *buy* an extra antenna to bring in both UHF and VHF. And you don't have to *pay* for loops that clutter the back.

This Portable is almost all screen—elegantly attached to a handle. The 19"* picture is the right size for portable convenience and program enjoyment.

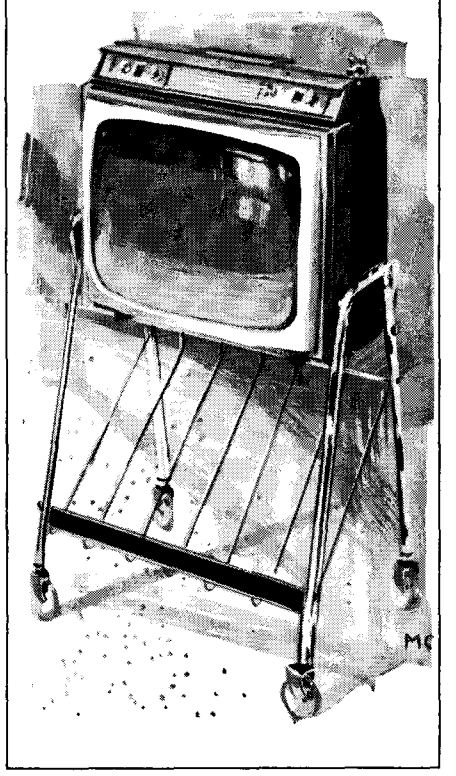
Controls are neatly and conveniently in front. And the back is fashion-finished.

You'll get great pictures on all channels. A transistorized noise suppressor stabilizes picture and sound against interference. A new kind of tube in Sylvania's Power Stream Chassis means longer set life. Sharper pictures even in fringe areas.

The optional "Curtain-Timer" clock presets the TV to go on when your favorite show's on, go off when you doze off. Optional roll-anywhere cart, too.

This is Sylvania's Portable Model 19P41. Look for your Sylvania dealer in the Yellow Pages. Sylvania Home Electronics, Batavia, New York.

*diagonal measure; 174 sq. in. viewing area



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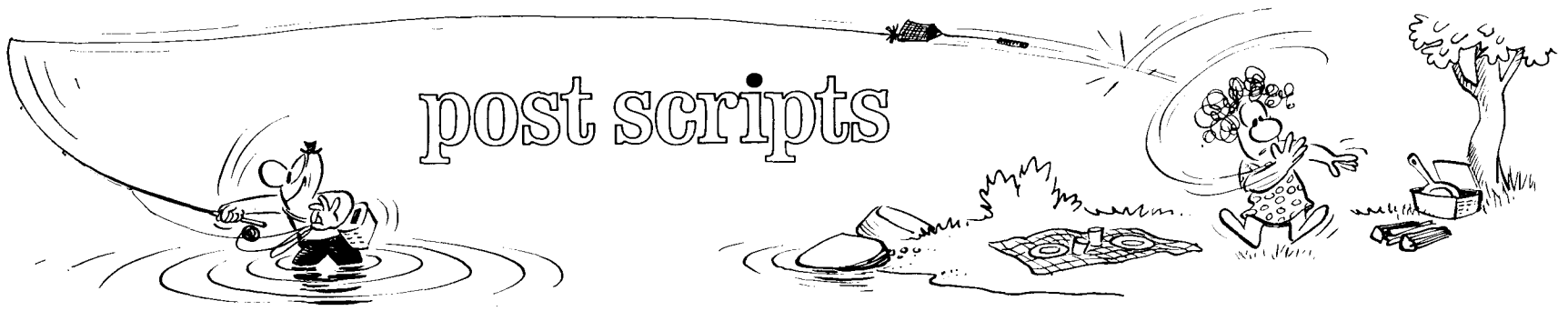
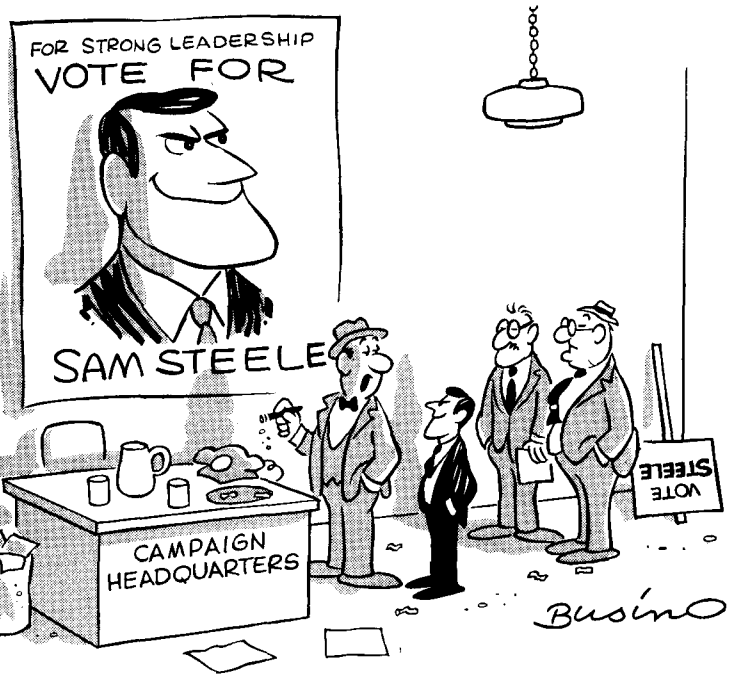
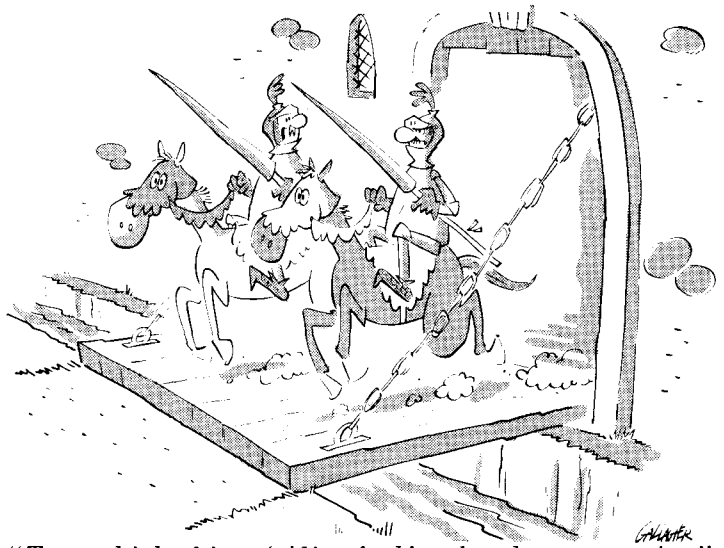
post scripts



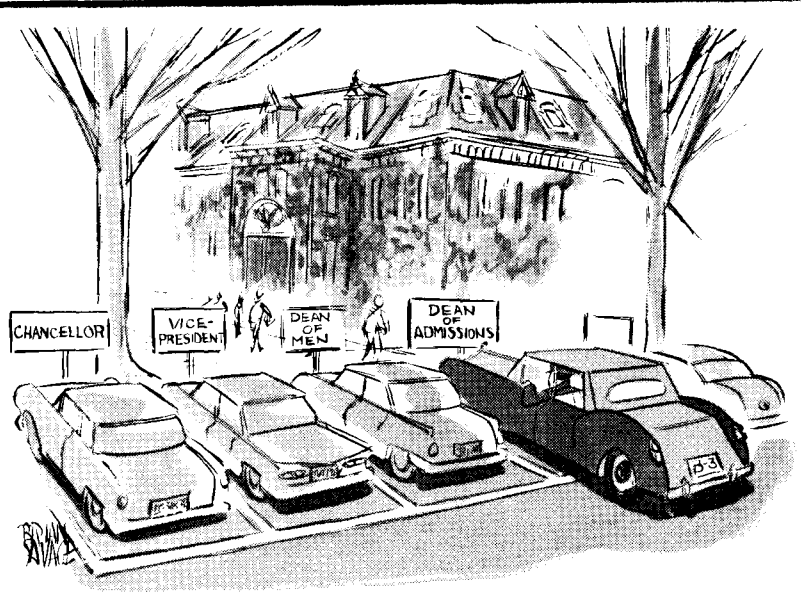


"Just don't make any personal appearances until after the election."

"I still say you should have made her walk the plank with the others."



"Try to think of it as 'riding forth' rather than commuting."



"Well, it looked like soap powder to me. . . . How was I supposed to know it was Jell-O?"

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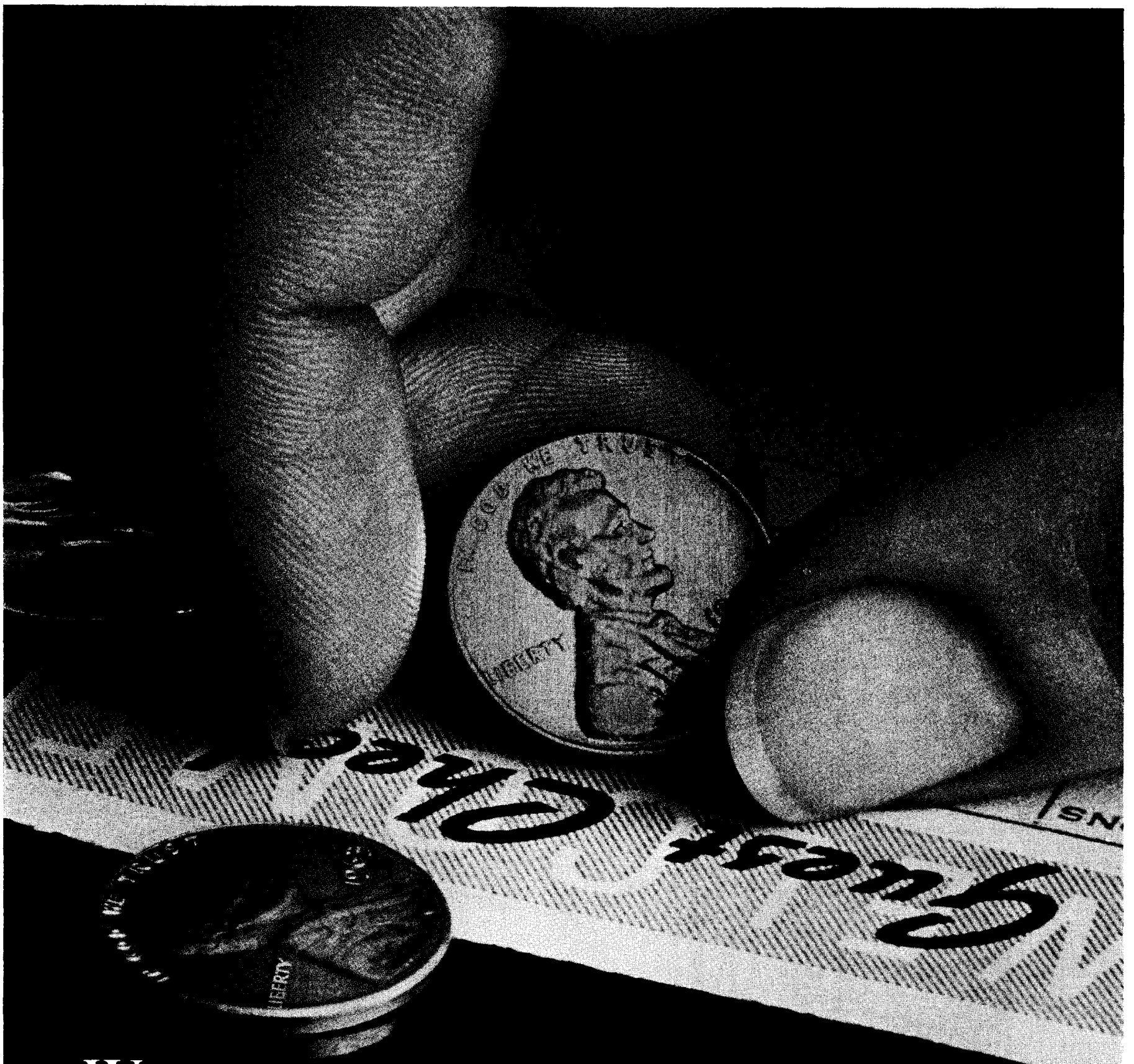
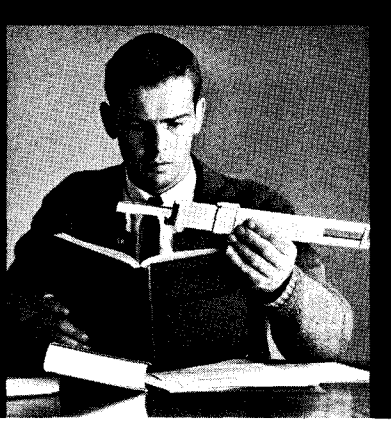


Whenever a Lincoln penny passes through your fingers, remember: You may not be able to save enough to send your children through college without strapping yourself. But, chances are, you can afford a Lincoln Life policy which will pay for your children's education, if you start it early enough. Phone your Lincoln Life agent.



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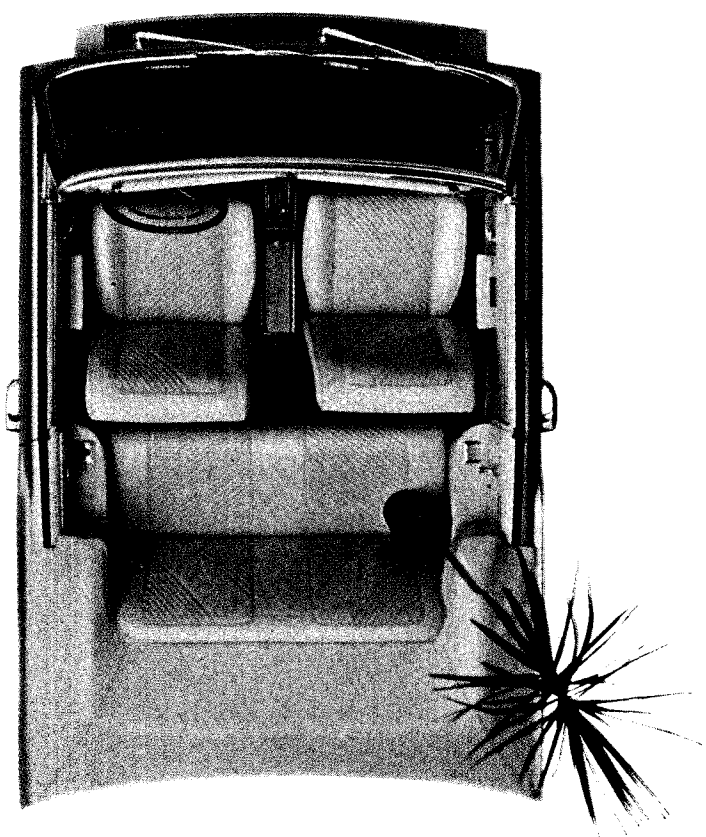

1965: The year of the Quick Wide-Tracks

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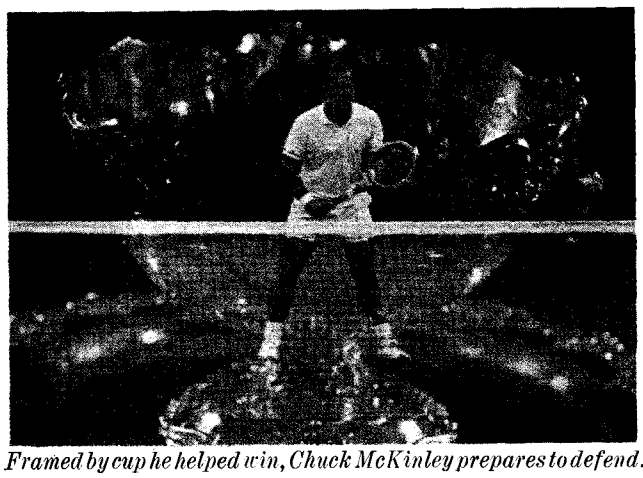
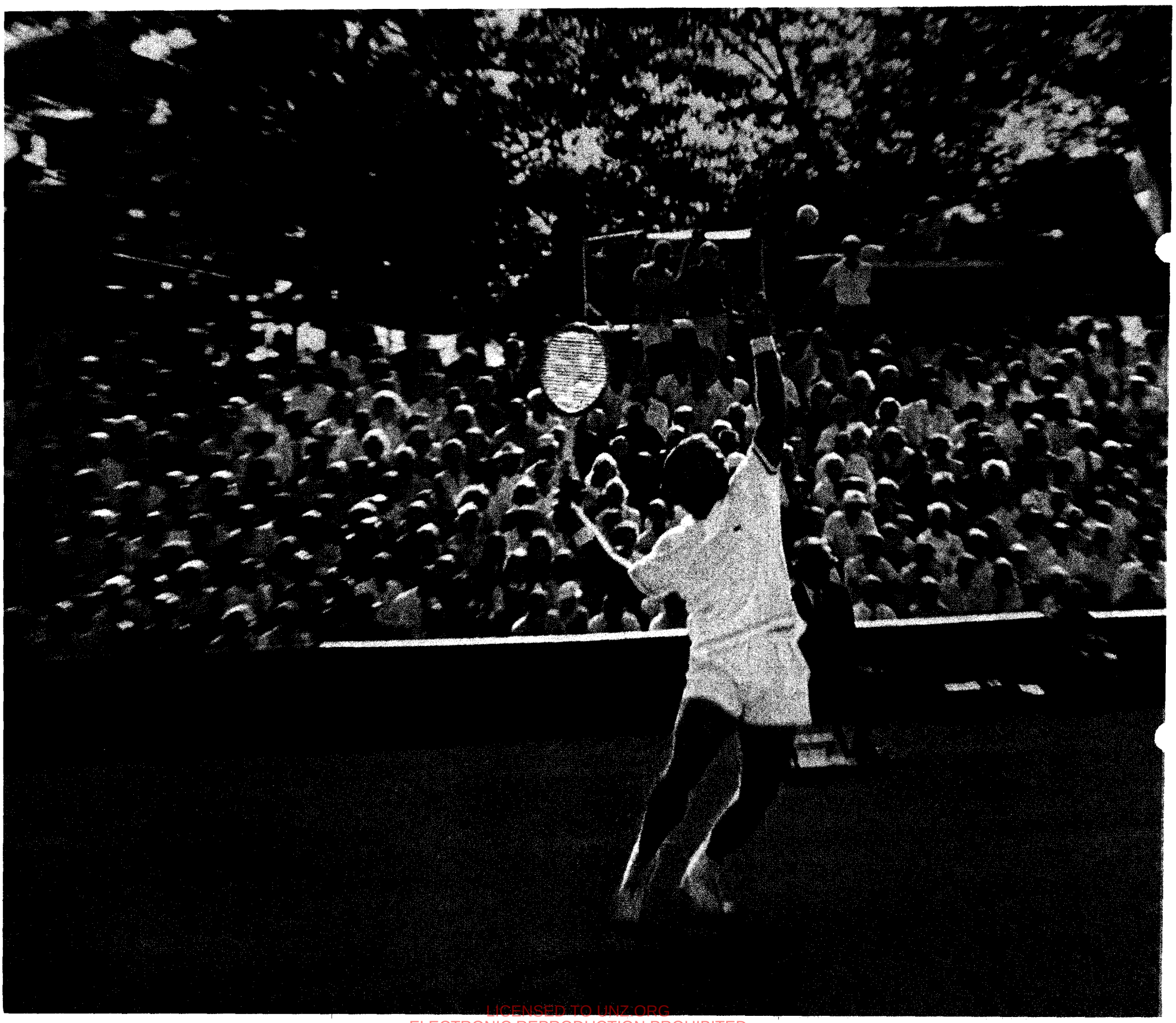


Framed by cup he helped win, Chuck McKinley prepares to defend.

OUR DAVIS CUP RUNNETH

Only a few years ago tennis seemed an Australian

cup is back—and a good young U. S. team



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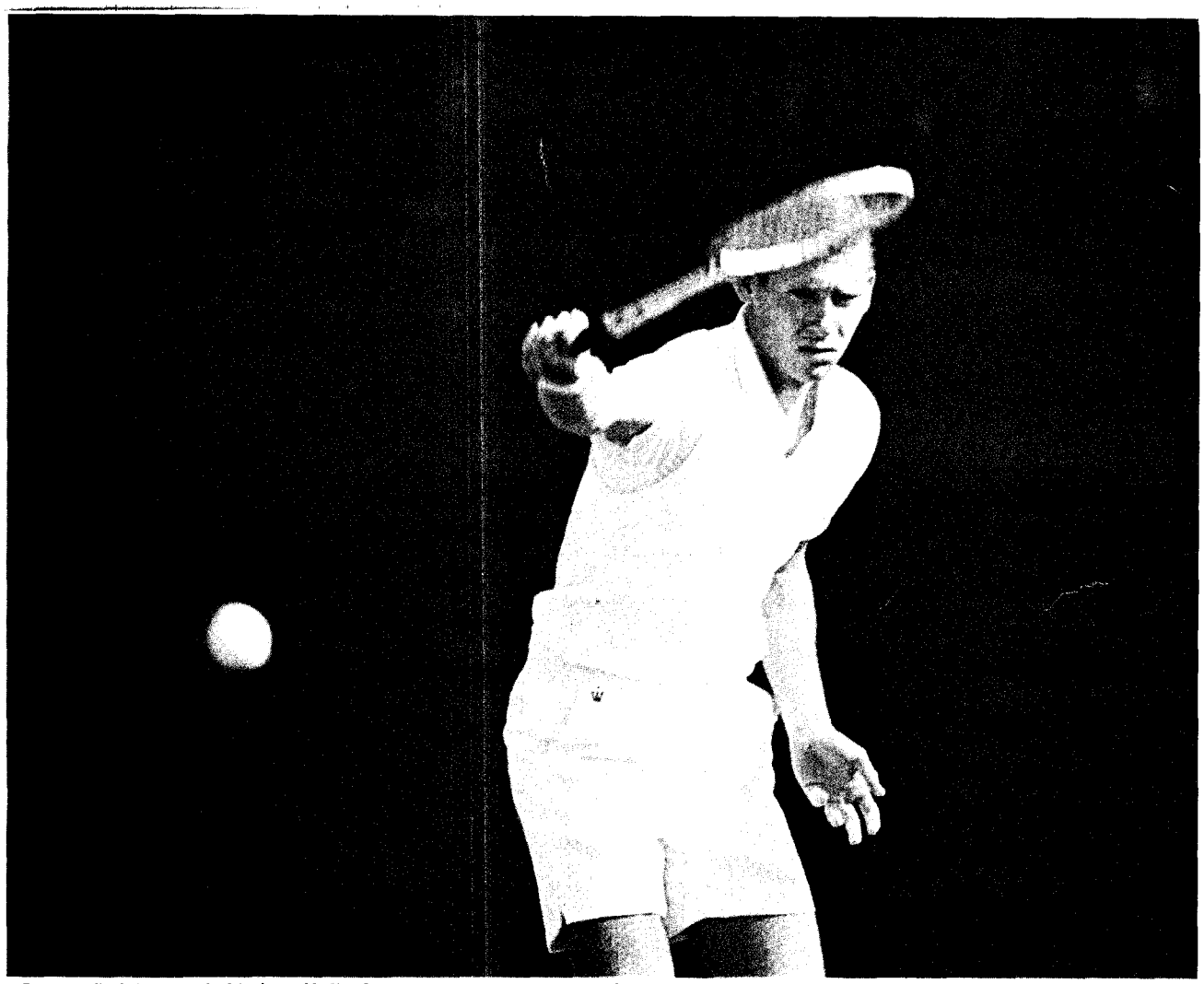
OVER

monopoly. But now the

may keep it here.



Dennis Ralston, probably best U.S. player, suffers from weak ankle and sometimes uncontrollable temper.

By Roger Kahn

Within very recent memory, American amateur tennis seemed likely to join bearbaiting and six-day bicycle racing in the crowded necrology of sport. The biggest amateur stars were all turning professional. The rich men, who ran amateur tennis, spoke out against money. Few appealing youthful prospects were in sight. And thousands yawned.

Since then, American amateur tennis has hardly become the national pastime. But it survived, which is remarkable in itself, and it has even prospered somewhat. "I don't have any illusions," remarks E. Victor Seixas Jr., a controlled and quiet man of 41, who is U.S. Davis Cup captain. "Tennis is not a mass sport like baseball or football, and it isn't likely that it ever will be. But the crowds I've seen this summer seem slightly larger than in recent years. I'd say the future looks pretty fair."

This restrained cheer, which seems to represent Seixas's long-term viewpoint, applies equally to the next few days. For this week's Davis Cup matches against Australia, Seixas has Dennis Ralston, 22, and Chuck McKinley, 23, who are probably as good as any amateurs in the world. The U.S. won the Davis Cup nine months ago in Adelaide when Ralston and McKinley each took a singles match and teamed up to win the doubles. If they are both at their best, they could keep the great silver jug in this country for some years to come. They are not great players, but they are very, very good and may make us forget that in the Davis Cup matches two years ago, the U.S. could not even get past Mexico into the finals.

The gloomy past was dramatically erased on the afternoon of December 28, 1963, as Chuck McKinley took his position behind the baseline in Adelaide's Memorial Drive Stadium. The silence was broken only by the cries of magpies and the honks of ducks cruising on nearby Lake Torrens. McKinley tossed the ball and smashed it hard toward the backhand of Australia's John Newcombe. Newcombe, who was 19, could not return the service, and umpire Phil Read called strongly, "Game, set, match and cup to the United States." Since Australia had won the cup 11 times in 13 years, Read's bellow had a strange, if pleasant, ring.

To many Americans the previous failures were surprising because the predominant history of the Davis Cup has been one of U.S. success. Since Dwight Davis, a lawyer and amateur tennis star, put the 360-pound trophy into competition in 1900, U.S. players have won it 19 times. In the 1920's there was Big Bill Tilden; in the 1930's came Don Budge, and in the 1940's there was Jack Kramer.

Kramer was rangy, strong, tough, loved poker, and remained a tennis amateur until he realized that there was more money to be made as a pro. He turned professional after the U.S. defeated Australia in the 1947 cup matches and, as was the custom then, set off on a two-man pro tour. Presently, Kramer was playing tennis nightly, and cards around the clock, with Bobby Riggs, a tennis champion and sharp operator of the late 1930's and early 1940's who had been running the professional circuit.

According to a story Kramer will not deny, the two men sat raising each other far into one evening. Finally Riggs said, "I can't raise you any more, Jake."

"Why not?"

"I got nothing left to bet."

"Hell," Jake Kramer said, "you got the tour."

"I call," Riggs said. As Kramer was sitting on a full house, he became sole proprietor of World Tennis, Inc.

Before a packed gallery at Longwood Cricket Club, McKinley serves in National Doubles Tournament he and Ralston won.

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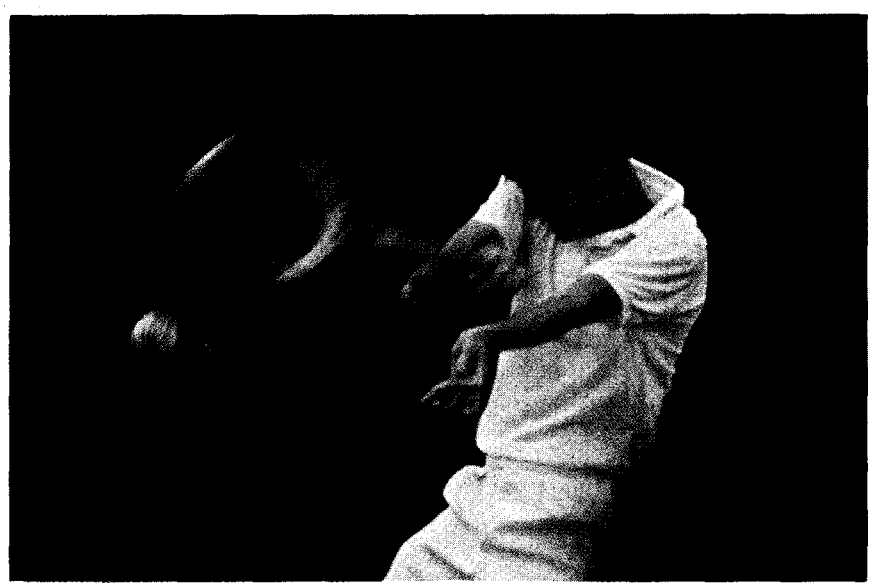
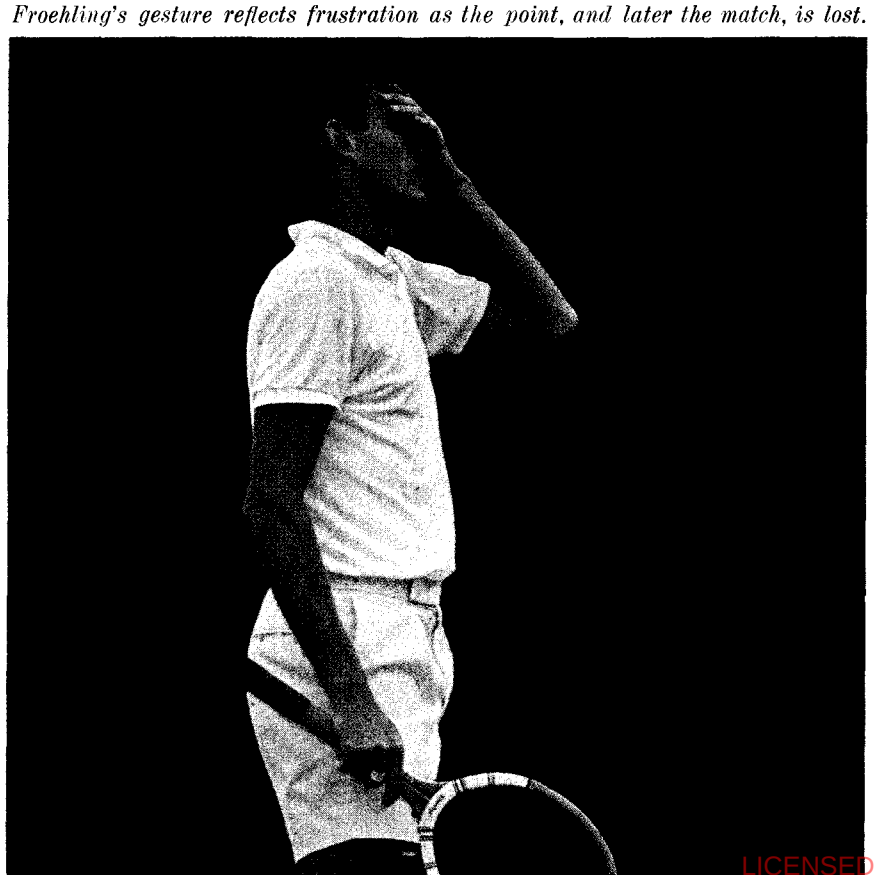
Capt. Vic Seixas: "No cycle lasts forever, and the Australian one seems to be about played out."

Frank Froehling, fighting to make team, tenses for Ralston serve in doubles match.



Thrown off balance by overpowering serve, Froehling strains to make forehand return.

Froehling's gesture reflects frustration as the point, and later the match, is lost.



Davis Cup Runneth Over

Kramer signed players as shrewdly as he played poker, and professional tennis boomed. Once two players had constituted a tour. Kramer signed players by the stable. At times he had two different sets of six-man groups touring on different continents. It was big business, at least by tennis standards, but what was good for Kramer was not necessarily good for American amateur tennis.

Kramer used the amateurs as a farm system, just as the major leagues in baseball use the minor leagues as farms. But where the majors help support the minors, Kramer had nothing to do with sponsoring amateur tournaments. He simply waited for an amateur player to develop a significant following, then signed him to a long-term contract, explaining coolly that this newest wonder boy might become a pretty fair pro "with a little seasoning."

Thus Kramer effectively took from amateur tennis its biggest drawing cards (Richard "Pancho" Gonzalez, Tony Trabert, Lew Hoad, Ken Rosewall) and effectively ran down the amateur game. As materialist philosophers like to point out, professionals tend to be better than amateurs. A fine amateur, moving among pros for the first time, is almost always slaughtered. It hardly helped amateur attendance when someone who had just won the amateur championship went up against Gonzalez and lost in straight sets.

Proponents of amateur tennis blamed Kramer for the sport's declining fortunes, but recently it has become clear that the real trouble was that America was not winning the Davis Cup.

"Of course Kramer took the cream," says Seixas, "but I think it was just an accident that he did it at a time when the American game couldn't stand it. Australia was in the middle of a boom. After Kramer took Rosewall and Hoad, the Australians came up with Cooper and Anderson. Kramer signed them, and they came up with Laver and Fraser. But no cycle lasts forever and the Australian one seems about played out."

At the same time, the professional rosters are now filled. The pros earn money barnstorming, rather than by playing in a series of big established tournaments, and for the present they have no particular need for new talent.

With professional raids ended, at least for the moment, the amateur game has been able to gain a degree of stability. Nobody has been offered a six-figure contract in years. This has been fortunate for the U.S., since the most obviously improving amateurs seem to be Americans. Denny Ralston, six-feet-two and 170 pounds, is a powerful young Californian without a major weakness (unless it is his left ankle, which he has sprained several times, and which forced him to withdraw from one major tournament this summer and undoubtedly led to his defeat in another). Ralston has a strong serve and both his forehand and backhand are excellent. His speed, when his ankle is healthy, is fine. Ralston's principal problem is not ability; it is discipline.

The etiquette of tennis, firmly established in the early days of this century, has survived the ensuing advances of rudeness on other fronts, and players are expected to conduct themselves as befits gentlemen of breeding. Ralston has sometimes cursed while playing, and sometimes beaten his racket against the net in fury. These actions led to a suspension three years ago.

In the analysis of many, Ralston must learn to channel his emotions. "The idea," Seixas says, "is to get your emotions to work for you, not against you." Thus, anger at a close call is better put into a service ace than into muttering. When Ralston masters his emotions, he will probably become the best amateur in the world. On any given day, he already is.

McKinley is fast and powerful, more mature than Ralston, but handicapped by the lack of a big serve. (Big serves come with height and McKinley stands only five-feet-eight.) To compensate, this stocky Texan has become a furious net rusher. He also has great stamina.

When these two teamed to bring the cup back to America, interest in amateur tennis revived at once, and with that interest have come a few changes. For one thing, Davis Cup matches have traditionally been the property of the eastern United States, and ever since the war our defenses have all been staged in that bastion of conservatism, the West Side Tennis Club, in Forest Hills, N.Y.

This year, possibly to the surprise of the Forest Hills group, the matches are being held in Cleveland. Robert Malaga, an attorney who practices law and tennis around Cleveland, organized municipal committees which offered the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association a guarantee of $60,000 for the cup matches. The West Side Tennis Club refused to make any guarantee, Malaga's group won the day, and our heroes will take their stand in Ohio, not New York.

Aside from McKinley and Ralston, who may play all the matches themselves, the American squad consists of Clark Graebner, Frank Froehling III, Martin Riessen, Arthur Ashe Jr., and Charles Pasarell Jr. Seixas's approach to the squad is essentially calm. He imposes no curfew and holds few team pep talks. "The truth," he said, "is that tennis is not a team game."

Nor is it a big game, either. "I've played at Forest Hills since 1939," Seixas says, "and during all that time I've seen the stands filled exactly twice." Although people talk about huge tennis crowds, the Forest Hills arena holds about 14,500. Thus a "huge" tennis crowd would be lost in a Big Ten football stadium.

It's a nice little sport with its courtesies and white costumes, perhaps best left at that. A great many Americans play it—between seven and a half and eight million, says the U.S.L.T.A.—but few make any money at it. "Ralston," Mexican star Rafael Osuna has said, "is not hungry economically. A man is a fool to go in tennis hungry economically. Baseball, boxing, not tennis. No place for a man like that."

THE END

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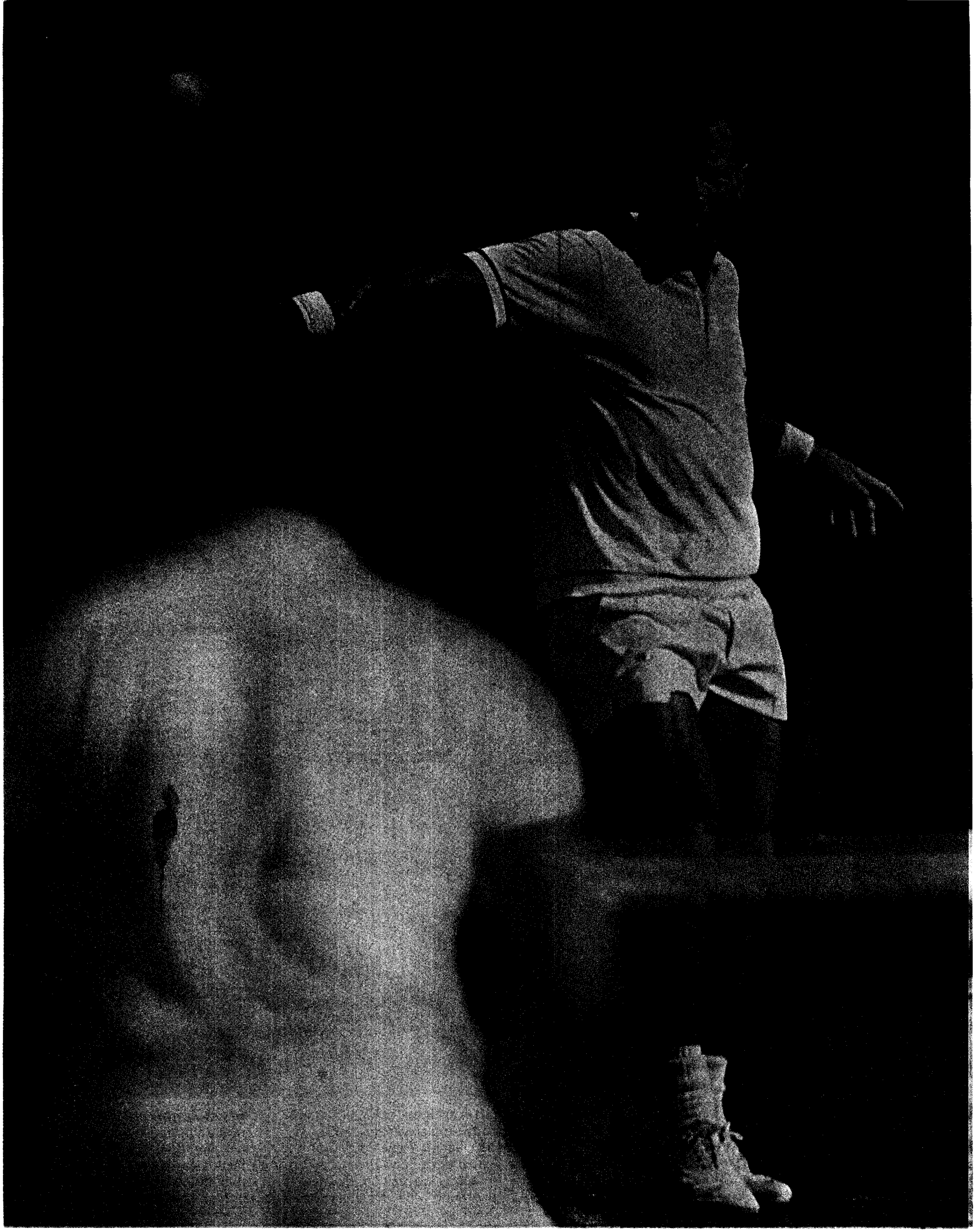

Glistening with perspiration late in a tough match, the tireless McKinley slashes a sharp backhand past man at net.

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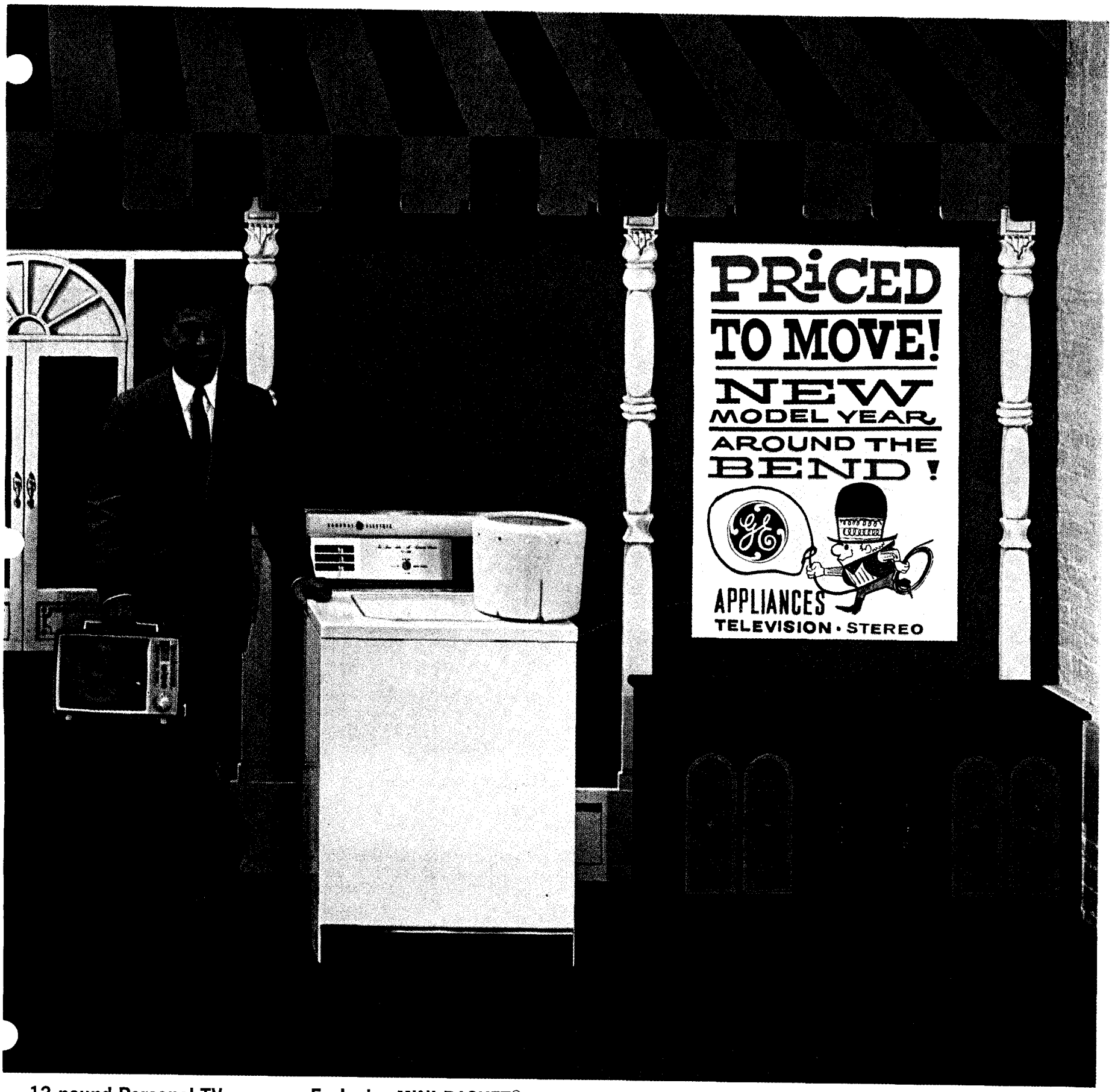

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Mary and Harry Kizirian saw their life savings threatened.

THEIR HOUSE WAS HAUNTED BY ATOMIC GHOSTS

By Fredric C. Appel

DABBLING WITH RADIUM IN HIS BASEMENT LAB, A UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR, LONG DEAD, LEFT A LEGACY THAT HAS BECOME AN ATOMIC-AGE NIGHTMARE

On a rainy afternoon last April a big blue Air Force van, with USAF RADIOLOGICAL LABORATORY prominently lettered on its sides, rolled into the quiet Philadelphia suburb of Lansdowne, Pa.

Police guided the truck to an old, three-story stucco house at 105 East Stratford Avenue, and then barricaded both ends of the narrow, tree-lined street. Workmen immediately set to work erecting extra power lines and a mysterious water tower on the front lawn.

In the following weeks and months workmen wearing gas masks over their faces and cellophane over their shoes moved back and forth between the house and the trucks. Some carried out large hunks of plaster and concrete. Others hauled away dishes, furniture, rugs, tools—each item carefully encased in cellophane. A few items were returned to the house, but most of them went into sealed cartons to be trucked away.

Occasionally the owner of the house, Harry Kizirian, a spare man of 61, could be seen mournfully inspecting the articles being hauled away, and shaking his head over the whole business. For he and his wife, Mary, were in the unfortunate situation of owning a house that was haunted, not by imaginary spirits but by radioactive ghosts.

The atomic spooks literally drove them out of their home and almost out of their minds. The ghosts had to be exorcised in an expensive decontamination process, and they deprived Harry of the tools of his trade. He is a carpenter, and much of his equipment was so tainted that the cellophane-shod workmen had to take it out and bury it.

Harry Kizirian's troubles began in March, 1963, when two men knocked on the sun-porch door.

"We want to check your house," one of them said. "We're on official business." He identified himself as an employee of the Pennsylvania Department of Health and said he was looking for radioactivity.

Harry shrugged. "I don't know anything about that. Go ahead." The men took Geiger counters from their car and proceeded to prowl about the house and grounds. When they finally left, they said only that more investigations would have to be made.

Five days later two other men appeared and repeated the procedure. Still they told the Kizirians nothing.

In August, five months later, a letter arrived. "Dear Mr. and Mrs. Kizirian," it began. "During March, 1963, the Department of Health received information that radium processing had been carried out during the 1930's in the basement of your residence. On March 20–25, 1963, representatives of the department visited the residence to ascertain if radium contamination was still present. Based upon the radiation and contamination surveys performed . . . the department believes that a serious health hazard exists."

The letter explained that the department had attempted to find a law that would authorize it to pay for the cleaning up of the radioactivity. But no such law existed. "Therefore, you are hereby ordered to provide for radioactive decontamination of the premises and removal of radium waste to an approved site," the letter commanded. It also set a deadline of six months to complete the job.

The Kizirians were dumbfounded. How do you decontaminate a radioactive house? And what had the radioactivity done to their health—and that of their daughter and son-in-law and two small grandchildren living upstairs? The Kizirians called a Philadelphia lawyer, Charles Basch, and the three of them began to piece together the bizarre details.

The house had been occupied in the 1930's by a University of Pennsylvania physics professor, Dr. Dicran H. Kabakjian, one of the early researchers on the strange element, radium. Although its dangers were partially understood, there were then few regulations concerning its handling. Doctor Kabakjian had designed several of the early radium-processing plants and had manufactured radium needles for medical uses. His laboratory was in the basement of his home in Lansdowne, where he died in 1945 at the age of 70.

The Kizirians bought the house in 1960 for their semiretirement. Harry wanted to continue carpentry there on a small scale, and they converted the upper story to an apartment for extra income.

Harry had worked hard for this retirement. Born to Armenian parents in Istanbul, Turkey, in 1903, he lost most of his family during the Turks' Armenian massacres before and during World War I. After the war he left Turkey and settled in Philadelphia. There he set up a small shoe shop, lost it during the depression, then completed machinists' school and became a carpenter. The house in suburban Lansdowne was his version of the American Dream. But the dream became an atomic-age nightmare.

Radioactive footsteps

The discovery of the radioactivity, which had remained hidden for so many years, was no accident. Some time ago several offices in Pittsburgh were found to be radioactive. They had been occupied years before by a radium-processing company. The building was decontaminated and now houses the University of Pittsburgh School of Public Health. Since that discovery Dr. Jan Lieben, chief of Pennsylvania's occupational health division, has been probing old records and interviewing elderly scientists, looking for other forgotten radium locations. When he came across an account of Doctor Kabakjian's work, he immediately ordered the radiological inspection of the professor's former home.

After the tests showed radioactivity, Doctor Lieben visited the Kizirians. "He took us to the basement," Harry remembers, "and showed how the needle on his counter jumped up where this Kabakjian worked with his radium and maybe spilled it." Doctor Lieben could even trace the radioactive footsteps of the departed physicist and others who had tracked the stuff through the house.

When the Kizirians asked Doctor Lieben if it was safe to stay there, he said it would be all right if they kept out of the basement. But he suggested the Kizirians' daughter and her family would be better off if they moved out. He explained that scientists are particularly fearful of the possible effects of even low-level radiation on future generations.

"More than anything else," said Mrs. Kizirian, "we didn't want those kids to get hurt. Kathy [then four] and Lisa [six months] were with us during the day while their parents worked to pay for a house they were buying in New Jersey. I didn't want to say anything to my daughter to worry her, but I had to."

With the children out of the house, the Kizirians still had their own health to worry about. Ironically, they found Professor Kabakjian's son, Dr. Raymond Kabakjian, practicing medicine only a few blocks away. He sent them to a hospital for a white-blood-cell count to see if their blood or bone marrow had been affected by radioactivity. The tests indicated no harm had been done.

Later, the state sent the Kizirians to a laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for a more thorough examination. M.I.T. reported only that "there were no observable indications of radioactive poisoning."

"We still wonder if the doctors told us all the truth," says Harry. "And I guess we'll always wonder."

Meanwhile, Lawyer Basch solicited bids from the few companies in the nation qualified to do the decontamination job. Bids ranged from $7,000 to $30,000. The Kizirians, who had taken all their savings plus a $9,500 mortgage to buy the $13,000 house, were horrified.

"I say to these people," exclaimed Harry, "'You want to ruin me?'"

On the Kizirians' behalf Basch applied to many agencies for financial help. Doctor Lieben was sympathetic but could do nothing. The Atomic Energy Commission said it could help only on "nuclear material as defined by the Atomic Energy Act of 1954," and radium was not

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Workers from Pennsylvania Department of Health check lawn of Kizirian home for lingering evidence of 30-year-old radioactivity contamination.

covered in that definition. The Army had a decontamination team but concluded that the Kizirian house did not fall "within the bounds of the Department of Defense."

Stymied by government red tape, Basch appealed to Congressman James A. Byrne, Democrat of Pennsylvania, a member of the House Armed Services Committee. Byrne enlisted the aid of Congressman Melvin Price, Democrat of Illinois, a member of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. Soon the two Congressmen were exerting pressure on the appropriate agencies.

Mr. Kizirian, trying to find his own way out of the trap, thought of selling the house. But the state threatened to reveal all the facts to prospective buyers. Then he offered to sell the house to the state. The state didn't want it.

Finally, Doctor Lieben and Basch came up with an idea. One of the commercial decontamination firms had included in its bid the preparation of a detailed report which could be used as a guide for any future residential decontaminations. Doctor Lieben proposed to the state and federal public-health agencies that they jointly pay for the Kizirian project and produce such a manual. With added pressure from the two Congressmen a deal was made.

The Kizirians were to get out of their house while the work went on. But nothing was to be buried or destroyed without their approval. Valuable items were to be decontaminated and saved if possible. Other mildly radioactive miscellany was trucked to a local site and safely buried. Partitions, plaster and concrete, where the radium was deeply imbedded, were put into steel drums and buried in a nuclear dump near Buffalo, N.Y.

Much of the basement and first floor had to be demolished and rebuilt. Walls and floors were sanded, washed with powerful detergents and high-pressure streams of water from the tower in the front yard, and then vacuumed. Finally, they were covered with a tight-sealing epoxy-resin paint to prevent any dusting of concrete or plaster that was even faintly radioactive. Three coats were applied: first red, then green and finally a surface finish of white or yellow. When the green shows, it will be time to paint again. If the red shows, there's danger. In the meantime, the Kizirians have an official letter certifying that the house is safe to live in.

Harry is grateful to the workmen for the care they took in repairing the damage done during the decontamination, and to the government for shouldering the cost. But he is still out about $4,000 in tools and furnishings destroyed or buried, and several thousand more in lost work and in rent paid during the year the Kizirians couldn't live in their own home.

A few weeks ago Harry and Mary Kizirian moved back into their rehabilitated house. "But I still have to get back into business," Harry said. "I wouldn't wish anybody a mess in their home like this."

And Mary Kizirian reports that not all the trouble was in the home. "One Saturday I walked to the hairdresser," she said, "and as soon as he saw me he says, 'There she is. You have radioactivity.' I said, 'Now wait a minute. We were checked and we were perfect. I can walk out of here and not come back anymore.' He apologized. But it happened in the A&P store too." As the Kizirians have discovered, it's not easy to get rid of radioactive ghosts. THE END

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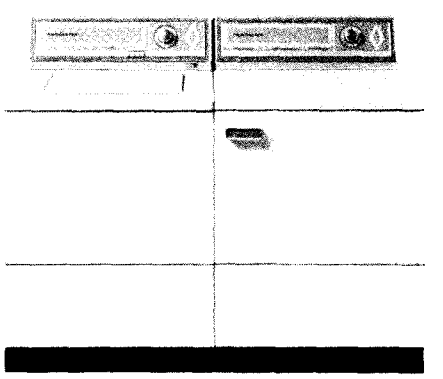

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BALDWIN PARK
McMahan's Furniture Stores

BANNING
McMahan's Furn.

BARSTOW
Barstow Furniture Co.
McMahan's Furn.

BELL
Garner Furniture & Appliance

BELLFLOWER
McMahan's Furniture Stores
Signal Stores

BELL GARDENS
Coffee's Appliance
7327 Eastern Ave.

BERKELEY
Hink's Electrical City

BEVERLY HILLS
Barker Bros.

BISHOP
Thorsen Refrigeration

BRAWLEY
McMahan's Furn.

CALEXICO
McMahan's Furn.

CANOGA PARK
White Front Stores

CHINO
McMahan's Furn.

CHULA VISTA
Marston's
Wood's Appliances

CLOVERDALE
Al Montedonico

COALINGA
McMahan's
380 N. 5th St.

COLTON
McMahan's Furn.

COMPTON
Marten Sales Co.
Trader Tucker

CONCORD
B. F. Goodrich Store
2094 Concord Blvd.

CORCORAN
McMahan's Furniture Stores

CORONA
McMahan's Furn.

COVINA
White Front Stores

CRENSHAW
Barker Bros.
Broadway Stores

CULVER CITY
McMahan's Furniture Stores

CUPERTINO
Smilin' Bill's
19875 Stevens Creek Road

DALY CITY
Sterling Furniture
275 Lake Merced Blvd. Westlake

DELANO
McMahan's Furniture Stores

DINUBA
McMahan's
151 "L" St.

DOWNEY
Wallar's Furn. & Appl.

EAGLE ROCK
McMahan's Furniture Stores

EAST BAKERSFIELD
McMahan's Furniture Stores

EAST LONG BEACH
McMahan's Furniture Stores

EAST LOS ANGELES
Atlantic Appliance Co.
5110 Whittier Blvd.
B. F. Goodrich Store
5103 Whittier Blvd.

EL CAJON
Helland Appliance Co.
Poor Boy's Washing Machine Hospital
Whitney's Appliance Center

EL CENTRO
B. F. Goodrich Store
201 S. 4th St.
McMahan's Furn.

EL MONTE
DeSilver Furn. & Appl.
Gold's Furniture & Appliances
McMahan's Furniture Stores

EL SEGUNDO
Leonard's

ESCONDIDO
Walker Scott Co.

EUREKA
Broadway Warehouse Sales
1424 Broadway

FONTANA
McMahan's Furn.

FRESNO
B. F. Goodrich Store
1955 Broadway
Josephine Furniture
922 Van Ness
McMahan's
353 Olive Ave.
McMahan's
945 Van Ness
Ruschhaupt's
1470 N. Van Ness

FULLERTON
Fullerton Appliance

GARDEN GROVE
Appliance Center
Leonard's
Weber's Appliances

GLENDALE
Barker Bros.
Brand Appliance
B. F. Goodrich Store
544 N. Brand Blvd.
McMahan's Furniture Stores
Stanley Vicks Furniture

HANFORD
McMahan's
116 W. 6th St.

HAYWARD
Airport Appliance
20286 Hesperian Way
Coast to Coast Store
27170 Hesperian Way
B. F. Goodrich Store
Ralph's Appliance
24975 Mission Blvd.
Settle's Furn.
21564 Mission Blvd.

HEMET
Johnson Air Conditioning Co.

HOLLYWOOD
Barker Bros.
Broadway Stores

HUNTINGTON PARK
McMahan's Furniture Stores

IMPERIAL BEACH
Crowley's Appliance Service

INDIO
McMahan's Furn.

INGLEWOOD
Barker Bros.
McMahan's Furniture Stores

LAFAYETTE
Link's Appliances
3458 Mt. Diablo

LAGUNA BEACH
Klass Radio & Appliance

LA HABRA
Don Page Appliance

LA JOLLA
La Jolla Appliance Co.

LAKEWOOD
Gold's Furniture & Appliances

LA MESA
Helland Appliance Co.
Marston's

LA MIRADA
Barker Bros.
Gold's Furniture & Appliances

LANCASTER
Lancaster Radio
McMahan's Furniture Stores

LA PUENTE
I.C.C. Warehouse
15603 E. Valley

LAWNDALE
McMahan's Furniture Stores

LEMON GROVE
B. F. Goodrich Store

LODI
McMahan's
24 W. Elm St.

LONG BEACH
Baker Appliance
987 Pacific Ave.
Barker Bros.
Broadway Stores
Dixie Stores
1830 E. Artesia
Dooley's Hardware Mart
5075 Long Beach Rd.
B. F. Goodrich Store
1212 Long Beach Blvd.
McMahan's Furniture Stores
Ward Furniture
1855 Pacific Ave.

LOS ANGELES
Academy Appliance
6120 S. Vermont
Barker Bros.
Beverly Hills Appliance Center
8829 W. Pico Blvd.
Broadway Stores
Fator's
935 W. Santa Barbara

LOS ANGELES (CONT.)
Gold's Furniture & Appliances
B. F. Goodrich Store
1530 S. Alameda St.
Reiman Appl.
8856 S. Western
Spero's
4661 W. Pico Blvd.
United Furn. Co.
4480 Whittier Blvd.
Vermont Furniture
2826 S. Vermont
Washer Wilson
1669 E. Florence
White Front Stores

LOS GATOS
Coast to Coast Store
764 Blossom Hill Rd.

MADERA
McMahan's
103 Yosemite E.

MANHATTAN BEACH
Purdon's

MARYSVILLE
Central Valley Hardware
1421 B St.

MERCED
McMahan's
1235 W. 17th St.
Willis Appl.

MODESTO
B. F. Goodrich Store
9th & "K" Sts.
McMahan's
1028 10th St.

MONROVIA
McMahan's Furniture Stores

MONTEREY PARK
Traub's Appliances
120 E. Garvey

NEEDLES
Needles Hardware & Building Supply Co.

NEWPORT BEACH
Coast Electric

NORTH HOLLYWOOD
McMahan's Furniture Stores

NORTH SACRAMENTO
Lyman's Appliance
1803 Del Paso Blvd.

NORWALK
Norwalk Furniture

OAKLAND
Acorn Appliance
7622 MacArthur Blvd.
Clinnick's
2201 MacArthur Blvd.
Dick's Home Furnishers
2946 E. 14th St.
Eli Home Furnishings
251 9th St.
Friedman-Jacobs
1917 San Pablo
B. F. Goodrich Store
Gross Bros. Furn.
537 12th
Kahn Furniture
8912 E. 14th St.
N. Scholl Furn.
825 Washington
Simon Hardware

OCEANSIDE
Shaffer and Son
Wootton's

ONTARIO
McMahan's Furn.
Ontario Appliance Center

OXNARD
B. F. Goodrich Store
1313 S. Oxnard Blvd.

PACIFIC GROVE
Empire Furniture
120 Central Ave.

PACOIMA
White Front Stores

PALMDALE
McMahan's Furniture Stores

PASADENA
Barker Bros.
Broadway Stores
McMahan's Furniture Stores

PLACERVILLE
Fisher's Hardware
117 Main Street

POMONA
McMahan's Furn.

PORTERVILLE
McMahan's
207 N. Main St.

REDLANDS
McMahan's Furn.

REDWOOD CITY
B. F. Goodrich Store
1012 Main St.

RESEDA
Barker Bros.
McMahan's Furniture Stores

RIALTO
McMahan's Furn.

RICHMOND
Palace Furniture
2345 MacDonald Ave.

RIPON
N & S Home Appl.

RIVERSIDE
Arlington Furniture
9507 Magnolia Ave.

ROCKLIN
Scribners
5250 Pacific St.

ROHNERVILLE
Anthony's Furn. & Appl.

SACRAMENTO
B. F. Goodrich Store
1200 Eye Street
Hot-N-Kold Shop
1230 20th St.
Lamco-Electric
2525 El Camino Ave.
2350 Fruit Ridge Rd.
Macy's of California
4th & K St.
Payless Builders Supply
2501 Arden Way
Sinnestead Washer Service
1835 Fulton Ave.

SALINAS
Empire Furniture
800 South Main St.

SAN BERNARDINO
Barker Bros.
Fooshee Furn.
B. F. Goodrich Store
609 "E" St.
McMahan's Furn. Store
1140 E St.
472—3rd St.
White Front Stores

SAN BRUNO
Frank's Furniture
1510 El Camino Real

SAN CLEMENTE
Noonan Appliance

SAN DIEGO
Barker Bros.
Corona Furniture Co.
Dormel Furniture
Harrington's
Both Stores
Marston's
San Diego Appliance
Walker Scott Co.
All Stores
Whitney's Appliance Centers

SAN FERNANDO
McMahan's Furniture Stores

SAN FRANCISCO
All American Furniture
938 Valencia St.
Courtesy TV and Appliance
5016 Third St.
E. T. Appliance
11 Lakeshore Plaza
Furniture Discount House
2474 Mission St.
Great Western Furniture
1475 Market St.
House of Karlson
145 Ninth St.
Lee Furniture
2838 Mission St.
Macy's of California
Stocketon at O'Farrell
Perry & Whitelaw
1500 Howard St.
Pound's Refrigeration
1407 Valencia St.
Weinstein Dept. Store
1041 Market St.

SAN GABRIEL
G & S Appliance
117 E. Valley

SAN JOSE
B. F. Goodrich Store
701 S. First St.
Western Appliance Co.
1974 West San Carlos

SAN LEANDRO
Coast to Coast Store
1428 E. 14th
Schwartz Furn. & Appl.
13720 E. 14th St.

SAN MATEO
Macy's of California
Hillsdale

SAN RAFAEL
Van Doyle Furn.
921 "C" Street

SANTA ANA
Barker Bros.
Consumer City
Dickson Appliance
1918 S. Main St.
B. F. Goodrich Store
200 S. Main St.
Jessee Appliance
Straw Bros.

SANTA BARBARA
Ott's

SANTA CLARA
Smilin's Bill's
2225 El Camino Real

SANTA FE SPRINGS
Active Appliance

SANTA MARIA
Holser & Bailey

SANTA MONICA
Barker Bros.
Carlson's

SANTA ROSA
Morrison Home Appliance
300 W. College Ave.

SEASIDE
Empire Furniture
1816 Fremont

SOUTH GATE
Active Appliance
4320 Tweedy Blvd.

SPRING VALLEY
Vern's Appliance

STANTON
Bill & Daves Appl.

STOCKTON
Horstman's Furn. & Appl.
1349 No. El Dorado
Refrigeration Speciality Service
1340 E. Miner Ave.

TAFT
McMahan's Furniture Stores

TORRANCE
Broadway Stores
Gold's Furniture & Appliances
B. F. Goodrich Store
1323 Cravens Ave.
Leonard's
White Front Stores

TULARE
Finlayson Electric
151 So. "O" Street
McMahan's
206 N. "K" St.

TURLOCK
McMahan's
135 W. Olive St.

VALLEY
Broadway Stores
Gold's Furniture & Appliances

VAN NUYS
Barker Bros.
B. F. Goodrich Store
14521 Sherman Way
McMahan's Furniture Stores
White Front Stores

VENTURA
Barker Bros.
Broadway Stores
B. F. Goodrich Store
1870 Thompson Blvd.
John Taft Electric
Leon Walker

VICTORVILLE
McMahan's Furn.

VISALIA
B. F. Goodrich Store
Center & No. Encina St.
McMahan's
115 So. Locust St.

VISTA
Drue's, Inc.

WALNUT CREEK
Contra Costa Appl.
1100 Blvd. Way
Simon Hardware

WASCO
McMahan's Furniture Stores

WEED
Weed Mercantile Company

WEST COVINA
Barker Bros.
Broadway Stores

WHITTIER
Barker Bros.
Broadway Stores

WILMINGTON
McMahan's Furniture Stores

WOODLAND
Larry's Appliance Service
175 W. Main St.

YREKA
Blacks Refrigeration
314 West Miner

YUCAIPA
McMahan's Furn.

HAWAII

WAIPAHU
Arakawa's

IDAHO

ARCO
Diers

BOISE
Mike's, Inc.
1312 Idaho Street

IDAHO FALLS
Carey's Furniture & Appl.
17th & Holmes
Tempo Store
Country Club Plaza

POCATELLO
Home Service Inc.
204 W. Cedar
Southeast Furniture Mart

PRESTON
U & I Furniture

REXBURG
Bingham & Sons Appl.
172 W. Main

MONTANA

BILLINGS
Ad Carlson Appliance
20th and Grand
Kuchera Furniture & Appliance
906 Broadwater Avenue
Modern Home Appliance
114 North 26th

GLASGOW
Coast to Coast Store

GLENDIVE
Farm & Home Furniture

GREAT FALLS
B. F. Goodrich Store

HAVRE
Coast to Coast Store

LEWISTOWN
Coast to Coast Store

NEVADA

HENDERSON
McMahan's Furn. Store

LAS VEGAS
Bonanza Appliance
415 West Bonanza Road
McMahan's Furn. Store

RENO
B. F. Goodrich Store
Statewide Appl.
125 Gentry Way

NORTH DAKOTA

BISMARCK
Coast to Coast Store
Midway Furniture Co.

FARGO
B. F. Goodrich Store
1213 Northern Pacific Ave.
Northern States Power Co.

GRAFTON
Mattson Refrigeration

GRAND FORKS
Northern States Power Co.

JAMESTOWN
Coast to Coast Store
221—1st St. So.

KENMARE
Coast to Coast Store

LISBON
Coast to Coast Store

MINOT
Northern States Power Co.

NEW ROCKFORD
Coast to Coast Store

RUGBY
Coast to Coast Store

TOWNER
Coast to Coast Store

WATFORD CITY
Coast to Coast Store

WILLISTON
Coast to Coast Store

OREGON

BEND
Healy's Bend Furniture Company

CANBY
Burgess Furniture Co.

CORVALLIS
B & H Hardware

COTTAGE GROVE
Arc Electric Co.

CRESWELL
Creswell Electric Company

EUGENE
A-1 Appliance Company
712 West Sixth St.

HILLSBORO
A. & J. Electric

MEDFORD
Beaver Electric & Plumbing Supply
2740 N. Pacific Highway

MILTON-FREEWATER
Ed Anderson's Ready Electric
6 South Columbia

NEWBERG
Coast to Coast Store

ONTARIO
Smit's TV & Appliance

PENDLETON
Fred's Furniture

PORTLAND
Coast to Coast Store
6727 N. E. Killingsworth
Director's Furniture Co.
804 S. W. 3rd
4344 N. E. Hancock
B. F. Goodrich Store
437 S. E. Union
Nederhiser Furniture
19240 S. E. Stark
White-Mann Appliance Co.
5001 N. E. Union
Wren's Furniture & Appl.
6612 S. E. Foster

PRINEVILLE
Healy's Prineville Furniture Co.

RAINIER
P. & G. Refrigeration

REDMOND
Healy's Redmond Furniture Co.

STAYTON
Coast to Coast Store

TIGARD
West Coast Furnishings

TILLAMOOK
Carey's TV & Appliance

WASHINGTON

ABERDEEN
Coast to Coast Stores
300 East Wishkah
B. F. Goodrich Store

BELLEVUE
House of Values
10695 Main Street
Valu-Mart
1645 140th N.E.

BREMERTON
Central Furniture
5th & Pacific

DES MOINES
Blais of Des Moines
22607 Marine View Drive

EVERETT
B. F. Goodrich Store
House of Values
6220 Hiway 99 South

FORKS
Coast to Coast Stores

KENT
South-King's, Inc.
28888 East Valley Highway

MOSES LAKE
Eccles Appliance
213 W. Broadway

MOUNT VERNON
Coast to Coast Stores
225 South 1st St.

OLYMPIA
B. F. Goodrich Store

SEATTLE
B. F. Goodrich Store
2331 7th Ave.
Gov-Mart
3rd & Wall St.
House of Values
12546 Aurora Ave. No.
13440 1st So.
9000 Rainier So.
Valu-Mart
18325 Aurora No.
5959 Corson So.

SPOKANE
B. F. Goodrich Store
827 W. Second Ave.
Valu-Mart
East 5204 Sprague

STEVENSON
Keller Electric

SUNNYSIDE
Sunnyside Frozen Foods
5th & Franklin

TACOMA
B. F. Goodrich Store
2406 Pacific Ave.
Gov-Mart South
11011 Pacific Hiway South
Valu-Mart
2401 S. 35th at Steele

VANCOUVER
B. F. Goodrich Store

YAKIMA
Valu-Mart
905 E. Mead

Kelvinator
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THE LONG DAY'S MONOTONY OF TV

Television gives the housewife exactly what she wants—tedium all day long.

By BROCK BROWER

Most people wouldn't even stop to look twice at television in the daylight. At night they are caught by the momentary glitter of some prime-time enticement, and often stay to dally with the easy medium through the *Late Late Show*. But once her nighttime charms have faded, who notices the poor, tired, drab blinking in the harsh light of day? Midmorning to late afternoon is her worst time. Her schedule is brutal. She must fight back the tears of 10 soap operas, yet keep her wits about her through 13 game shows. Cry out a shrewish commercial almost every five minutes, yet hold dear the memory of a happy, girlish past that keeps returning to mock her with reruns of *I Love Lucy*, *The Loretta Young Theater*, etc. Be Queen for a Day everyday, yet hide her passion for a commoner like Art Linkletter. It must be terrible to be alone at such moments.

Despite all this, a hardy audience sits with television through these depressing daylight hours—13 million women who can readily sympathize, since they've known their own frowzy sorrows between nine and five every Monday through Friday. There are a few strays watching as well. Some children, some male invalids, some men repairing TV sets, some men working the night shift, some men working for soap companies, and some men simply out of work. But mainly it's those clucking housewives.

There used to be a softly exonerating theory, carried over from radio, that women wouldn't actually be able to *watch* television during the day. They would be far too busy with all those appliances and detergents and astringents that are touted twice as often every half hour on daytime TV as they are on nighttime TV. The audio would have to carry the show, according to this hypothesis, because women would be scrubbing into every corner of their pantries. But as one former daytime TV executive puts it, "I see no evidence of a show that succeeded because you didn't have to look at it."

On the contrary, daytime TV now provides plenty for the eye to feast upon, some of it even garnished in color before noontime. There are giant game boards to be scrutinized—better, memorized—as the viewers at home "join in," for instance, to unscramble letters on *Word for Word*. There are ghostly white writings to watch materialize on the screen during such game shows as *Password* or *You Don't Say!* like wisps rising from the crypt of a prematurely buried thesaurus, to let the viewers know what dark synonym or homonym the emcee is keeping from the contestants. Then there is the oceanic range of painful expressions that play across the face of a mute soap actor as he struggles for *Love of Life* to escape mass ridicule on his next line. Or there are all those celebrities who keep popping up for real as panelists, or "team captains," or "our guest for today." And finally, there's all that merchandise which files by on affluent parade all day long. Sometimes a refrigerator or a set of crystalware does a quick turn on *The Price Is Right* or *Let's Make a Deal*, coyly defending its true market value from the rapacious bidders. But mostly the goods just pass by in stately review as prizes. "Now let's see *exactly* what you've won," the announcer will exclaim, and the total can stun the eye for half a morning.

It even worries the daytime-TV executive a little. "When do they do their work?" asks one former executive. "The closest I've come to a theory is that some must do their work in the morning, and watch in the afternoon, and others must watch in the morning, and do their work in the afternoon."

Under the ideal circumstances, they're ironing, says Hugh Downs, who has read his mail to find out. "I have a kind of way of symbolizing the audience," he goes on. "You remember on the old Jack Paar *Tonight Show*, they once showed a picture of the average viewer, someone lying in bed watching the TV screen through his bare feet? Well, for *Concentration*, which came on last season just before noon, I saw a woman, not harried, in her housedress, with a kerchief on her head, more or less alone."

What records exist tend to support Downs's image. Statistically there are one-and-a-quarter viewers for every set that is operating during daytime, as opposed to approximately two viewers per set during nighttime. By then the man of the house is home. Together, as man and wife, the viewers exercise something resembling adult judgment among nighttime shows. But on her own, the wife simply sinks back into habit.

Certain programs become part of the chores. One woman wrote Downs regretfully that she couldn't watch *Concentration* any longer, because she'd moved westward into territory where the program came on an hour earlier, and sure enough, the minute her kids heard that theme music, they began to moan with hunger, just like Pavlov's dogs, 60 minutes ahead of their lunchtime.

This force of habit, however, is something that the networks are increasingly anxious to harness. Nighttime has grown so expensive—and so treacherous—that daytime has become that much more attractive. The prices are going up—as high as $7,000 for a minute of advertising on CBS—and no frills on the merchandise either. Outside of the spot newscasts, there is exactly one network program out of over 30 shows in the nine-to-five hours that has the least hint of significance—CBS's *Morning News with Mike Wallace*, which has a smart, woman's page touch to its half-hour coverage.

Rivals at boredom

Naturally all three networks make ferociously competitive sounds as they push their wares, but CBS's triumph is glaring. It had the first nine out of the 10 top-rated daytime shows this past season—five soaps, two game shows, Art Linkletter and five minutes of afternoon news—and its average audience was half again that of NBC, and twice that of ABC.

But these facts are misleading, because there is really no difference in the kind of television any one of the three networks offers during daytime. Basically it is always a soap, a game show or a rerun—as repetitious as the dishes in the sink.

The soap operas repeat themselves on purpose. For example, since the average "loyal viewer" can be trusted to pay strict heed to the saga only twice a week, the story line must be constantly reiterated. And since there is no longer an announcer to do a recap, as there used to be on the old radio serials, the characters must do it for themselves. The actors must fight to escape their own inane echoes. "In other words, the twelfth time you say something," explains one soap actor, who is approaching the end of a decade in the same role, "still has to sound like the first time." The script, of course, is never any help. The trick lies in how the actors handle their brief rehearsal time.

Most of the cast for *As the World Turns*, for instance—a half-hour soap on CBS that is now the leading daytime program with a rating that would carry many nighttime shows—have been together for over eight years as the Hugheses of Oakdale. (No state, just "this rock, this sceptered isle, this Oakdale," as one actor apostrophizes the Hugheses' residential district.) They are a decent, if highly accident-prone, middle-class family, consisting of Grandpa, Mr. and Mrs., daughter Penny, and son Bob, with a lot of friends who are doctors. Together they have been through a long, dull run of familial tragedies—alcoholism, traffic death, desertion, amnesia—but the actors have kept their characters fresh by approaching them with a casualness that lasts right up to the moment they go on camera. Rosemary Prinz, for example, will argue vehemently that her Penny has a right to sound as though she has read a book or two in her life, then once that's settled, she'll go right back to reading a book herself in the midst of rehearsal. It's a sanity-saving ease that they quickly try to teach any newcomer, like Michael Lipton, who recently married into the clan as Neil Wade, Penny's second husband.

Lipton is a gifted actor, more accustomed to playing parts like the dead man standing erect in his own burial urn in Samuel Beckett's *Play*, but he finds a certain comfort in soap opera. "It's the only place to practice your craft, and I believe in continuity in my profession," he says. Lipton is beginning to win an audience for Neil. "They write in, 'It took a long time to get used to you!' '*Used* to you' are the words they use." Some of the good ladies even came to see him off Broadway in his burial urn; a theater party of 13 came all the way over from Staten Island. Something is owed that kind of following, and he and Rosemary play their conjugal scenes as honestly as they can.

But in making this try they are occasionally up against the script, written by Miss Irna Phillips, the mother superior of daytime broadcasting, who has created not only the Hugheses but countless other soap ménages over the past 30 years both on radio and TV. Deference, supported by soap-company sales figures, is Miss Phillips's due. "Whatever she does is *heaven* by me, you know that," an actor therefore will declare in helpless mockery, but what is he supposed to do with a line like "A penny for your thoughts, Penny"?

Usually by the time he sees the line, it's too late to do anything about it. Total

For 13 million U.S. wives, soap-opera and game shows are part of the daytime chores.

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production time for a day's episode of *As the World Turns* is six-and-a-half hours. Things that take a day in normal show business are often settled in 15 minutes. So the only hope is to go with the line and add to it the undercurrent of lunatic jokes that continue throughout the tense day.

"You note the hysteria, the wilder and wilder jokes to cover our terror?" Nat Polen, who plays Doctor Cassen on the show, commented during a recent rehearsal. His own lines for the day amounted to what is called a "brass ring." Fewer than six pages of script is a brass ring. "That means," he explained, "I don't have to start memorizing them until after dinner." At 1:20 he was warning everybody, "Ten minutes, Christians!"

Even at that late hour there was still time to switch things around. James MacAllen, the director, was busily recasting a wheelchair—he wanted a sturdier model in the part—and instructing Lipton, "Don't kiss her hand, Irna didn't like it." For Irna Phillips was in New York that day on one of her rare state visits from Chicago, and she had regally monitored the dress rehearsal.

After 34 years of battling over the fates of her soap characters, in court and out, like a litigious Ma Perkins, Irna is at last acknowledged *the* authority. In her old radio days she sometimes wrote as many as five soaps at once to maintain her standing. The success of *As the World Turns* in TV has set her far above her kind, and only a love of the art form could have brought her to venture upon yet another. But that was precisely why she had come all the way to New York on this occasion. On an inspiration from John Keats, she calls the new NBC soap which she began last May *Another World*. Only, of course, it's the same world as all of her other worlds. During casting, the producers even referred to it as "Oakdale," meaning really the country of Irna Phillips's mind. The Matthews family, which figures in this one, lives near a university, and the Hugheses of her other saga live near a hospital, but those are the only two distinguishable landmarks in the general social vacuum in which both families pleasantly reside. The families have much the same structure too.

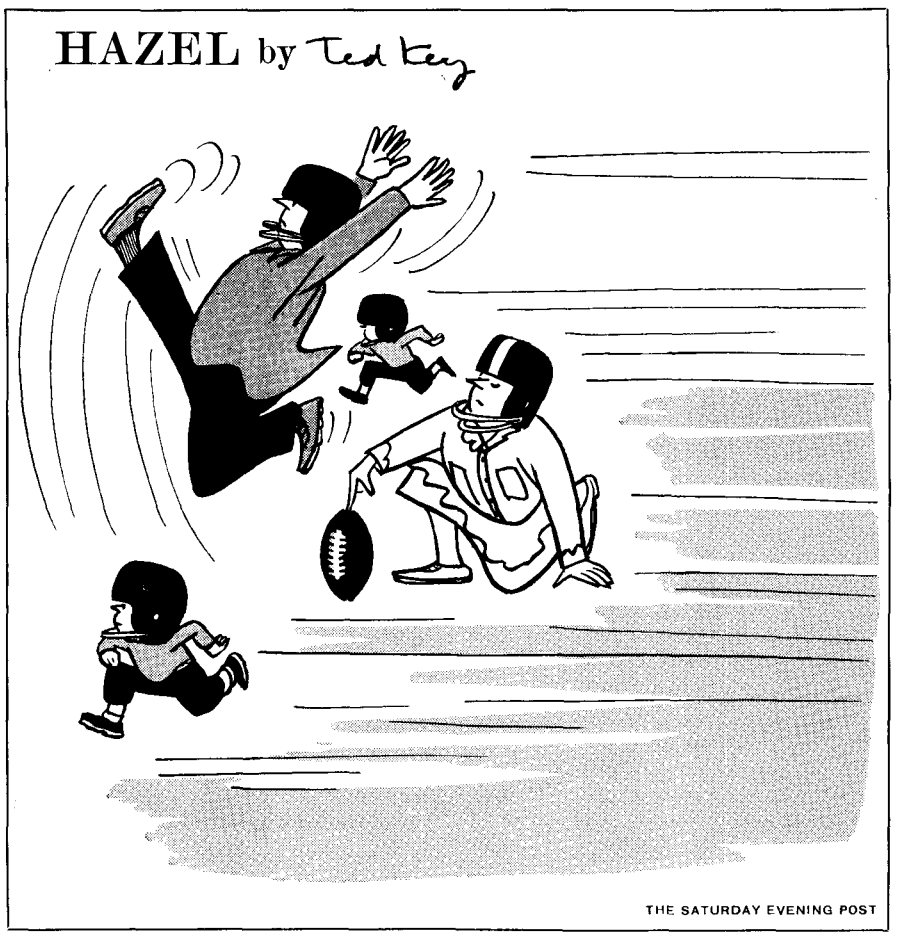
Some daytime producers claim they treat life's problems much more realistically on the TV soaps than they ever did on radio's *Stella Dallas* or *The Romance of Helen Trent*. Admittedly the TV characters do get into much worse fixes—there was a pregnant girl over on *The Secret Storm* awhile back who couldn't get married because her lover's wife might ruin his chances for a Ph.D. if he got a divorce—but that's still pretty sudsy stuff. Just try something a little more clinical. "We had one story on *As the World Turns* about a hysterectomy," recalls Don Hastings, who plays Dr. Bob. The mail poured in. "It wasn't swinging. So I ran around like crazy all over the hospital and got the patient *out* of there."

It's rare for Irna to make a mistake like that. She was never, for instance, part of the misguided attempt awhile back to force soaps into the space age. A show called *Clear Horizons* had Cape Kennedy for its Oakdale, and fizzled at the launch. She has always kept her story line safely inside the family. During the casting of *Another World*, in fact, she provided the soap people with a genealogical chart outlining the familial bonds—three generations of Matthewses all in little boxes with Granny on top, an X through one departed member, solid lines for blood ties, and occasional dotted lines for more tenuous intimacies. There, actually, was the whole saga.

The most crushing daytime monotony, however, comes with the game shows. NBC, for example, has five of them lined up to make its morning look like one long bleak row in a penny arcade. Every half hour the TV set turns into another kind of pinball machine, lighting up to play *Word for Word*, *Concentration*, *Jeopardy*, *Say When*, or *Truth or Consequences*.

"They're real," insists Mrs. Jean Kopelman, who produces NBC's leading game show, *Match Game*, in the afternoon. "Game shows are to women what baseball is to men."

They are also inexpensive. "This is the one business you can go into overnight," says Merv Griffin, sometime TV personality and emcee of *Word for Word*, who has just gone into the business overnight as the producer of *Jeopardy*. "It was my wife's idea. We're on a plane flight from Duluth to New York. 'Why don't you do a show,' she says to me, 'where you go ahead and *give* the answers to the contestants?' I said, 'Shut up.' But then she said, 'Five thousand two hundred and eighty. That's the answer. What's the question?' Well, of course, how many feet in a mile? I just didn't expect to go on the air so *soon*."



The quiz biz is handled a little more methodically around the independent packaging firm of Goodson and Todman, which has mightily succeeded with seven game shows on all three networks during daytime, including *Password* and *To Tell the Truth*, which are also on at night. Mark Goodson is now looking around for signs of maturity. "These shows have grown," he says. "Everyone is getting smarter at games. More skill must be developing because the prize money has gone up. Everybody has a game show," says Goodson. "But I can tell you from doing *The Rebel*"—a brief venture into nighttime TV drama by Goodson and Todman—"it's a lot harder to produce a game show. The disciplined talkers are much harder to find than the actors. There's a great shortage of emcees."

And the emcee has to have a secure format behind him. "*Password* was the longest in development," says Goodson. "It was in and out of show sessions for four years before it went on the air. It was a derivative of charades. Only the opposite. No gestures. Only single words. Speed was what I was after, and that was the trick that did it. I like to play *Password*. But it doesn't make any difference how much fun the players are having. You've got to separate out the player's game from the viewer's game."

Goodson sometimes talks about a game show as if it were more a socio-psychological research project than a divertissement. "*To Tell the Truth* probes human beings. Here we fool people, a panel of people cross-examining three other human beings to find out which two are lying. We're always on the side of the three human beings. People are marvelous liars, once it's socially acceptable." As for Goodson and Todman's *Match Game*, which is the first instance on television of a game of conformist thinking, Goodson calls it "really a social expression." The object is to respond to a clue in exactly the same way as the other two people on the team without ever communicating with them. Example:

"The answer you're trying to come up with," Mrs. Kopelman explains to the two teams during warm-up, "is the answer most Americans would come up with." Then if all three members of a team write down the same word in response to the clue, that's a match worth seventy-five points. Happily there are very few seventy-five-point matches on the show, because there's always one embarrassed individualist who just doesn't think as other people think.

Goodson worked a long time on the format of this show, especially to find a sound that would automatically signal a match. He wanted something that sounded like "kerchunk." "The thing about Mark Goodson is that he frets over things. He polishes in infinite detail," says Mrs. Kopelman. "He made a pilgrimage to NBC to listen to every gadget they had, and rejected them all." Finally he found it. Kerchunk. It happened to be the sound of his automatic check-writing machine.

This was a highly appropriate noise, because these game shows mine a deep vein of materialism in their audiences, and there is no doubt the emcees become as famous for their bounty as for their ad libs. Downs says that people are always writing in and asking him outright for a Polaroid camera. There's one man, however, who managed to become a symbol of great giving on TV without even having a game to play. Art Linkletter.

Linkletter's *House Party*, the third-rated show on daytime TV last season, is an astonishing feat, because it is an audience-participation show in which the only real participant is Art Linkletter. Members of the studio audience who get up and talk with him are really only recipients of his bounty. Not long ago he sneezed on television, and it became, under his shrewd guidance, a moment. "Thirty years I've been on the air, and that's the first time I ever sneezed." The audience applauded as if they'd witnessed another milestone in broadcasting.

The networks have tried to put on other types of shows besides soaps, games, reruns and Art Linkletter. But nothing makes it. Sylvester "Pat" Weaver made the strongest bid for a livelier daytime schedule when he was at NBC, putting on *The Home Show*, a useful service program, and *Matinee Theater*, which turned out five different live dramas a week, including an occasional bad Shakespeare. But they quickly lost out to the housewife's narrow demand for a bit of fun, a look at the goods and maybe a good cry. The only real trace of show business during daytime is the wandering celebrity who is making the rounds of the panels to toot his own horn. "Honey, it's great exposure," explained comedienne Phyllis Diller, doing a turn as a team captain on *Match Game*. "Oh, I've got a plan. Saturation TV exposure. I'm known from the back now. I can pick up the phone in any city, dial a number, and they know my voice. I've got natural ascendancy. That's how we get to the moon, honey. I'm stockpiling writers. If you're endless, honey, why not keep going?"

And if you're endless, honey, there's no better place to keep going than on daytime TV. Daytime eats up a show five times as fast as nighttime, and only programs that exploit monotony seem to have a chance of surviving the monotonous pace of nine-to-five viewing.

But the question then arises, why have daytime television at all? That's the question that the head of Russian television put to an American TV executive visiting Moscow six years ago. "You put on programs in the daytime?" the Russian asked in surprise. "What kind of programs?"

"I just didn't think I could possibly explain game shows to him," reports the TV executive. "So I asked him what they did in the daytime."

"We don't put on shows in daytime," the Russian answered. "People have to work."

What neither of them knew at the time is that the United States pavilion at the Moscow trade fair was playing host to a number of Russian women who were crowded around a display of gaudy merchandise and playing a game with great enthusiasm. It sounded an awful lot like *The Price is Right*. THE END

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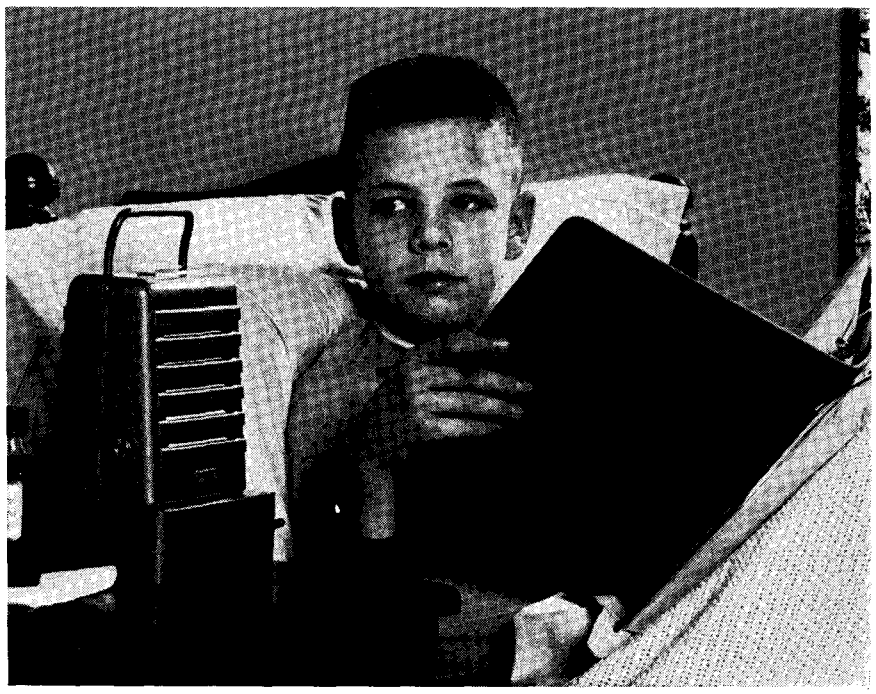
VOICELESS. Many people who have lost the use of their vocal cords can learn to talk again with the help of an electronic artificial larynx, developed by Bell Telephone Laboratories. Held against the throat, this small 7-ounce device replaces the vibrations of normal vocal cords in producing speech. Two models, one simulating a man's voice and the other a woman's, are available at cost on your doctor's recommendation.



BEDFAST. Over 5000 shut-in students go to school from home or hospital with the help of Bell System School-to-Home Telephone Service—and keep up with their classes almost as if they were present in person. Speakerphones, which don't have to be held or lifted, help other invalids keep in touch with their worlds. Some ingenious installations have been devised for wheelchairs and beds by local telephone men.

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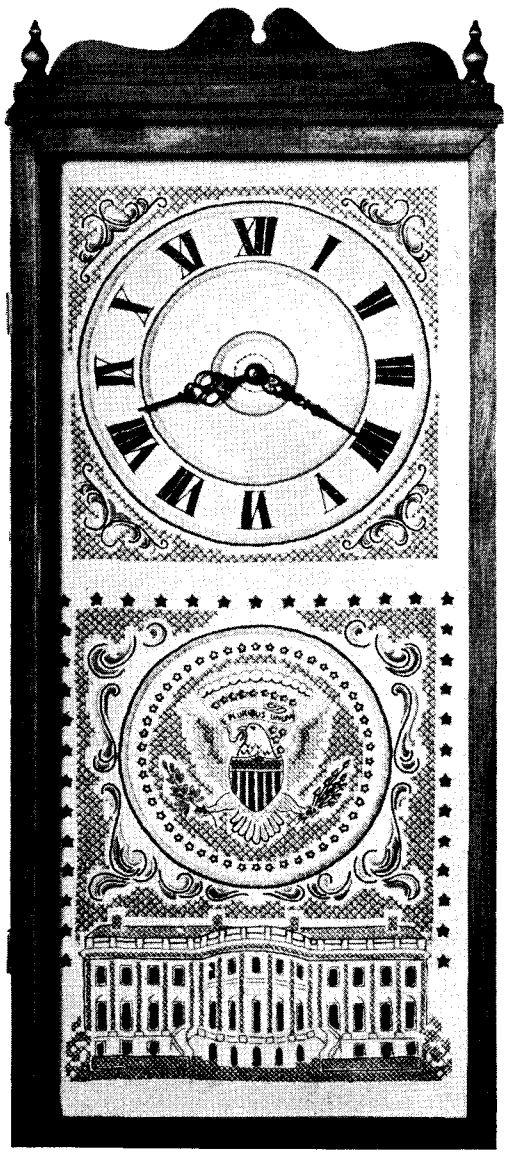

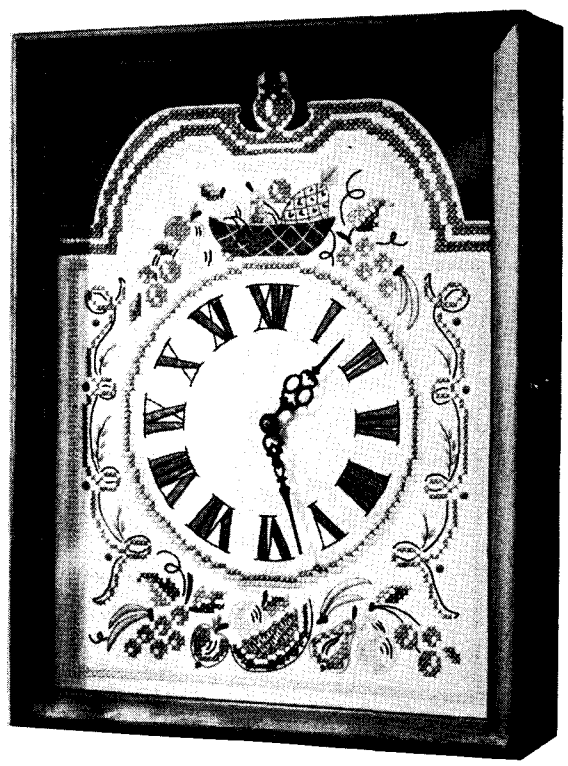

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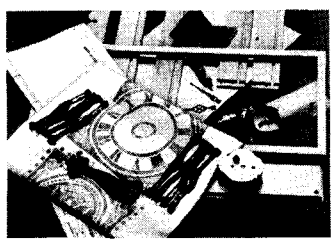

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HERITAGE CLOCK (above left). A stately 27" tall, 11½" wide. Cross-stitch design inspired by the White House and the Presidential Seal, richly-hued in blue, green, red, orange and gold. Complete with Westclox electric or transistorized battery movement that runs for one year on a flashlight battery.

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CRIME IN AMERICA:

He had seen a man savagely beaten on a New York street. His testimony could send five hoodlums to prison. Now he lives in terror. He is paying

THE PRICE OF GETTING INVOLVED

By Trevor Armbrister

Hector Mangual, a fugitive from underworld reprisals, looks out on the New York skyline from a Brooklyn rooftop and hopes the city is big enough to hide him.

On the wall above his bed hung a faded picture of a clipper ship. By the window was a red armchair, sagging and badly in need of re-upholstering. On top of the dresser was a tiny, white-skirted Mexican doll, a bottle of hair tonic and a box containing 87 pennies. On a table beside the bed was an ashtray choked with butts.

At night the room was dark, except for the glare of the TV set. Stripped to the waist, his elbow propped against a pillow, he lay on the checkered, rust-colored bedspread watching the Ben Casey show. In the beginning he had tried to watch TV during the day. "But they was just shows for old ladies," he says. Soon he stopped. Several times a day he called his mother at her apartment in Brooklyn and told her he was all right. She would relay the message to his wife and three small children who thought he was working in another part of the country.

It was the ninth hotel room he had occupied in the past four months. This one was better than most. The clerks—who did not know his real name—accepted his $35 a week without asking questions and there was a place downstairs where he could eat without fear of recognition.

Sometimes, in the morning, he went to the hotel roof. He watched the traffic on the Brooklyn Bridge and, because he was lonely, he worried: about his mother who is 64 and speaks no English and has a bad heart; about his wife whom he had been able to see only occasionally since February; about his children. He also worried about himself, and he wondered whether the city really was big enough to get lost in.

Hector J. Mangual first became a fugitive last February 11. It was

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Arrogant and at bay, John Lombardozzi is taken in for questioning by FBI agents following his cruel assault on one of their associates in Brooklyn.

Five hoods in a rage crushed the FBI man's skull, left him for dead in the churchyard.

not easy for him because he had never run away from anyone before in his life. He hated the constant moving from one hotel to another. He loathed using names not his own. He balked at the knowledge that law-enforcement officers had to keep him under protective surveillance.

Hector Mangual needed protection because he was the key government witness at an obstruction-of-justice trial of five Brooklyn men and a Manhattan attorney. Before the trial began, he was very frightened. But he was sure that a jury would sift the evidence, find the men guilty as charged, and end his worries. Instead, a jury declared all the defendants innocent. Now Hector Mangual is more frightened than ever.

The trouble began on the cool, bright morning of April 3, 1963. Hector Mangual awoke at seven o'clock and donned his chauffeur's uniform: striped pants, white shirt, black jacket and tie. Thirty minutes later he left his small apartment on the second floor of a faded red-brick building on Brooklyn's Clinton Street and took a taxi to the 15th Avenue garage where his employer, a stocky, balding, thin-moustached man named Tony Napolitano, kept his limousines.

At the garage he picked up a black 1963 Cadillac; then drove to Napolitano's trim, red-shuttered home at 1225 59th Street in Brooklyn. This had been his custom for months. At Tony's home he would sip coffee and receive his assignments for the day. That morning it would be a funeral, Tony had said. The deceased was Carmello Lombardozzi, 82-year-old patriarch of a powerful clan linked to underworld activities.

Hector enjoyed driving limousines at funerals. An ambitious man could make as much as $35 a day, including tips, and in one beautiful week he had earned more than $250.

Up to the time he started as a driver, Hector's life had been noteworthy only for its lack of direction. One of seven children of a Puerto Rican merchant seaman, he grew up in Brooklyn and attended George Westinghouse Vocational High School. Many of his classmates went on to become plumbers, carpenters and electricians. But when he left school—nearly a year short of graduation—Hector had not yet settled on a career. Eventually he joined the Marines and, in the years that followed, traveled to Cuba, Panama and the Mediterranean.

His record in the service was hardly exemplary. He quarreled constantly with his mates, was in and out of hospitals complaining of severe headaches and, on one occasion, even made a halfhearted attempt at suicide. Toward the end of his tour, a special court-martial convicted him of assault. "It was too petty; too much regimentation," he says. "I did all sorts of things just to get out." In October, 1955, the Marines finally gave him a general discharge.

Hector learned to box in the service—winning 24 of 27 middleweight bouts—and now as a civilian he sought employment as a bouncer. For more than five years he drifted from one club to another. The pay ($95–$125 for a four-day week) was not bad, but there was little security.

In October, 1960, he was hurt in a Brooklyn club brawl and suffered a serious head injury. His wife, a plump, attractive woman of Puerto Rican descent, was working then as a dressmaker at a shop in lower Manhattan. She had never quite adjusted to his late hours and now, as he lay recuperating in a hospital ward, she begged him to consider less violent employment. Soon after his release, Hector became a driver.

Now, at 8:20 on the morning of April 3, Hector and Tony Napolitano drove in separate limousines to pick up the Lombardozzi family at their home on Vanderbilt Street. Eight mourners climbed into Hector's car; seven into Tony's. Twenty-five minutes later they drove to Torregrossa's funeral home, a green-awninged, white-brick structure at 13th Avenue and 79th Street. Inside, the body of Carmello Lombardozzi lay in a casket for viewing.

You're on candid camera

The 11 limousines, four flower cars and hearse left Torregrossa's at 9:50. Traffic was heavy that morning and it took the procession 20 minutes to reach the Church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, a sprawling, orange-brick building at 2805 Fort Hamilton Parkway. During the trip, one of his passengers complained about "those S.O.B.'s following us." Another asked Hector if he were a cop. "I didn't have no idea what he was talking about," Hector recalls.

Several hours prior to Hector's arrival at the church, a stocky, ruddy-complexioned man with iron-gray hair and black horn-rimmed glasses entered an office on the sixth floor of a building at 201 East 69th Street in Manhattan. His name was John J. Danahy and he was supervisor of the FBI's New York Criminal Intelligence Squad. One of his duties that day was to organize surveillance at the Lombardozzi funeral in Brooklyn.

Surveillance at funerals is an unpleasant but necessary function of the FBI. On this occasion Danahy believed—having scanned the files of the Lombardozzis and their associates—it could be beneficial. At 8:15, he summoned special agents Ben F. Graves, Max Fritschel, Richard Carey, J. L. Martin and John P. Foley to his office and assigned them to the task. Graves would be in charge.

From the equipment room on the 15th floor, Graves obtained five cameras. He gave two of them, disguised as briefcases, to Carey and Foley. The remainder were concealed in shaving kits about the size of a loaf of bread. He kept one himself, gave the others to Fritschel and Martin.

At 8:45 the agents left the building and drove in two unmarked cars to Brooklyn. Martin and Fritschel caught up with the cortege as it left Torregrossa's and contacted their colleagues by radio. Graves, Carey and Foley parked their car near the church and waited. At 10:30 Carey and Foley—briefcases in hand—took up positions on the sidewalk. Ten minutes later, as the Lombardozzi procession neared, their cameras were ready.

The attack began with the suddenness of a thunderclap. Agent Foley recalls he heard someone shout, "There's the Fed bastard." As he turned, he received a vicious blow in the kidney. "The next thing I recall, I was stumbling, it seemed

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to me, over a grassy mound. I fell down and rolled over on my back. I recall attempting to get up, and I could not do it."

Punching and stomping at Foley's semi-conscious body were John, George, and Camillo Lombardozzi; Daniel Marino and Michael Zampello dragged him inside the church grounds. And there—in the shadow of a statue of the Virgin Mary—they left him sprawling. Smashing his briefcase against an iron fence, they grabbed his Smith & Wesson .38 Chief revolver. Then, as agents Fritschel and Martin raced to the scene, the five assailants fled into the church. It was all over in less than two minutes.

"I never seen such a beating," Hector recalls. "I don't know how come that man is still alive. He was bleeding a lot from the head, from the mouth, from all over. I thought it was a gang uprising. I was sick and twisted inside. I wanted to make a move, but I saw it was me against five. No match. I went like this"—clenching his fists—"and all the chauffeurs, they say Hector, it's none of your business."

The mourners left the church at 11:35 and just before noon, the cortege reached the cemetery. "It was like all of a sudden the flowers come alive," Hector recalls, "there was so many FBI men there." One of them walked up to Hector, who was standing with Santo Marino, one of the mourners, and asked him if he had witnessed the fight. "I told him I didn't see nothin'," Hector remembers. "I didn't want no lumps on my head." As soon as the service ended, agents rounded up the Lombardozzis and took them back to headquarters for questioning. Then Hector returned to the 15th Avenue garage.

Tony Napolitano was waiting for him. "He told me another driver had said it would be smart for me to keep quiet," Hector recalls. "He told me if I help the FBI, I could end up wearing a cement jacket." Later the warning was repeated.

At nine o'clock on the morning of April 9—six days after the beating—two FBI agents knocked at Hector's door. "I told them I didn't know a damned thing," Hector says; "just like that." The agents persisted. They said that Foley ("It was the first time I hear his name") had suffered a compound depressed fracture of the skull and had been listed in critical condition. "Then they say do I want to talk to the doctor who did the operation?" Hector wavered.

Once, a few years before, he had gone out of his way to help a rookie patrolman in Manhattan's 19th Precinct apprehend two fleeing burglary suspects. The patrolman had promised not to reveal his name, but he had later gone back on his word. Now Hector wondered if he could trust the FBI agents.

Hector still cannot say precisely why he finally agreed to help. Perhaps it was partly because a number of people had warned him to keep quiet. This had made him angry. Perhaps even more, it was his feeling that the attack had been unfair. It did not matter to him that the victim was a Government agent. The important thing was that five men had ganged up on one man. And now that man lay in critical condition in New York Hospital. Hector agreed to come down to FBI headquarters.

"They had pictures there, and I told them point by point: This guy did this; this guy did that. They asked me if I was scared to testify, and I say no. In my life I handle a lot of punks. I mean *rough* guys. So I said I wasn't afraid."

Before the morning of April 3 Hector had never heard the name Lombardozzi. "I never read papers that much," he explains. "I wasn't interested if they kill each other or what they do." Now he was beginning to learn a great deal about one of Brooklyn's more notorious families.

The leader of the clan, he found, was Carmine Lombardozzi, a square-set, jowly man of 50. A delegate to the 1957 hoodlum convention at Apalachin, New York, he boasts a string of six convictions ranging from disorderly conduct to mail fraud; he was recently released from a federal prison, after serving time for a probation violation.

In May a federal grand jury convened in Brooklyn to sift the evidence. Two months later it returned an indictment charging Camillo, Anthony, George and John Lombardozzi, Daniel Marino and Michael Zampello with the assault of agent Foley. Within a week, each defendant pleaded not guilty.

The trial of the Lombardozzis began before white-haired, soft-spoken U.S. District Judge Walter Bruchhausen at 11 o'clock on the morning of November 12, 1963. At 3:17 that afternoon a panel of 12—six men and six women—took their places in the jury box. The government's chief prosecutor was 36-year-old assistant U.S. Attorney Raymond B. Grunewald. A tall, curly-haired, capable man who likes to quote opinions of the late, revered Judge Learned Hand, Grunewald ran into trouble almost from the beginning in his attempts to recruit witnesses. Nearly 100 people had been on the sidewalk when the beating took place. Among them were the 16 funeral drivers. Hector had seen what had happened and he would testify. Another driver named Biagio "Fat Man Willie" Ferraioli recalled some trouble in the area, but he was not at all sure who had caused it. The others suffered a sudden loss of memory. "I don't remember nothin'," Tony Napolitano explained. And Mario Bruno, who had been driving the hearse, entered a Brooklyn hospital on the day of the trial complaining of "headaches."

But Grunewald persisted. To the stand he called four FBI agents, a New York City policeman, neurosurgeon Bronson S. Ray, who had removed a section of bone two inches in diameter from agent Foley's skull; the driver named "Fat Man Willie"—and then he called Hector. "The Lombardozzis smiled and said hello as I waited to testify," Hector recalls. "They thought I was with them."

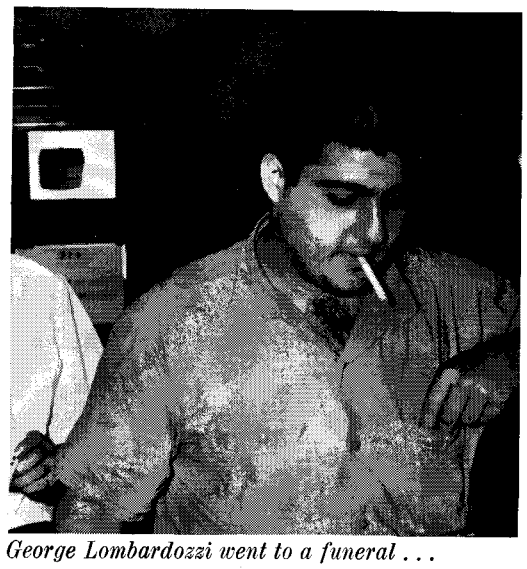
He remained on the stand for more than two hours. "It isn't often that you will see a witness destroy a lawyer," Grunewald said later. "It's usually the other way around. Their whole defense was keyed around destroying Hector, and they failed. They couldn't shake him. They couldn't budge him. He testified, and he was a courageous man to do that."

At 5:25 P.M. on November 26, the jury returned a verdict. It found the defendants—except Anthony Lombardozzi—guilty as charged. On January 24, 1964, Judge Bruchhausen sentenced them to 20 months in prison and released them on bail pending appeal. The light sentence astonished both Grunewald ("They could be free in less than seven months") and the FBI. But at least the case was closed—or so they thought.

Hector's performance had not been forgotten. Slowly, almost imperceptibly at first, his life began to change. In July he had a bitter argument with Tony Napolitano and quit as a driver. In September he got a job as a combination busboy-bouncer at a hotel in Brooklyn. One evening, soon after the end of the trial, the manager summoned him to his office. "He told me they didn't need me no more," Hector recalls. "I lost that job on account I testify."

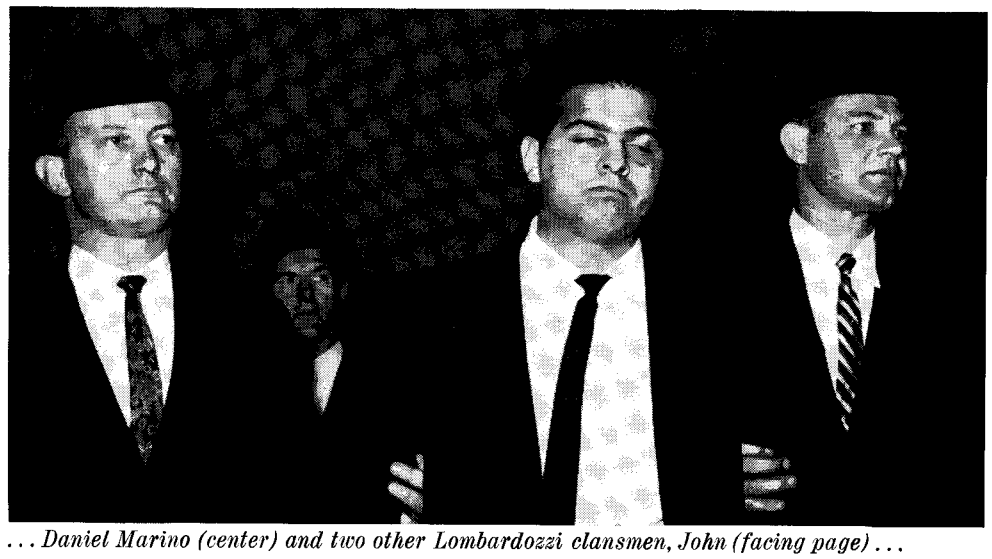
One afternoon, late in January, Hector walked into the Red Robin Bar on Court Street in Brooklyn. He does not drink, but he had gone to this place often simply for relaxation. The manager, Joseph Conigliaro, alias Joe Pitts, a man who is appealing a murder conviction, stepped up to him and said, "Hector, I hear you was a witness at a certain trial and I don't like the way you testify. Danny Marino is a very dear friend of mine. I wish you not come in here no more."

What happened next is blurred by conflicting testimony. At 9:15 on the morning of February 11, according to Hector's



George Lombardozzi went to a funeral . . .

. . . but maddened by the sight of federal agents, he joined Michael Zampello (center) . . .



. . . Daniel Marino (center) and two other Lombardozzi clansmen, John (facing page) . . .

. . . and Camillo (below, right) in a wild, vengeful attack on FBI agent John P. Foley.

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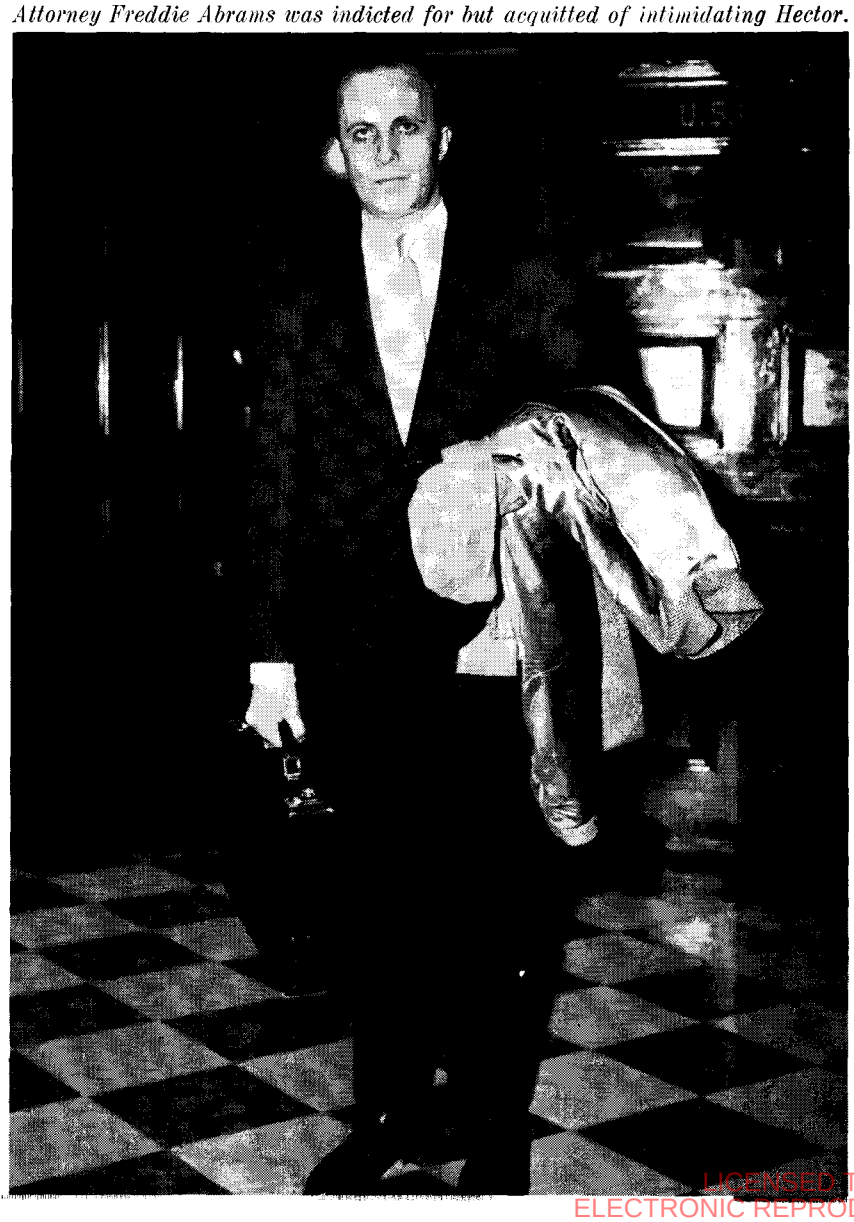
If you testify against the mob, hide your face. Hector leaves court.

"I try to do what is right," Hector says. "I didn't think it would turn out like this."

Attorney Freddie Abrams was indicted for but acquitted of intimidating Hector.



subsequent testimony in court, he left his apartment to buy some paint. Downstairs, a man named Frank Hughes, alias Terry the Mugger, was waiting for him. "The boys want to see you," Terry the Mugger said. As Hector would testify later, he left the apartment again just before noon and took a bus to the corner of President Street and Third Avenue. Through the rear window of the bus he could see a car following him. Terry the Mugger was driving. He left the bus and walked to the place where he had agreed he would meet Danny Marino. For a moment, he half intended to start throwing punches. "But thank God I didn't do no foolish thing." With Marino, he says, were John, Camillo and Anthony Lombardozzi, and Michael Zampello.

"They kept asking me how I was and how was the health of my kids," Hector remembers. "They say they know I lie at the trial and that if I tell the truth now I be helping a suffering old lady. Then Anthony Lombardozzi goes to make a telephone call. When he comes back he says 'Let's go see Freddie.' We get in Danny Marino's car and they tell me sit in the back."

As the white Oldsmobile convertible sped across Brooklyn Bridge toward Manhattan, Hector maintains, Danny Marino again inquired about the health of his three children. Parking the car near a fire hydrant in front of a building at 250 Broadway, they walked inside and pressed the elevator button for the 26th floor. Hector says that for a fleeting moment he was afraid that they were going to throw him off the roof. But then the door opened and they escorted him down a corridor to the office of a law firm. "Freddie" Abrams, Hector insists, was waiting for them to arrive—a slim, dark, balding man with a curious smile who wore pointed shoes and a silver wedding band.

As Hector testified later, Abrams came right to the point: Hector had lied at the assault trial. Reading from a series of questions on a yellow legal pad, he suggested "correct" answers. On his desk was a small tape recorder which he switched on and off. "He told me to say the FBI roughed me up," Hector maintains, "and that they was gonna put me in jail unless I testify the way I did at the trial. He said the Lombardozzis was good people, that they would take care of me and that I had nothing to worry about. Every word in that tape," Hector insists, "was his mouth but me saying it. I was afraid they hurt my kids or my mother if I don't do what they say."

The interrogation lasted for more than an hour. Then Abrams remembered that he was due to attend the funeral of a judge, the Hon. Louis S. Wallach, at Brooklyn's Riverside Memorial Chapel that afternoon. Leaving the office immediately, Abrams, the Lombardozzis, Marino, Zampello and Hector drove around the corner to a United Camera store at 95 Chambers Street. Abrams dashed inside for a moment to exchange tape recorders. Then they sped to the funeral parlor.

At 3:30 Abrams left the chapel and entered John Lombardozzi's car. Fifteen minutes later they arrived at the Federal Courthouse at 271 Washington Street. The Lombardozzis waited downstairs as Abrams guided Hector to the office of U.S. District Attorney Joseph P. Hoey.

Inside Hoey's office, according to Hector's testimony, Abrams did most of the talking. He told the district attorney that Hector's guilty conscience had prompted him to recant his earlier testimony. Then he played the tape.

At 5:30 Hoey told Abrams and Hector that they were free to go. Downstairs, the Lombardozzis were still waiting by the elevator door. They shook hands with the attorney and slapped Hector on the back. "There is an old lady home that is going to be praying for you," one of them said. Then Anthony Lombardozzi removed some money from his pocket and offered it to Hector. Quickly, Abrams ordered him to put the money back in his pocket. Someone might be watching.

Burdened by the weight of his mounting difficulties, Hector wandered aimlessly through Brooklyn that evening. Just before midnight he took a bus to the Staten Island Ferry dock in Lower Manhattan and, for the next few hours, rode back and forth across the bay. Returning home at three A.M., he sat up on a sofa for the rest of the night, unable to sleep.

At six A.M. he walked to his mother's apartment. He told her that he had a doctor's appointment that morning and would have to go to the hospital for a routine checkup. Instead, he took a subway to Manhattan. But he called his mother once every 45 minutes to find out if anyone had come looking for him.

At five o'clock his mother said that FBI agent Max Fritschel was waiting at her apartment. She was frightened and at first she thought the FBI wanted to see him because he had committed a crime. Hector hurried to meet Fritschel and agent Howard Johnson, and the three of them then drove to headquarters in Manhattan. There Hector made a nine-page statement outlining everything that had happened to him since the Foley assault trial. FBI agents asked him then if he wanted a "safe" place to stay that night. He said no; he would be all right at home. But when he finally returned to the apartment on Clinton Street, he found that someone had been there looking for him.

Now he was scared. He called the FBI as soon as he woke up next morning and, at their suggestion, checked into Manhattan's Commodore Hotel. He signed the register "Manuel Zaizare."

Abrams had already filed a motion with Judge Bruchhausen to set aside the assault convictions of Marino, Zampello and the Lombardozzis. It was due to be heard in less than two weeks, and now FBI agents Fritschel, Graves, Martin and Johnson wondered where to keep Hector in protective custody during this time. The sanctuary they chose was the Brooklyn Veterans Administration Hospital.

The hearing to set aside the assault convictions began in Brooklyn Federal Court at 10 o'clock on the morning of February 25. Abrams played the tape and Hector's nervousness increased. He shifted uncomfortably in the witness chair as the sound of his voice filtered from the recorder. Because of a guilty conscience, he was saying, he wanted to recant his earlier testimony. Then the recorder was silent. Abrams was addressing him directly.

"Was everything you said in that recording the truth?"

For a moment, Hector paused. The courtroom grew silent. Then, his face flushed, he looked up at the judge.

"Can I talk? My way?"

Judge Bruchhausen nodded.

"I made that speech over there (suddenly Hector was on his feet, shouting at Abrams) just to save my ass from you people. I wanted to live and be with my

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family. Now I can't even see my kids. I can't stay in my house one half hour. In my neighborhood, every one of the people (who know the defendants) close doors . . . I lost everything because they found out I testified. How much can I take of this. . . ?"

Judge Bruchhausen leaned forward angrily. "When I sentenced the defendants," he said, "I leaned toward them on the matter of bail. This is a frightful situation. Bail is revoked. The defendants are to be remanded." Marshals escorted Hector from the courtroom. As he stepped out into the corridor, he placed a white handkerchief over his face.

Now his flight continued. The FBI cautioned that it might be dangerous for him to go back to his wife and children. Next morning, with FBI agent Howard Johnson, he checked into a leading midtown hotel.

In March the Justice Department decided to move him still farther away. With agent Johnson, he flew to San Juan, Puerto Rico, and used the name "Anthony Gaitano." "Even there I kept thinking I was being followed," he says. "Once in a while I went swimming, but mostly I went from the hotel to the restaurant and from the restaurant back to the hotel. I couldn't stop thinking about my wife and my kids and my mother. I was *so damned worried*." On March 16 he called the FBI in New York and asked permission to come home.

Hunted and haunted

In April a federal grand jury returned a three-count indictment against Marino, Zampello, Abrams, and Anthony, Camillo and John Lombardozzi. It charged them with obstructing and impeding justice and with intimidating and influencing a government witness.

As spring droned on, Hector became increasingly nervous. "The trial gotta be this month," he kept saying, and he couldn't understand the delay. He started smoking three packs of cigarettes a day; he began to lose weight, and he snapped at the hotel maids who opened his door without knocking. He also barked at the FBI agents assigned to keep a check on him. "I couldn't help it," he says. "I started counting FBI men in my sleep."

In mid-May the FBI helped get him a job as a chauffeur for the president of a soft-drink firm. His pay was $83.40 a week; he had a pass to the World's Fair, and at last he was free from the boredom of his hotel room. But Hector left that job in less than three weeks. "My supervisor was scared—me driving the company president around in public," he says. "He wanted to put me in some job where nobody would see me. I got my pride and I say no." He went back to his room in the Brooklyn hotel.

Soon he ran out of funds. His wife had been supporting him as best she could, but her salary at the dress shop was meager and she had the three children to feed. Now he could not pay his hotel bill. The manager seized his suit and five shirts as a partial payment. Finally, he borrowed $100 from his mother, but that didn't last. In early June he pawned—for $25—a gold bracelet he had worn for years. Soon all that was left was the box of 87 pennies that he had been saving for his daughter.

The trial began at the U. S. Court House on Foley Square in Manhattan at two o'clock on the rainy afternoon of July 13. On the bench was U. S. District Judge Thomas F. Murphy, a large, distinguished man who—some years before—had prosecuted in the trial of Alger Hiss. The chief prosecutor for the government was Robert J. McGuire, a slim, 27-year-old bespectacled assistant U. S. attorney. Opposing him as counsel for the defendants was Maurice Edelbaum, a stocky, bombastic man who is perhaps the most successful criminal lawyer in New York City.

From the beginning almost nothing went right for the government. Judge Murphy refused to allow into evidence any testimony relating to the beating of agent Foley. McGuire then called Hector to the stand, elicited from him his story of what had happened on that day in February when he recanted his previous testimony. But Hector was highly nervous. He fidgeted constantly in the witness chair. His answers were seldom forthright or direct. And when it came time for him to cross-examine, Edelbaum made the most of Hector's nervousness.

Over and over again, he hammered away at Hector's credibility, introducing his lackluster Marine Corps record into evidence and slashing at discrepancies in his story. Edelbaum maintained that Hector himself, driven by a compulsive desire to be liked, had telephoned Danny Marino on the night of February 10 and first offered to recant. At no time, he insisted, had any of the defendants ever coerced or intimidated Hector. Abrams himself took the stand and denied all Hector's charges.

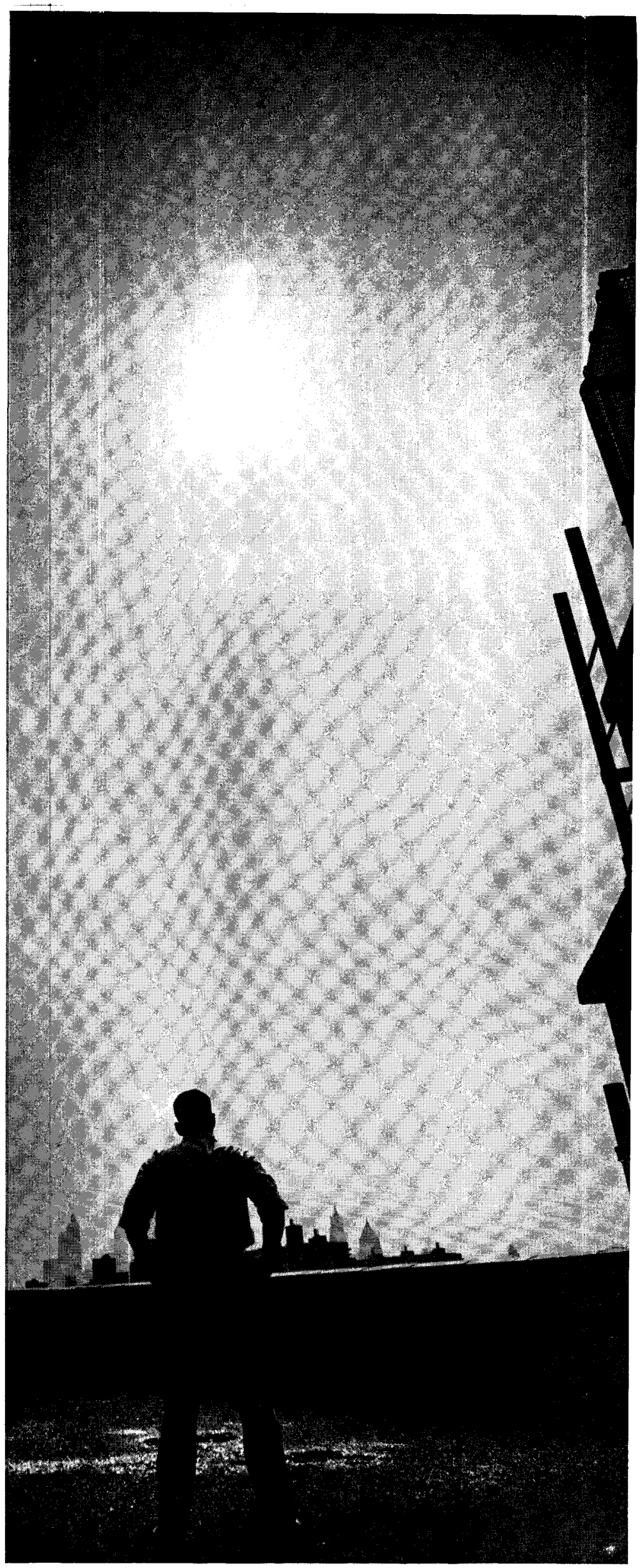
McGuire counterattacked as best he could. Abrams had testified previously that the tape recording made in his office had been continuous. Hector claimed that the recorder had been switched on and off as he had been given answers. To the stand McGuire now called an FBI electronics expert named George W. Finger Jr. There could be no doubt about it, Finger stated. Tests proved the recorder had been turned on or off at least four times during the session.

The jury was impressed with the character witnesses Edelbaum called on Abrams' behalf: U. S. Congresswoman Edna F. Kelly, New York State Comptroller Arthur Levitt, New York City Comptroller Abraham Beame, Brooklyn Borough President Abe Stark, New York State Supreme Court Justices Hyman Barshay, Nathan R. Sobel, M. Henry Martuscello, Dominic S. Rinaldi—all said they considered the defendant's reputation for integrity to be excellent.

At 4:27 on the afternoon of July 22 the jury retired to deliberate its findings. One hour and 33 minutes later its members returned with a verdict: Not guilty.

On August 4 the U. S. Court of Appeals upheld the assault trial convictions of John, Camillo and George Lombardozzi; Daniel Marino and Michael Zampello. They would have to serve their terms in prison. This news provided little comfort for Hector Mangual.

Officially the case is closed, but Hector's ordeal is not over. He has moved out of the Brooklyn hotel and is living now in an apartment with his family. He hopes to find a new job as a driver, but he has not yet been successful. "I am tired of running away," he says, yet he is sure that he has not heard the last of the Lombardozzis. He knows that they will be released from jail within a few months and he wonders whether they will easily forget how he testified against them. He wonders, too, whether all his time and effort were spent in vain. "I try to do what is right," he says; "I didn't think it would turn out like this." THE END



Hector looks into tomorrow and wonders if the Lombardozzis will ever forget him.

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HUMPHREY: AN EXCELLENT CHOICE

Of this century's 12 Presidents, four have been Vice Presidents who succeeded a President who died in office—Theodore Roosevelt, Calvin Coolidge, Harry Truman, Lyndon Johnson. This high frequency of presidential fatalities should make it clear that no party ought to nominate a man for Vice President who is not of sufficient caliber to serve as President. In this vitally important duty, the Republicans have been just as remiss as they were in choosing Goldwater himself. Rep. William E. Miller of New York is an obscure and totally undistinguished Congressman who had resigned himself to retirement until Goldwater pushed him forward for two discreditable reasons. The first reason was to reward him for using the position of Republican national chairman, whose ethics required him to be impartial, as a hidden base for Goldwater. The second reason was to use Miller's religion (Catholic) as an effort to force the Democrats to choose Robert Kennedy and alienate the South. By contrast to Miller's glaring mediocrity, the Democrats have chosen in Senator Hubert Humphrey a distinguished legislator who is fully worthy, on his record, to succeed to the highest office in the land.

The word that best sums up Humphrey's 16 years in the Senate—four of them as Democratic whip—is "growth." From the time he left the mayor's office in Minneapolis until he heard the magic words at Atlantic City, Humphrey has never stopped growing. It is this capacity for growth which the Presidency, above all, challenges in a man, and turns a doggedly competent President like Harry Truman into a great one. It has been doing the same with Johnson. If the need arises, the probability is high that it could do the same with Humphrey.

Humphrey is hardly the same man at all as the glib, doctrinaire, self-righteous and indeed arrogant "liberal" who barged into the Senate in January of 1949 (the same time as Johnson) determined to reform it overnight. He immediately recognized a kindred spirit in Paul Douglas of Illinois, and time after time they jointly backed some heartfelt, high-minded but hopeless crusade, and seemingly rejoiced in a kind of masochistic delight when, time after time, they went down to crushing defeat.

Humphrey's arrogance showed itself when, as a very junior senator, he attacked Harry Byrd, one of the Senate's most senior leaders, and—to make it even more galling for the old economizer—for "extravagance," of all things. Byrd answered not a word, but a dozen senators, totally ignoring Humphrey, rose in succession to pay tribute to Byrd. Thenceforward any Humphrey measure was doubly doomed. He was worse than an upstart; he had fouled the Senate's unwritten rules of reverence for its Wise Old Men.

Douglas went right on enjoying his defeats, but Humphrey, after all, had come to Washington to get things done. He began cultivating the Wise Old Men, particularly Georgia's veteran Walter George. He sought George's opinions, often took his advice. Soon George himself was telling fellow southerners that Hubert was the ablest debater the Democrats had. Other southerners began to accept him—a fact all the more remarkable since it was Mayor Humphrey's attack on the whole concept of states' rights, as opposed to human rights, that caused the southern walkout at the 1948 Democratic Convention and the Dixiecrat rebellion.

Lyndon Johnson also had spotted Humphrey's rare abilities. Johnson, who became Democratic whip in 1951 and majority leader two years later, found Humphrey invaluable in the cloakroom wheeling and dealing where Johnson worked his legislative miracles. Humphrey had golden assets: an incredible memory for facts, a powerful gift of persuasive argument, closely reasoned logic. Humphrey found himself getting things done. He had not stopped being a "liberal," but he was no longer a mere pedagogic ideologue. He had become a pragmatist who had discovered the hard way what Johnson knew instinctively—that all progress *is* compromise, that true statesmanship is not to lose nobly but to win what *can* be won, at a given time, by the art of the possible. Johnson was already showing his powers to achieve a true consensus that would stand him in good stead as President. Humphrey was his good right arm. When seniority moved Mike Mansfield up to majority leader in 1961, Johnson saw to it that Humphrey became whip.

In that role he helped the Democratic leadership put out "liberal" fires which he would have been ardently spreading a decade before, invoking cloture to put down the Kefauver-Gore filibuster against the Communications Satellite Bill as a giveaway to big business. He invoked it again, against his southern friends, to get the Civil Rights Bill through with Senator Dirksen's great assistance. Yet, curiously, his personal acceptance was now such that the southerners did not hold this against him.

Humphrey was performing much the same role at Atlantic City when he moved right into the thick of the Mississippi credentials fight. The emotional issue—the black oppressed against lily-white oppressor—would have set the earlier Humphrey at bay like a bloodhound. The wiser Humphrey took the lead with David Lawrence in finding a solution that would prevent the fight from going to the floor and perhaps becoming a runaway that would smash the Democratic Party's chances in 1964—and with them the larger hopes of the Negro disfranchised. Yet no principles were sacrificed; instead, the compromise achieved puts the South on notice that no delegations can be seated in 1968 unless chosen by a full and free electorate.

In urging the election of Lyndon Johnson in this space last week, we were motivated in no small part by our concern for the nation's future should his opponent, Barry Goldwater, prevail in November. Similarly, the strong case for Hubert Humphrey for Vice President is buttressed by the disquieting foretaste of Congressman Miller's deportment should the country's second highest office come his way. Before his nomination, Miller had firmly established his reputation as a political hatchet man in three years as national chairman. His behavior since the campaign began has assured us he has no intention of abandoning the low road. Miller's snide remarks impugning the wartime patriotism of Johnson and Humphrey were typical of the grubby political wares he peddles.

On his own, Hubert Humphrey is an admirable candidate. In view of his opposition, he is an exceptionally welcome one as well.

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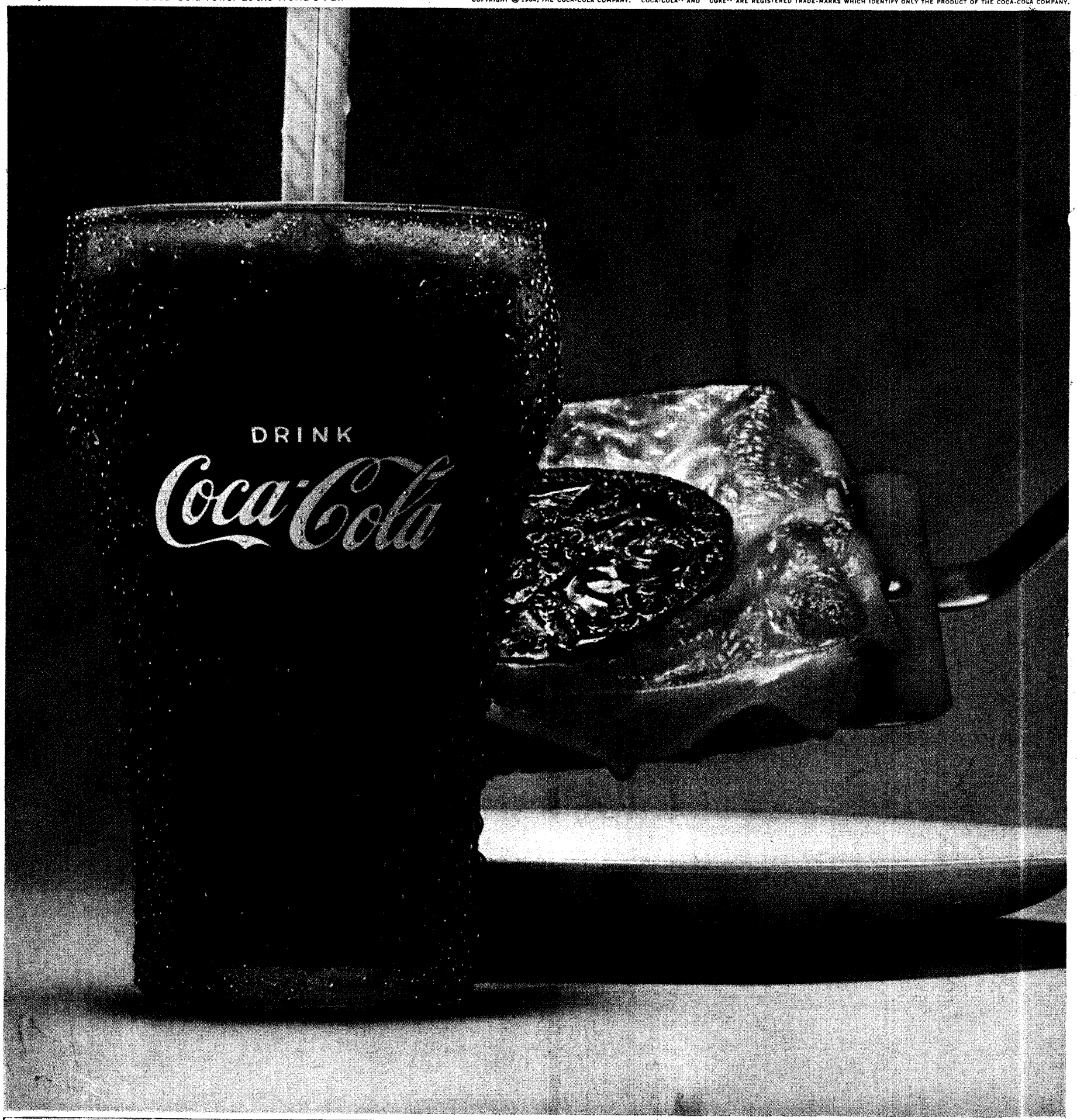

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